North Hastings Review.

J. R. ORR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW." TERMS, $1.50; $1.00 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

27TH YEAR.—No. 48. **Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, December 1, 1904.** POSTAGE PREPAID.

LOTT FAILS TO APPEAR.

BAIL FORFEITED TO THE CROWN.

Who' ...

Office Magistrate Haryett, of Bancroft, Also Arrested.

The interest in the bogus ballot boxes was greater than ever when the case opened again at Belleville on Friday last, before Magistrate A. F. Wood, of Madoc. The star witness was Mr. Frank John Reilly, of Kingston, who gave most sensational evidence, implicating Byron O. Lott, and also W. J. Shibley, the defeated Liberal candidate in Frontenac. He told of personal interviews with Lott, their going together to Watertown and ordering the boxes made. His story was sensational in the extreme.

Another link was forged in the chain of evidence in the bogus ballot box case, incriminating a person whose name has not heretofore been mentioned in connection with the case. John Bremner, editor of The Bancroft Reporter, to whom a case of the bogus ballot boxes was shipped, testified that the boxes were consigned to him for Mr. Samuel Haryett, Police Magistrate at Bancroft, and to whom they were handed over and who afterwards, when the exposure came, requested him to assist in concealing the evidence which the boxes afforded. Mr. Bremner expressed the opinion that the bogus boxes were not used at the election. Efforts were made by B. O. Lott, Mr. Haryett and others to induce him to conceal his knowledge of the matter, but witness declined to incriminate himself to protect them.

LOTT FORFEITS BAIL.

Belleville, Nov. 29.—The report that Byron O. Lott was to return from the United States to stand his trial on a charge of conspiracy in connection with the bogus ballot boxes caused a sensation here. When Police Magistrate Flint opened his court at 10 o'clock he sentenced a horse thief to six months in the Central Prison, but that poor unfortunate was not given a thought. It was Byron O. Lott they wanted, and they were on tip-toe with excitement in their anxiety to see him.

The County Crown Attorney, Mr. Anderson, asked that the accused be produced in court according to the terms of his bond.

"Byron O. Lott!" was then called, but no answer came, nor did his bondsmen, Henry Brown, George Whittv, and William H. Lott, answer when their their names were called.

The Magistrate then estreated the bail, which amounts to $4,000, of which $2,000 is personal bail, and $2,000 supplied by the bondsmen.

There may be a possibility that Lott was unable to make a connection with a train that would get him here on time, but the public scout that and say that he will never return. The magistrate gave the bondsmen a glimmer of hope by observing that if Lott returned within reasonable time their security might not be held from them.

George Weese who was said to have left the country, is at his home in Bancroft.

Obituary.

O'DONNELL.—At Campbellford, on Nov. 21st, 1904, Mary Anne Goodwin, relict of the late Daniel O'Donnell, aged 80 years, 6 months.

MARY ANNE O'DONNELL.

Mrs. Mary Anne O'Donnell, relict of the late Daniel O'Donnell, died in Campbellford on Nov. 21st, 1904, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. James Forestell.

Her maiden name was Goodwin and she was born on May 1st, 1824, in the township of Athol, County of Prince Edward. She was married to the late Daniel O'Donnell in 1856. They moved to Hastings County in 1861 and settled on the farm near Moira Lake, where they resided until a few years ago. The funeral took place on Thursday morning last to St. Mary's Church, Campbellford, where a Requium High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Wibbs, after which her remains were conveyed to Marmora and laid at rest alongside those of her late husband. Rev. Father Murtagh officiated at the grave. She is survived by two daughters and two sons, Mrs. Samuel Forestell, of Springbrook, Mrs. Daniel Forestell, of Campbellford, James H. O'Donnell, of Sudbury, and John E. O'Donnell, of Copper Cliff, all of whom were present at the funeral.

R. I. P.

The Germs of Catarrh.

Not only attack the passages of the head and throat but finally reach the lungs and cause consumption. Nothing destroys catarrh so relieves the cough, stops the discharge, takes all soreness from the throat. "I consider Catarrhozone has no equal as a cure for catarrh and lung trouble" writes Jas. E. Wetherell, of Brighton. "It cured after many good doctors failed to even relieve my trouble." Catarrhozone can't fail to cure—it's guaranteed. Two months treatment.

Trains have been snowbound in England for two days. This is a new conquest for our lady of the snows.

Two children of Mr. James Bowen, of Brandon, were burned to death during Mrs. Bowen's absence from the house.

A Pleasing Send-Off.

The following addresses are evidence of the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Diamond are held by the community in which they have resided for the past thirteen years. For that period Mr. Diamond has been cheesemaker at the Spring Creek factory, near Rimington, and has now decided to remove to other fields. A few days ago the young people of the neighborhood met at his residence, and made a presentation, with the following address:—

DEAR FRIENDS,—It is with sincere regret that your friends of this district learn that you have decided to sever your connections with them.

During your residence among us you have always shown yourself to be a man of honor, kind, sympathetic, obliging, and a good neighbor.

We know that you have had difficulties to contend with, but you have always risen above these as all true men should.

The fact that you have been in our midst for thirteen years doing a work which requires much skill, proves that you are master of your business.

Your partner in life as well as yourself has also won her way into our affections and her departure will leave a void not to soon be filled.

We sincerely hope that where ever your lot may be cast, a kind Providence may be with you to guide and direct you, and that a happy life may be followed by an abundant reward hereafter.

Doubtless, where ever you reside you will make only friends as you have done here.

Both you and your estimable wife carry away with you the best wishes of the entire community.

Kindly accept this chair as a slight token of the esteem in which you and your wife are held.

Signed on behalf of the young people at Rimington.

The patrons of the factory have also expressed their satisfaction with Mr. Diamond's work for them, and regret at his departure, by presenting the following address, accompanied by a substantial present:—

Rimmington, Nov. 22rd, 1904.

TO MR. ED. DIAMOND.

DEAR FRIEND,—We, the friends and patrons of Spring Creek Factory in which you have labored so successfully for the past thirteen years have learned with regret of your resignation of the same, and of the probability of your leaving the community in which we have one and all learned to respect and love you, not only because of your incessing efforts to promote our welfare as Cheesemaker, but also as a citizen of intercity and uprightness you have commanded our esteem.

We feel a sense of loss at the thought of your departure from our midst, and in the future our thoughts shall often revert to the kindness and courtesy of yourself and Mrs. Diamond while among us.

We are thankful for the success which has marked your work and the harmony and satisfaction in connection with it that has prevailed throughout the community.

As you now leave us we feel that we are losing a useful citizen, friend, and brother in the factory, community and church, in all of which you have exerted a beneficent influence and commanded our confidence. For these reasons we fain we could not part with you without some expression of our feelings in this behalf and as a slight token of our appreciation for you we have assembled this evening to bid you good-bye and to ask your acceptance of this arm chair, and it is the hearty wish of all your friends that in many years to come when leisure and peace have crowned your old age, that you may still enjoy whatever comfort it may bring.

In behalf of the patrons and friends of Factory.

On both occasions, Mr. Diamond replied in suitable terms, expressing his sincere thanks, on behalf of himself and wife, for the tangible evidences of appreciation and good will on the part of his old friends and neighbors. He leaves that neighborhood with the greatest regret at the severance of old and true friendships, and he takes with him the best wishes of the community.

Young Ladies Read This.

If you are bothered with pimples, rashes or ugly blotches on your face, if your complexion is sallow, it's an evidence that you require Ferrozone to tone up your blood. One Ferrozone Tablet taken at meals makes the complexion like peach bloom, cheeks soon become rosy, eyes bright, you'll be the picture of health. Thousands of ladies keep up their youthful appearance with Ferrozone, why not you? Price 50c. at druggists.

Mr. Patterson, of Spencerville, was gored to death by a bull.

The John Mackay Company's mills at Bowmanville were burned. Loss over $20,000

Henry Salisbury of Chatham was badly scalded by falling into a vat of boiling water. He may recover.

Two feet of snow fell at Seaforth Sunday and all parts of western Ont. report heavy snowfalls.

West Peterboro Liberals offered the nomination for the Ontario Legislature to Hon. J. R. Stratton, but he declined it.

Be Quick.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all druggists.

Sufferers from sciatica should not hesitate to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The prompt relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. Sold by all druggists.

The safe in Price's store at Rossermain, was blown open and robbed of $800.

John Conway, of Elliee township, was fatally injured by being caught in a belt at Stratford.

Cooper's grain warehouse at Goderich was burned with several thousand bushels of grain.

THOSE BOGUS BALLOT BOXES.

A Toronto reader of THE REVIEW has apparently been reading of the trick ballot boxes in this County, and breaks into verse as follows:—

Oi belave that down in Hastings
They do have a Lott of trouble,
Bacause some ba hoives in the whater
Sint up such a bubble.
They say the things was Rattan!
And the smell would raise the Roofs.
Now they have Du Vernet down there
A looken up the proof.

Do you think such Liberal people
Would be spindin all their money,
And importin thim new boxes.
If it wasn't fur the honey?
Now it was the bass they were dasavin
With the little secret chest,
When they suddenly discovered
That it was a hornet's nest.

There was weepin and some Whelan,
When the things began to sting,
And raise up bogus ballots
Just as plain as any thing.
Then Shibley had to wrestle
With that little game of Hawkey.
What made him get so Reilly
Was McDonald gettin bockey.

But they were mane them felles
Oi can surely tell you that!
When they tried to catch big suckers
With a bait so small as Spratt.
Well to make the story shorter,
Oi think Oi'l make it brief,
To alleyiate their feelins
They've turned a brand new leaf.

And they say they must be better
Then they've ever been before,
Because the general public
Is getting kind ave sore,
And will turn them out of office.
Just as sure as your aliye,
Bacause they tried to fool us
With the "Ballot Box Ba Hoive."

HERBERT COUISKY.

Protecting Fruit Trees From Mice.

The Fruit Division, Ottawa, issues the following warning:—Last winter thousands of fruit trees were girdled and killed by mice, and the same thing will doubtless happen again the coming winter unless orchardists take precautions to prevent it. Mice are not usually very troublesome in orchards where clean cultivation is practiced and rubbish is not allowed to accumulate as a shelter for them, but the orchardist will find it necessary to provide some sort of protection, if he wishes to be fairly sure of bringing his young trees safely through the winter.

The mice burrow along the ground under the snow in search of food, and as soon as they come to a young tree start to gnaw it. Wooden veneer is probably the most satisfactory protection against them, and it has the additional merit of being a good preventive of sunscald. The veneer is wrapped loosely around the stem and tied; and an air space is left between it and the tree. These veneers cost from $3.70 to $5.00 per thousand. Ordinary building paper, which costs a mere trifle, is also a first rate protection, but is not of much value as a preventive of sunscald. Tar paper is also effective, but as trees have been injured by its use, it is better to be on the safe side and use something else. If any ease the lower end of the paper should be banked with earth, so that the mice cannot readily get under it to the tree. A mould of earth about a foot high around the base of the trea will often turn them, and even snow tramped about the tree has proved effectual, but these are not so trustworthy as the veneers or the building paper.

The Fruit Diyision also points out that this plague of mice is largely due to the common practice of destroying every owl and hawk that can possibly be shot or trapped. It is a great mistake to do this. All varieties of owls and hawks are great mousers, indeed mice constitute the chief item in the bill-of-fare of most species. At least ten varieties of owls are classed as residents of Canada, and of these only the Great-horned Owl is a menace to the farmer's poultry yard. Of a dozen species of hawks commonly found in Canada, only three are classed as chicken hawks, viz., the Sharp-shinned Hawk, the Goshawk and Cooper's Hawk. The four varieties usually known as "Hen Hawks" scarcely ever visit poultry yards, and an occassional depredation is far more than counter balanced by their services as destroyers of mice, rats, squirrels and other enemies of the farmer.

Heart Palipitation at Night

Rattles even the strongest man, but to the average woman it is a taste of general purgatory. Take a little Nerviline in sweetened water and away goes the palpitation. You'll be saved lots of worry by keeping Nerviline on hand hand, which is a treasure for all sorts of pains and aches. Nerviline cures headache, stomach and bowel troubles quickly. Costs 25c. for a large bottle.

dest Remedy For Constipation.

"The finest remedy for constipation I ever used is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says Mr. Eli Butler, of Frankville, N. Y. "They act gently and without any unpleasant effect, and leave the bowels in a perfectly natural condition." Sold by all druggists.

A WIFE'S CONFESSION.

Of course every one knew when they were engaged and every one pretended to be surprised when they heard it was suddenly broken off. It was first said *she* had broken it off, then that his heart had changed, but finally she confessed that she had been so irritable, so depressed and blue that she had fairly driven him away. Her good looks were vanishing. She was getting thin, pale, and hollow-cheeked, with dark circles around her eyes. Suddenly all society was pleased again to hear of the engagement being renewed, and it was not long before a beautiful and radiant bride was taken to the altar. She had



regained her good looks, her former happy dispostion and strong nerve all through a secret a friend gave her. A few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is what made two more lives happy and a radiant bride more beautiful than she had ever appeared before.

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay $500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

MRS. O. O. Scripture, of Prescott, Aria., L. Box 436, writes: "For nearly two years I was a great sufferer with ulceration and enlargement of womb, also suffered severely with dyspepsia and was run down—A perfect wreck. I doctored for several years; got no better, until about seven months ago I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets.' I can stand on my feet and work hard all day. I feel that life is now worth living, and shall ever feel grateful to you and shall always recommend your medicines to all who are suffering in any way."



Sensible 'Xmas. Gifts.

Christmas buyers who are looking for gifts that bear the marks of quality and choice selection will find some things here a little better than elsewhere.

Pocket Knives.

Every kind one can think of, 10 cts. to $1.25.

Table Knives.

The kinds that cut when the meat is tough, 75c. per set up.

Carving Knives,

In pairs or in sets and all good Steel, 75 cts. up. Also a fine line of Carving Sets in Oak Cases.

Razors and Straps.

The Real Safety Razor, only $2.00. The only safety on the market that has the one great thing required of any Razor,—A Full Concaved Blade.

The Real is not a scraper. It is a Razor (Absolutely safe.)

Bokers Razors, 75c. to $1.75 each.

Razor Straps, 25c. to 90 cts.

Also a fine assortment of Genuine Badger Hair Shaving Brushes.

Skates and Hockey Sticks.

A large assortment of patterns and sizes in Henry Boker's celebrated Hockey Skates, 35c. to $2.50 per pair. Hockey Sticks, 10c. to 50c. each.

Sleds, a good assortment of Sleds, 25c. to $1.25.

Sleigh Bells.

Genuine Swedish Sleigh Bells. Their tone is of exquisite quality. Noted for strength and durability.

Don't buy your Sleigh Bells until you have heard the Genuine Swedish Sleigh Bells.

We also have a full line of Shaft Gongs, Team Bells, etc.

Food Choppers.

Our Russwin Food Choppers are sold with a guarantee and are warranted to give satisfaction. Two sizes.

We have also a full line of Lamps, Burners and Chimneys, Silverare, Heavy Gloves and Mitts, Cross-cut Saws, Axes, etc.

M. W. CONNOR & SON,

Pennoline Brand American Coal Oil is the best Illuminating Oil in the world. Try it. Only 25c. per gallon.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Queensboro Cheese Manufacturing Co., will be held in the factory on Saturday, Dec. 3rd, at 1 o'clock, for the transaction of general business. Tenders for cheesemaking next season will be received up to 1 o'clock.

THOS. H. MOORE, President.

47-2

By-law No. 197

To Raise, by Way of Loan, $9,000.00 upon the credit of the Municipality of the Village of Madoc for the Erection and Installation of an Electric Light Plant.

Passed the 4th of October, 1904.

And, whereas it is deemed necessary and expedient to instal an Electric Light Plant, together with the necessary buildings, machinery and plant therefor, for the purpose of lighting the streets and furnishing the citizens of said village with Electric Light.

And, whereas the total estimated cost of said Electric Light Plant, together with the necessary buildings, machinery and plant therefor, is $9000.00, which sum is necessary to raise for the purpose aforesaid, and in order thereto it will be necessary to issue debentures of the corporation of the Village of Madoc as herein provided.

And, whereas it is desirable to issue the said debentures at one time and to make the principal of said debt repayable by yearly sums during the period of 20 years, being the currency of the said debentures, said yearly sum being of such respective amounts that the aggregate amount payable in each year over principal and interest in respect of said debt shall be as nearly as possible equal to the amount so payable in each of the other nineteen years of said period.

And, whereas the total amount that will be required by the Municipal Act to be raised annually during the said period of 20 years by special rate for paying the said sum and interest will be the sum of $662.22.

And whereas the whole amount of the ratable property according to the last revised assessment roll is $352,743, and whereas the amount of existing debt of said municipality is $13550 and no principal and interest is in arrears.

Therefore the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the Village of Madoc enacts as follows:

1. That it shall be lawful for the Reeve of the said Village for the purpose aforesaid to borrow the said sum of $9000 and to issue debentures of the said municipality to the amount of $9000 at the rate of four per cent. per annum, such sums to be paid in 20 equal annual installments of $662.22, said payments of $662.22 being the installment necessary to pay the principal and interest as aforesaid accruing due on said debt.

2. That it shall be lawful for the Reeve of said Municipality and he is hereby authorized and instructed to issue 20 debentures for the sum of $662.22 each, payable respectively in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 years, each of said debentures to be signed by the Reeve and countersigned by the Treasurer, and the Clerk shall attest thereto the Corporation seal of the Village of Madoc.

3. That the said debenture or debentures shall be payable in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 years from the date hereinafter mentioned for this by-law to take effect upon presentation at the office of the Treasurer of the Village of Madoc.

4. That for the purpose of paying the amount of principal and interest to be secured by the said debentures the sum of $662.22 shall be raised annually by special rate, to be levied and collected upon and from all the assessed property in the said municipality in each year until the said debt, principal and interest, be fully and completely paid.

5. This by-law shall take effect on the first day of November, 1904.

6. The vote of the ratepayers of the said municipality shall be taken on this by-law at the following time and place: That is to say the twenty-sixth day of September, 1904, at the hour of 9 o'clock in the forenoon and continuing until 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, at the Polling Division No. 1, Town Hall, and that W. H. Brooks be Deputy Returning Officer; at Polling Division No. 2, Bowen's building, and that W. R. Gray be Deputy Returning Officer.

7. On the twenty-fourth day of September, 1904, the Reeve shall attend at the Town Hall, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon to appoint persons to attend at the various polling places, and at the final summing up of the votes by the Clerk respectively on behalf of the persons interested in the promoting or opposing the passing of this by-law.

8. The Clerk of the Council of this municipality shall attend at the Town Hall in the Village of Madoc at 12 o'clock on the 27th day of September, 1904, and sum up the number of votes given for and against this by-law.

Dated at Village Clerk's office, Madoc, this 27th day of August, 1904.

B. O'HARA, Village Clerk. JAS. WHYTOCK, Reeve.

Notice.

The above is a true copy of a by-law passed by the Municipal Council of the Village of Madoc, on the fourth day of October, A. D. 1904, and all persons are hereby required to take notice that any one desirous of applying to have such by-law or any part thereof quashed, must make his application for that purpose to the High Court of Justice within three months next after the publication of this Notice once a week for three successive weeks in the newspaper called "THE REVIEW" or he will be too late to be heard in that behalf.

B. O'HARA, Village Clerk.

Dated 2nd November, 1904.

THE DOMINION BANK

Capital and Reserve, $6,000,000
Total Assets, - $35,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, — TORONTO

T. G. BROUGH, General Manager.

MADOC BRANCH.

A general banking business transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of $1 and upwards received, and Interest allowed at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly.

F. COTTLE, Manager.

JAMES C. DALE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
OFFICE—J. C. Dale & Co., Bankers.

F. E. O'FLYNN,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
BELLEVILLE, - - ONT.

W. J. MOORE, B.C.L.,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE — Over the REVIEW Office, Madoc.
MONEY TO LOAN.
Solicitor for the Dominion Bank.

D. E. K. STEWART,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, MADOC, ONTARIO.
Money to loan on first mortgages at lowest rates.
Solicitor for J. C. Dale & Co., Bankers.
Solicitor for Murphy, Gordon & Co., Bankers, Tweed.

WILLIAM CROSS, LL.B.,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER.
Appraiser at Madoc for The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation.
Money to loan at 5 per cent. on good farm security. No commission. No valuation fee.
OFFICE—Wood Block, Madoc.

DR. HARRISON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.
Graduate of Queen's University, Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.
Special attention given to Diseases of women and children.
OFFICE—Opposite Methodist Church

DR. HARPER,
GRADUATE OF TRINITY UNIVERSITY
Fellow of Trinity Medical College, Licentiate of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE—Durhamstreet, Dale's Block, Madoc.

Madoc Lodge, No. 195, A.O.U.W.

THE Ancient Order of United Workmen meets every first and third Friday of each month in Moon's new block. Visiting brethren are cordially welcomed.

M. MAYBEE, Master Workman. W. H. MCBAIN, Recorder

Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I.O.O.F.

Meets in Oddfellows' Hall, Wilson Block, every Monday evening at the hour of 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren will always be cordially welcomed.

M. MAYBEE, Rec.-Sec. J. C. DALE, Noble Grand
L. F. MORRICE, Fin. Sec.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted. Next year

FOR NELSON'S CENTENARY

GREAT BRITISH EMPIRE CELEBRATION.

A Million Shillings to be Raised —Souvenirs for the Subscribers.

Of all the names on England's roll of fame none stands higher in the popular estimation than that of Nelson; and the centenary of his death which falls to be commemorated next year will undoubtedly evoke a strong outburst of admiration for the great naval hero, of whom Tennyson sang :

Thine Island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since the world began.

To mark the occasion the directors of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society have resolved to appeal to the English-speaking public throughout the world for assistance in raising not less than a one million shilling memorial fund, which Mr. John Cory, president of the society, will inaugurate with a gift of five thousand shillings. One notable feature of the scheme is the distribution of Victory souvenirs to subscribers.

ONE FLOATING MONUMENT.

Many of the old naval ships have necessarily been broken up, and many persons feared H.M.S. Victory, after her recent accident, would follow her unfortunate consorts; but the King is credited with having commanded that she should be preserved as the one floating monument of the heroic past. The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty gave to the above society the whole of the old material taken from H.M.S. Victory. The society has also secured the whole of the remaining copper, weighing several tons, left from Nelson's flagship, the Foudroyant, wrecked in 1837, and will therefore be in a position to present some million Nelson Victory souvenirs to the boys and girls of the Empire.

The Royal Albert Hall is secured, and other suitable centres will be taken both in India, the colonies, as well as in the British Isles, for a great Nelson celebration, at which the presentations will be made simultaneously on October 21, 1905. It is felt the souvenir, which can be worn if desired, will be the more appreciated if the recipient makes a little self-denial from the pocket exchequer or collects in the home circle of relations and friends not less than 5s. for the Nelson Centenary Fund.

Suitable mementoes of the centenary will also be awarded to all subscribers of smaller amounts above one shilling.

OBJECTS OF THE FUND.

Every town giving £50 and upwards through its mayor or provost will receive a piece of oak from the Victory, with a suitably inscribed brass plate, for town hall, museum, or reading room, and any public school giving the same amount will receive a like memento.

The following are some of the objects for which the fund is to be raised : —

Nelson free beds in connection with Jack's Palace.

Nelson free scholarships to assist naval reserve men to rise in the profession.

Nelson endowment and extension of Jack's Palace.

Nelson reading rooms in various parts.

Nelson sailors' rest in King's Lynn close to his birthplace.

Nelson memorial in Malta.

Nelson award for heroism.

The American people will be allowed to participate in the commemoration, to which President Roosevelt has sent his blessing. In thanking the society for the courtesy and kindness extended to American sailors, he says in a signed letter :

"Let me extend a cordial greeting to you on this occasion of the centenary of the heroic death which closed the wonderful career of your great admiral, Nelson. With renewed thanks and all good wishes."

BLOTCHY SKINS.

A Trouble Due to Impure Blood Easily Remedied.

Bad blood is the one great cause of bad complexion and blotchy skins. This is why you must attack the trouble through the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. All blotches, boils, ulcers, pimples and paleness are the direct, unmistakable result of weak blood loaded with impurities. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills conquer the poison; they drive out all the impurities; they actually make new, rich red blood; they strike right at the root of all skin troubles; they are a positive and permanent cure for all virulent skin disease like eczema, scrofula, pimples and erysipelas. They give you a clear, clean skin, free from all blemish and full of rosy health. Mr. Matthew Cook, Lamerton, N.W.T., tells how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured him of erysipelas after other medicines had failed. He says: "My skin was inflamed; my flesh tender and sore; my head ached; my tongue was coated; I had chills and thought I was taking fever. I tried several medicines, but nothing helped me until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and drove the trouble from my system, and I am now in the best of heath. I think these pills the best medicine in the world for blood troubles."

It is an every day record of cures like this that has given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills their world-wide prominence. They cure when other medicines fail, but you must get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box. You can get these pills at all druggists, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SHE WAS IN BED FOR THREE YEARS

PAIN-RACKED WOMAN CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Strong Statement by Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of Morley, Ont.:—She's Strong and Healthy Once More.

Morley, Ont., Nov. 28—(Special).—What Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing for the suffering women of Canada will never be fully known. It is only when some courageous woman breaks the secrecy that covers woman and her troubles that a passing glimpse of their great work is given. For this reason a statement made by Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of this place, is of more than passing intetest.

"I was a great sufferer for four years," says Mrs. Hughes, "I was treated by five doctors and a specialist from the U. S. I tried nearly every kind of medicine I could hear of, but none seemed to do me any good.

"I was in bed for nearly three years. I had pains up my spinal column, in my head, over my eyes, across my back and through my left side. I took fourteen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and now I am strong and able to do a good day's work, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

FORECAST OF NEXT YEAR.

Almanac Seer Predicts Some Troublous Events.

We are all in for an exciting time Mars, Uranus, Mercury, and the rest are conspiring to make things hum in the coming year, and, what with wars, earthquakes, droughts, epidemics and assassinations, there will be no peace for any of us on this unhappy planet.

All this on the authority of the immortal Zadkiel, whose almanac is just issued in London.

The Czar, in particular, is to have a bad year of it. "There is no encouragement" to anticipate "a turn in the tide of war" in his favor. "In fact, the best course would be to evacuate Manchuria and make terms of peace with Japan."

Then, again, the position of Mars indicates great personal danger to this unfortunate ruler "if he should venture into a foreign country; also a family bereavement. From September to the end of 1905 the Czar will not be free from danger."

The Kaiser, too, may look out for squalls, for in March Saturn "plagues the ruler of Russia and Kaiser Wilhelm." Further, Zadkiel "regrets to forsee a trying time" for the Emperor of Austria.

In April "Mars becomes retrograde," and there is "some hope of peace" in the Far East. But Russian military and naval disasters go on just the same in the following months.

We in England will have nothing to congratulate ourselves upon. In September, for instance, there will be anxiety on account of India. Again, there will be "much sickness, many accidents, and an increased death rate during the winter quarter." Then read the following words and tremble :

"About the eighth day (of October) a sudden blow against the power and dignity of Great Britain may be struck, which will compel this country to mobilize the fleet. I trust that war will be avoided, but it is my duty to point out the danger which is imminent in Europe and in the Far East."

GEN. KELLER'S LETTERS.

He Had a Poor Opinion of Some Russian Officers.

One of the most interesting contributions to the history of the war will be the late General Count Keller's letters to his wife, writes a Moscow correspondent. They contain much important information concerning the organization of the army and the conduct of his troops. Whole regiments were without uniforms or proper clothes; others had no boots; the deficiency of the sanitary arrangements was appalling, and confussion was general. General Keller expressed himself very strongly concerning the capacity of many of his colleagues. His opinion of Kouropatkin was not high, and his views on several others would not form pleasant reading for the officers concerned. In Gen. Sassulitch, however, his confidence was greater, and he professed great admiration for the common soldier. Countess Keller has been persuaded by friends, and especially by some persons connected with the Government, to postpone her intention of publishing these memoirs abroad until after the war. Their publication at the present moment would produce a painful effect in Russia.

General Keller was well-known in Ekaterinoslav, of which town he was Governor. His widow still resides in the neighborhood. A soldier formerly attached to his person has returned from the Far East, and has told the story of the general's death. In a previous engagement a number of officers had not behaved with conspicuous gallantry, and after the fight General Keller called them together and rebuked them with great severity. At the next engagement he said he would show them how an officer should face the enemy. On the eve of the battle in which he fell he commanded an orderly to give him his white jacket, and thus conspicuously attired he led his men into battle and exposed himself till he fell.

The following incident is characteristic of official want of confidence in the immediate prospects of the war: A large supply of tin plates had been ordered from, and supplied by, an Ekaterinoslav firm for the roofing of hospitals and huts for the army at Harbin. They have long been ready and ought to have been sent off weeks ago, but, though paid for and labeled, their departure has been suspended indefinitely, as the authorities fear that even Harbin may have to be abandoned and its stores left in the hands of the enemy.

ROYALTY IN JAPAN.

There has existed in Japan for many centuries a curious law to the effect that whenever the Emperor or Empress appeared in public no other person should seem to occupy a higher place than this member of the Royal family; therefore on such occasions the shutters of all upper storeys were drawn, and the upper parts of the houses past which the Royal party moved were seemingly deserted. This law is still in effect.

LATEST DOG CENSUS.

According to the European dog census, France leads the way with 2,864,000 dogs, an average of 75 to every 1,000 human beings. Irish dogs, curiously, come next with a percentage of 73 per 1,000. England has 38 per 1,000, Germany 31, and Sweden but 11. In the United States the estimate is only from 1,-000,000 to 1,508,000.

SUCH A NICE RIDDLE.

"Did you ever hear the alphabetical conundrum, Angelina?"

"No, Augustus, what is it?"

"It is: When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?"

"Oh, I never could guess that!"

"It's when U and I are made one, my darling."

"What a nice conundrum it is, Augustus!"

"WHACKS."

And What They Mean.

When Old Mother Nature gives you a "whack" remember "there's a reason" so try and say "thank you" then set about finding what you have done to demand the rebuke, and try and get back into line, for that's the happy place after all.

Curious how many highly organized people fail to appreciate and heed the first little, gentle "whacks" of the good old Dame, but go right along with the habit whatever it may be, that causes her disapproval. Whiskey, Tobacco, Coffee, Tea or other unnatural treatment of the body, until serious illness sets in or some chronic disease.

Some people seem to get on very well with those things for awhile, and Mother Nature apparently cares but little what they do.

Perhaps she has no particular plans for them and thinks it little use to waste time in their training.

There are people, however, who seem to be selected by Nature to "do things." The old Mother expects them to carry out some department of her great work. A portion of these selected ones oft and again seek to stimulate and then deaden the tool (the body) by some one or more of the drugs—Whiskey, Tobacco, Coffee, Tea, Morphine, etc.

You know all of these throw down the same class of alkaloids in Chemical analysis. They stimulate and then depress. They take from man or woman the power to do his or her best work.

After these people have drugged for a time, they get a hint, or mild "whack" to remind them that they have work to do, a mission to perform, and should be about the business, but are loafing along the wayside and become unfitted for the fame and fortune that waits for them if they but stick to the course and keep the body clear of obstructions so it can carry out the behests of the mind.

Sickness is a call to "come up higher." These hints come in various forms. It may be stomach trouble or bowels, heart, eyes, kidneys or general nervous prostration. You may depend upon it when a "whack" comes it's a warning to quit some abuse and do the right and fair thing with the body.

Perhaps it is coffee drinking that offends. That is one of the greatest causes of human disorder among Americans.

Now then if Mother Nature is gentle with you and only gives light, little "whacks" at first to attract attention, don't abuse her consideration, or she will soon hit you harder, sure.

And you may also be sure she will hit you very, very hard if you insist on following the way you have been going.

It seems hard work to give up a habit, and we try all sorts of plans to charge our ill feelings to some other cause than the real one.

Coffee drinkers when ill will attribute the trouble to bad food, malaria, overwork and what not, but they keep on being sick and gradually getting worse until they are finally forced to quit entirely, even the "only one cup a day." Then they begin to get better, and unless they have gone long enough to set up some fixed organic disease, they generally get entirely well.

It is easy to quit coffee at once and for all, by having well made Postum, with its rich, deep, seal brown color which comes to the beautiful golden brown when good cream is added, and the crisp snap of good, mild Java is there if the Postum has been boiled long enough to bring it out.

It pays to be well and happy for good old Mother Nature then sends us her blessings of many and various kinds and helps us to gain fame and fortune.

Strip off the handicaps, leave out the deadening habits, heed Mother Nature's hints, quit being a loser and become a winner. She will help you sure if you cut out the things that keep you back.

"There's a reason" and a profound one.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."



More than half the battle in cleaning greasy dishes is in the soap you use. If it's Sunlight Soap it's the best. 63

RUSSIANS AS LINGUISTS.

Every educated Russian knows three languages beside his own, and many of them four. Knowledge of the English, French and German languages is considered necessary to culture. A family having small children employs two to four governesses, from whom the children learn foreign tongues before they are taught the more difficult Russian. This command of language makes possible the fact that Russians have a better knowledge of the world's affairs than any other people.

HEALTH FOR BABY.

Babies that are well, sleep well, eat well, and play well. A child that is not lively, rosy-cheeked and playful, needs immediate attention, or the results may be serious. Give an unwell child Baby's Own Tablets and you will be astonished how soon he will be bright and playful. For diarrhoea, constipation, simple fever, indigestion, colic, and teething irritation, these tablets have absolutely no equal. They do not stupefy the child as "poisonous soothing" medicines do—they go to the seat of the trouble and cure him. Mrs. E. Bancroft, Deerwood, Man., says :—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles, for simple fevers and teething and think them the best medicine in the world." You can get these Tablets at any drug store, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Wise mothers always keep the Tablets in the house to guard against a sudden illness of little ones.

Dicky—"Pa, what's a 'convincing speaker'?" Pa—"A 'convincing speaker,' Dicky, is a man who knows enough to stop talking before his audience gets the backache."

A Casket of Pearls.—Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets would prove a great solace to the disheartened dyspeptic if he would but test their potency. They're veritable gems in preventing the seating of stomach disorders, by aiding and stimulating digestion—60 of these helath "pearls" in a box, and they cost 35 cents. Recommended by most eminent physicians.—64

Binks—"I don't see how you can remember the birthdays of all the children." Mrs. Binks—"It's very easy. The first was born on August 17th. I remember it because on that day you gave me a pearl necklace with my name on the clasp. The second was born July 20th. On that day you gave me a 50c book, with my name and the date on the flyleaf. The third was born May 6th. On that day you got cross about a millinery bill which had just been sent in, and it isn't paid yet."

I Believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria. Riverdale. MRS. REUBEN BAKER.
I Believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will produce growth of hair.
MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON.
Stanley, P. E. I.
I Believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.
MATTHIAS FOLEY.
Oil City, Ont.

Algernon—"Have you any idea, darling, what your father would say if I asked him for your hand?" Arabella—"No, I haven't. He never uses that kind of language before his family."

Kidney Experiment—There's no time for experimenting when you've discovered that you are a victim of some one form or another of kidney disease. Lay hold of the treatment that thousands have pinned their faith to and be cured quickly and permanently. South American Kidney Cure stands pre-eminent in the world of medicine as the kidney sufferer's truest friend.—62

Rosie—"I wonder if it is true that one is likely to catch something from being kissed?" Maud—"Of course not. You've been kissed enough, but you haven't caught anything yet, have you?"

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 52-01

China holds the world's record in the way of executions. There are at least twelve thousand legal executions yearly.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment Cures Piles.—Itching, Bleeding and Blind Piles. Comfort in one application. It cures in three to six nights. It cures all skin diseases in young and old. A remedy beyond compare, and it never fails. 35 cents.—63

"Papa, is it true that the pen is mightier than the sword?" "Some people say so, my son." "Then why don't the Russians fight with fountain-pens?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Some people want a change, but once drink Blue Ribbon Tea and you will always have that lingering longing created by its delicious flavor.

POULTRY

We can handle your poultry either alive or dressed to best advantage. Also your butter, eggs, honey and other produce.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited
Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

MORE DOCTORS WANTED.

Pitiful Scenes Witnessed at Russian Headquarters.

Mukden is a city of wounded. Telegrams received at St. Petersburg from the Manchurian headquarters describe in detail the pitiful scenes in the capital, where every house has become a hospital and the constant cry is: "More doctors!"

The wounded commenced to arrive at Mukden Oct. 11, and the heaviest day was Oct. 16, when the main road leading to the city was absolutely choked with ambulances, carts and litters.

So far as possible preparations had been made by the Red Cross Corps to cope with the inevitable heavy casualty list. When Gen. Kouropatkin began his unfortunate advance, every available ambulance accompanied him, as well as the doctors and nurses who served through the Liao-Yang engagement.

Still the facilities were miserably inadequate. A large portion of the much-needed hospital supplies is still at Harbin, despite the urgent appeals of the doctors, after the Liao-Yang engagement, for more help and supplies. Owing to an official blunder, the additional supplies were not forwarded to Mukden, the result being that the Red Cross was handicapped in every way.

Train-loads of wounded were sent direct to Tieling, and all who could bear the journey were shipped to Harbin, but there remained thousands of cases which required immediate attention, and these were ordered to Mukden.

The doctors have been practically without sleep for a week. Several nurses are reported to have actually died of exhaustion, one of them—a Sister of Charity—collapsing while assisting at an operation. The supply of medicines and surgical appliances has run short.

It is estimated that at least 28,-000 wounded men have been treated in Mukden. Scores of them died before surgical assistance could reach them. Gen. Kouropatkin has personally complimented the Red Cross Corps for its exertions during the past week.

Many Chinamen have been pressed into service as hospital assistants.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects.

Of the many women who become public entertainers, very few succeed as ventriloquists.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Swedish restaurant keepers of the old-fashioned sort charge less for a woman's meal than a man's on the theory that she is physically unable to eat so much.

Like Tearing the Heart Strings—"It is not within the conception of man to measure my great sufferings from heart disease. For years I endured almost constant cutting and tearing pains about my heart, and many a time would have welcomed death. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has worked a veritable miracle."—Thos. Hicks, Perth, Ont.—59

"She said, if any man kissed her without warning, she'd scream for her father." "What did you do?" "I warned her."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Abe—Jo Jimpson, dat's leanin' against de post obah dere, ain't acted "right" sence he lost his wife. Mose —No; it's preyin' on his mind. But I'll tell yo', dat post ain't gwine ter suppo't him like she did.



DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE ...
is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo

AN EPICURE IN CONDIMENT.

It was in the dining-room of a country hotel, and the brisk waitress held a glass pitcher above some steaming buckwheat cakes she had placed before the guest from town.

"Sir?" she asked.

"If you please."

"Will you have it raound and raound, or in a puddle?"

"Beg pardon?"

"Raound and raound, or in a puddle?"

"I—I—in a puddle, I think."

The golden stream began its sticky descent on the center of the cakes, and as she poured, the waitress included the guest and her work in one friendly contemplative glance.

"Some prefers it raound and raound, but I like it best in a puddle myself," she said, graciously, as she shut off the stream of sirup with a dexterous turn of her wrist.



"Pinto" Shell Cordovan

Used in H.B.K. Mitts, Gloves and Moccasins—made so whalebone, flexible, soft, pliable, scorch-proof, wind-proof, boil-proof, crack-proof, tear-proof, rip-proof, cold-proof, almost wear-proof—certainly the greatest leather ever used in mitts and gloves.

Like buckskin it is tanned without oil, unlike buckskin it is not porous, it is wind-proof—will outwear three buckskins.

"Pinto" Mitts and Gloves never crack or harden, never get sodden, are always warm, pliable, soft and comfortable.

Sold at all dealers but never without this brand :—

H.B.K. BRAND

HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO.
Montreal Winnipeg Dawson 2

"I have been troubled with insomnia for nearly a week," said the weary-looking man. "Oh, well, it isn't dangerous," replied the absent-minded doctor. "There's no occasion for you to lose any sleep over a little thing like that."

Where Doctors do agree:—Physicians no longer consider it catering to "quackery" in recommending in practice so meritorious a remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Nervousness as South American Nervine. They realize that it is a step in advance in medical science and a sure and permanent cure for diseases of the stomach. It will cure you.—60

A Young Financier—Gerald : Mamma, can you change fifteen cents for me? Mother—How do you wish it changed, dear? Gerald—Into a quarter.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Mrs. Swellman—"Oh, I'm so glad you dropped in. I don't know what on earth ails the baby." Caller—"Shall I run for a doctor?" Mrs. Swellman :—"No—for an interpreter. His French nurse left suddenly today, and nobody can understand what he says."

Most people think too lightly of a cough. It is a serious matter and needs prompt attention. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

when the first sign of a cough or cold appears. It will cure you easily and quickly then—later it will be harder to cure.

Prices, 25c., 50c., and $1.00. 311

ANGLO RUSSIAN ALLIANCE

SOME RUSSIANS LOOK UPON IT AS INEVITABLE.

Correspondent Suggests That This Will be the Outcome of the War.

"The war," replied my Russian friend, as we sat in the Malo Yaroslabets, one of the most typically Russian Restaurants in St. Petersburg, "ah! it is so far off; and, set had it been nearer home and our losses ten times as great you would not have seen our people disturbed. After all, Nitchevo! We Russians can suffer and survive, isn't it?" writes a correspondent.

"Nitchevo"—this word, which English—"What does it matter?" and which once expresses the strength and weakness of the Russian people, you may hear a thousand times a day. It is on everyone's lips. In that wonderful part of the czar's dominions called Siberia, where towns with names more wonderful still spring up in a night, there should arise a city to be named "Nitchevo." It would not long want for inhabitants.

It is said that a Russian chemist many years ago, in making up a prescription, mixed with it a dose of deadly poison, the fact making itself patent by the sudden death of the ailing one. On his frantic relatives upbraiding the chemist, that worthy merely replied, "Nitchevo!" "What does it matter?" This was the death blow to Russians becoming chemists; and to-day you will find that most of the disciples of the pestle and mortar bear German names, and though "acidents" are still not altogether uncommon, the German is not such a fool in a like case as to respond "Nitchevo."

A slow, quiet, unworrying, person with a face that is not remarkable for mobility, is the average Russian, and never was the fact more noticeable than

AT THE PRESENT TIME.

Though the empire is face to face with disaster, everything goes on as usual. No one is merry, no one is sad. In every face you seem to read "Nitchevo." Yet the number of persons in mourning is so great as to be significant.

There is, however, one important thing in which St. Petersburg leaves the rest of the world behind, and that is in the matter of restaurants. In no other capital city is it possible to lunch or dine so reasonably and so well. Think of a luncheon I had yesterday at the "Palkine." After an excellent fish soup, a Gulf of Finland fish called okun, roast beef which rivalled in flavor even the roast beef of old England, three vegetables, a delicious Russian pudding and a pint bottle of Durdine—a really good beer. For this repast, with which the most fastidious gourmet in Europe could find no fault, one pays the extravagant sum of one rouble (2s.). Add to the excellence of the fare sumptuous surroundings, not to mention a great organ which discoursed (not too loudly) Russian national airs, and I think you will find you may travel some distance for anything approaching it. Dinners, too, are beyond praise. For two roubles you may dine at the best hotels, this sum including a light Crimean wine.

At the present time St. Petersburg is a dangerous place for an Englishman—he could not live a week here without becoming a rabid Russophile, that is if he could forget the little affair of the passport, for it is none too pleasant on your arrival, for instance, to wait three or four hours until your passport is checked and you are free to set foot in the town. Neither is it too agreeable to pay between ten and fifteen shillings for what you feel is a vexatious piece of paper. Yet it has to be done if you travel in Russia, and woe betide the man or woman who is negligent in notifying the police of their arrival or departure. It is, of course, the passport system which furnishes Russia with a great source of revenue. Her other taxes are small, but for every window in your house over a certain number you must pay.

THE VIAZENSKY BABRA.

Readers of Maxim Gorki will remember the Vinzensky Labra, which is not far from the Alexandrovsky Rinok, a huge terra-cotta colored building which houses some 4,000 souls, the very dregs and scum of Russia. Through the courtesy of the police, I was shown over a part of it—a somewhat severe ordeal, for a more airless, foul-smelling den does not exist in Europe. Here herd together types you can see nowhere else in the world; and among some fourscore persons I interrogated as to their trade, occupation, or mode of life there was not one who had a physiognomy that was not absolutely repulsive; nor was there one who could affirm he followed any respectable or regular employment. Vice and crime! the words are euphemisms for life in Viavensky Labra. . . . . In one ill room scarce bigger than a sobox I found huddled together men and four women (save the mark), the men ragged, filthy and verminous, the women but very little better. Even the ikonastas are absent in this foul sty, and the Russian must be worse than poor and degraded who neglects to adorn his apartment with one of these pictures of the saints, which may be purchased for as little as two kopecks. . . . And through the begrimed window my eyes rest on the golden dome of St. Isaac's and the luxurious palaces of the Neva—but enough for the present of the Viazensky Labra.

Of late it has been frequently stated in the London newspapers that the czar for the last few weeks has done nothing but weep over the misfortunes of his soldiers in Manchuria; but from a friend of mine who is staying within a stone's throw of the palace gates I heard that his majesty had never in his life been in better health and spirits, driving and riding about every day; and I myself this afternoon saw him driving with the czaritsa looking bronzed and smiling upon such of his subjects as were assembled in the palace grounds as if he had not a care in the world. All the tales of the czar's extreme nervousness and his morbid fear of assassination are without the slightest foundation. Nicholas II. will never die by the hand of an assassin. It is his ministers that walk in danger—so it is whispered in St. Petersburg.

Peterhof is charmingly situated. Standing on the shores of the Baltic, its wide acres planted thickly with beech, birch and ash, it is an ideal summer residence for a king. And the fountains—they are not much behind Versailles. But the gilded statues have a tawdry effect, at least in the eyes of an Anglo-Saxon. The Russians, like the French, are addicted to a lavish display of gold in their monuments and public buildings, and the fountains on a sunny day approached from the sea glitters and glistens like a huge jeweller's shop window with its scores of domes and minarets of beaten gold and silver.

FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND.

During my stay in St. Petersburg, I have been greatly touched by the kindness of all the Russians, both high and low, with whom I have come in contact. In the clubs, in the restaurants, in the workmen's eating houses and in their dwellings, I have been received with cordiality; and I can conscientiously say that I have never heard a syllable that betrayed the slightest Anglophobism. On the contrary, everyone, while regretting that England has allied herself with Japan, was enthusiastic over the British Empire, and especially the Englishman's genius for colonization. "Ah!" said a former minister to me, speaking of Siberia, that wonderful and little-understood country (so it is, at least, in England), "had our people only half the strong character of the British, their love of sport, their adaptibility to environment, how much quicker would be the march of our mighty empire. But although we are slow, and sometimes our methods crude, we are sure, are we not?" I smiled. "You are thinking of the war, are you not?" I assented. "Ah! It will all come right. All Europe will be satisfied with the result, and then—" "Yes?" I queried. "Then there will be another alliance." "What will it be?" I asked. "England and Russia," he replied. "Hand in hand we will rule the world. There will be no other power."

And strange as it may seem at the present time, a Russio-English alliance is the dream of quite a number of foremost Russians, who look upon it is inevitable.

NO LONGER ON THE MAP.

"What makes you so late?" asked Tim's father, who in the boy's absence had had to see to the evening chores himself.

"Teacher kept me in."

"What for?"

"'Cause I couldn't find Moscow on the map."

"Couldn't find Moscow? And I'd like to know who could, then! Why, I remember hearing tell o' Moscow being burned when I was a boy! It's an outrage to put such nonsensical questions to children what's there to learn something useful. I'll look into that, and let yer teacher know I ain't been elected on the school board for nothing!"

STILL LOVED HER.

Joe—"I love you; I love you. Won't you be my wife?" Her—"You must see mamma first." Joe—"I have seen her several times, but I love you just the same."

NOT FOR PUBLICATION.

Miss De Fashion—"Mother, what shall we send Miss Styles for her wedding present?"

Mrs. De Fashion—"Will the list be published in the paper?"

"No; she says that's vulgar."

"Send her a plated saltspoon."

Little Johnny was playing with little Mary next door. "Johnny," said the little girl, "your mother's called you twice. Aren't you going in?" "Oh, no," said Johnny. "But won't she whip you?" "No, not today. You see, she's got company, and when I go in she'll just say, 'The poor little man has been so deaf since he had the measles.'"

Teacher of Physiology—"Now we will dissect this odd little animal. But first, Jimmy Phlay, will you tell me what we have here?" Jimmy—"Faith, and it's called a bat, sir." Teacher—"Very well. Now, how many kinds of bats are there?" Jimmy—"There are foive. The black bat, the red bat, the acrobat, the cricket bat, and the brickbat, sir."

Mr. Thrifty—"Doctor, I don't think much of that cough medicine of yours." Dr. Curem—"I am very sorry to hear that. What is the reason?" Thrifty—"Why, there is so much of it dead waste." Curem—"Dead waste?" Thrifty—"Yes; I hadn't taken more than a quarter of the bottle when my cough had gone, and there is the other three-quarters thrown away."

"Why, John, what do you mean by burning our old love-letters?" "I have been reading them, my dear. After I die someone who wishes to contest my will might get hold of them and use them to prove I was insane!"

"Do you believe that absence makes the heart grow fonder, H——?" asked Mrs. Henpeck. "I dunno, might scramble together some liking for you if you'd go away for about 300 years."

She—"Everybody says you married me only for my money." He—"But I didn't. I know you look it, dear, but I didn't."

HERE AND THERE.

Interesting Information From the World's Four Quarters.

Of 10,000 British seamen, sixty-six are lost at sea every year.

There are four times as many words in the English language as there are in the French.

Between 70,000 and 80,000 stamps are found loose every year in the pillar-boxes of Great Britain.

In the farming districts of Russia it costs 39 cents to hire a horse for one day, and 35 cents to hire a man.

Persons bearing the same surname, although they may not be related in any way, are forbidden to marry in China.

The Swedish town of Hafanger has set a graduated tax on all stout persons weighing upwards of 155 lb.

The sound of a bell which can be heard 45,250 ft. through the water can be heard through the air only 456 feet.

The armies and navies of the nine largest European Powers cost altogether just over $1,000,000 yearly.

The banana produces per acre forty-five times more food than the potato and one hundred and thirty-one times more than wheat.

Sundays and fixed holidays excepted, it is estimated that $100,000 worth of fish is daily dragged out of the sea by British fishermen.

It has been estimated that an oak of average size, during the five months it is in leaf every year, sucks up from the earth about 123 tons of water.

Straw, pressed into blocks and made hard enough to use as pavement, is in use for this purpose in some of the streets of Warsaw, Poland.

The tallest inhabited house in the world is the Park Row building in New York. From the kerbing to the top of the towers the height is 390 feet.

Excluding Egypt and the Soudan, Britain has 2,585,000 square miles of Africa, an area equal to more than fifty England's, and inhabited by about 45,000,000 people.

A bee that works only at night is found in the jungles of India. It is an unusually large insect, the combs being often 7 ft. long, 4 ft. wide, and from 4 in. to 6 in. thick.

The crater of Mauna Loa, in the Sandwich Islands, the largest volcano in the world, is twenty miles in diameter. Sometimes the stream of lava issuing from it is fifty miles long.

There is one stately chamber in Stafford House, the Duke of Sutherland's splendid London mansion, which they never open save when the sovereign visits or when a bride departs.

The building operations of the new War Office in Whitehall, London, will absorb 26,000 tons of Portland stone, 25,000,000 ordinary and 1,500,000 glazed bricks, and nine miles of chimney-flues.

An Austrian has invented safety reins for run-away horses, by means of which two small rollers can be made to press the horse's windpipe when desired. The animal must stop at once for want of breath.

In East Indian schools mental arithmetic is a vastly more serious matter than it is in the schools of this country. Pupils of ten years are taught to remember the multiplication table up to forty times forty.

By Cape Horn the distance between New York and San Francisco is about 14,840 miles. The Panama Canal will reduce this to something less than 5,000, a difference of nearly 10,000 miles.

At a sale of shorthorn cattle in the capital of the Argentine Republic sensational prices were recently paid for Scottish shorthorns; $13,050 was given for Newron Stone, a Morayshire-bred bull.

One reason why the little Japanese soldier can march twenty-five miles a day with a burden of 100lb. is that his lung-power, and hence his whole physical system, is developed by habitual deep breathing.

Kauri-wood lasts perfectly underground for twenty-five years. Jarrah, another Australian timber, has been tested for thirty-three years beneath the sea and found sound at the end of that time.

The longest single span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph line stretched over the Hooghly at Tuah, between Bezorah and Sectanaroum, India. It is over 6,000 ft. long, and is carried from the top of one mountain to that of another.

Wishing to brighten the outlook of his church, the vicar of St. Martin's, Dorking, England, with members of his congregation has, by six weeks' hard work with spade and pick, laid out the extensive adjoining grounds in a picturesque garden.

All the hospitals and almshouses in Berlin are regularly supplied with fresh flowers from the public gardens, while twice a week each of the national schools receives from 100 to 150 specimens of four different kinds of plants for use at botany lessons.

To do reverence to the memory of an ardent smoker named Ondersmans, who had died in Java, all his old cronies came to the funeral smoking long clay pipes. Ondersmans left a sum of money to pay the expenses of a yearly smoking concert to keep his memory green.

Tea-drinking is a constant occupation for a Tibetan. In every tent, and in every house the tea-kettle is always on the fire. The laws of hospitality bind all to present tea to their guests, and every Tibetan carries with her a wooden bowl of Himalayan maple by way of a tea-cup.

In captivity elephants always stand up when they sleep, but when in the jungle, in their own land and home, they lie down. The reason given for the difference between the elephant in captivity and in freedom is that the animal never acquires complete confidence in his keepers, and always longs for liberty.

Seedy Stranger—Excuse me, sir, but can you change a dollar for me? Humanitarian—Why, yes. Seedy Stranger—Thanks. And now will you kindly tell me where I can get the dollar?

DR. ZADKIEL'S ASTROLOGY

CHAT WITH THE PROPHET OF THE ALMANAC.

How the Doctor Arrives at His Predictions for the Future.

From the depths of a big armchair the famous prophet gazed out upon the lowering sky, says a writer in the London Daily News. He was in a brown study.

"About the greater prophecies, doctor—the world-stirring events you have foretold?"

"Last year I predicted the outbreak of war between Russia and Japan. I say 'last year because I wrote the predictions last year, and they were in the hands of the public months before the event, but they are, of course, in this year's almanac. I gave as the probable date of the outbreak of the war Feb. 16. War actually started on Feb. 8. You will find that under the 'Voice of the Stars' for July this year and I warn the Russian police to vigilantly watch for plots against rulers. On July 28 M. de Plehve was assassinated. There were several smaller instances, including the trouble between England and Russia as to British shipping and its settlement."

"Luck, doctor?"

"Luck, sir! Science, sir; accurate science, sir! There," and sadness tinged his tone, "I know people think I sit here and write down just what I please, throwing in a few sensations here and there, and veiling them in vague language."

"But, then, how do you do it, really, Zadkiel?"

"See, sir; this year I have predicted, on pages 76, 77, of the almanac for 1905 that peace will be concluded between Russia and Japan in the last quarter of next year. I also add that Russia will be tired of an unsuccessful war."

"The prophet's way of saying that Japan will win?"

"Say we the undoubted voice of the planets."

Something in my expression must have made Zadkiel fancy I was skeptical. With dignified indignation, he added, as he walked across to a deep drawer, and took out a large bundle of foolscap sheets closely covered with circles, signs, figures, and mathematical calculations, "I am going to show you that astrology is a serious science."

I took out my notebook.

"Four times a year, sir—at the winter solstice, vernal equinox, summer solstice and autumnal equinax, I draw the 'figures' for all the principal capitals of the world. Those 'figures' show the relative positions of the sun, moon, Saturn, Jupiter and Venus. Uranus and Neptune indicate rather more evil than good, but are undecided."

"But what makes you think these planets have any influence at all? They are mostly a long way off, aren't they?"

"Long recorded observations, sir, over 3,000 to 5,000 years prove the influences to be as I say."

"And how do they exert that influence, do you say?"

"We cannot tell the manner, but I believe it to be in some way electrical working on us by means of the atmosphere. The moon has sufficient influence on water to cause the tides; that is admitted. It is also known that Jupiter reflects fourteen times more of the chemical rays of the sun than the moon does. Why, then, should it be impossible that the planets can influence matters, much less dense than water, such as the atmosphere and the human mind?"

"But how do you draw your inferences from the 'figures?'"

"Having, by accurate calculations, placed the constellations in their proper places on the chart I see what 'Houses' the different influences are in."

"Take the case of Russia and Japan."

"It is most simple. Obvious, in fact, at a glance. At the autumnal equinox next year Jupiter you see here (showing me the chart) is rising at St. Petersburg. He is in the 'first ascension,' which concerns the people. Well, Jupiter is the planet of peace. It is certain, therefore, that the Russian people towards the end of next September will be inclined towards peaceful notions."

"And how about Japan?"

"Conclusive proof of the accuracy of astrology. For we find here in the figure for Tokio, constructed for the same date, that at Tokio Jupiter is in the 'Tenth House' approaching the upper meridian. That 'House' represents the monarch and government. Consequently the Japanese rulers will be inclined towards peace at that time. But here, you will notice, is Saturn, the evil influence, in the 'descendant' at Tokio. Now the 'descendant' represents the enemies of Japan. Consequently Saturn is at work among Japan's enemies, and, strange to say, the ruling sign of Russia, that is Aquarius, happens to fall in the 'Seventh House' at the same time. Isn't it clear?"

"Perfectly clear," I murmured, "but where does the daily weather come in on these figures?"

"It doesn't; I have to make a separate calculation for each day to see what the weather will be."

"And what about fortune-tellers by astrology, 'Zadkiel'?"

"Humbug, sir; fraud. They cannot tell fortunes. They only bring a genuine science into disrepute; ought to be stopped. Astrology can tell influences, and from those influences we draw deductions. I was once consulted by a man who was going to Africa. I said, 'Don't go; if you go you will die.' He didn't go—saved his life. Wonderful science, beautiful. Glad to have told you all about it. Convert you some day, perhaps."

And as I shook hands Dr. Zadkiel's bright eyes flashed beneath his white-grey hair, while he said, "Awful pity people don't believe; but they won't will they?"

PERSONAL POINTERS,

Notes of Interest About Some Prominent People.

The Queen of Roumania, who is preparing an opera in conjunction with a small boy—the latest musical prodigy—is both a poetess and a writer of stories. She took to authorship in order to drown her sorrow. Her Majesty is supposed to have a better head of hair than any other woman in Europe. She is an accomplished linguist, speaking no fewer than seven languages.

The Duke of Fife is one of the few great landowners in Great Britain who do not believe in the accumulation of vast estates. His Grace for some years has steadily parted with his land as opportunity afforded, holding that one man cannot control large tracts of territory to the best advantage of the community. He is probably the only total abstainer among the dukes in the House of Lords.

The Prince of Waldenburg, a wealthy Viennese nobleman, and his newly-wedded bride are spending their honeymoon in an original manner. Accompanied by a white mule which carries a small travelling outfit, they are making a walking tour through Italy. A large staff of servants with heavy luggage travels ahead of the bridal pair, to arrange for their reception at the best hotels of the towns visited.

When Lord Goschen makes a speech he sometimes throws his arms about and gesticulates in the wildest fashion, and at the end of a sentence, overcome by the irresistible character of his own argument or the scorn which he is casting on that of another, he now and then places himself in an attitude of pretended collapse, when his arms are crossed limply before his chest and his head inclined to hang in sheer exhaustion.

The Emperor Francis Joseph is a man of simple, frugal habits, and a hard worker. He is an early riser, and for many years after ascending the throne he was up at five o'clock in the morning to begin his day's work, after a breakfast of coffee and bread and butter. The amount of work he is able to get through is amazing. For recreation he goes to one of his shooting-boxes for a few days, wearing the Tyrolese costume and devoting himself entirely to the chase.

In the Crown Prince of Japan the Emperor Mutsuhito has an heir-apparent after his own heart. Although he has never travelled beyond his father's dominions, Prince Yoshihito is a remarkably enlightened young man, and one who has never been pampered. As a young boy he was sent away to school, where he was treated in much the same way as his companions. He is fond of athletics, is a fine long-distance walker, and is, or rather was until recently, something of a wrestler.

Very few know that the present Pope was once arrested. He had visited a poor man dying and stretched on the bare ground. In retiring to bed the thought of the poor man without a mattress came back to the prelate. This was too much for his fatherly heart, and without more ado he rolled his own up as well as he could and slipped out with it on his shoulders. But he had not bargained for the watchful police, and he was presently in the custody of two Venetian gendarmes. As soon as they recognised him, however, they took charge of the bundle themselves and carried it to where the good cardinal directed.

Some of the peers in the House of Lords have peculiar mannerisms. Lord Lansdowne will probably never get out of the habit of twirling his folders round his fingers when addressing the House. Lord Spencer, who sits on the opposite side of the table, most often lays his hand on his breast. The Duke of Devonshire always puts one of his hands into his trousers pockets when making a speech. Among the younger members of the House, Lord Donoughmore, the Under-Secretary of State for War, always ends his periods by slapping a file of notes in front of him. He has also the trick of turning upon their lordships with an expression of bland surprise and extending both hands palms upwards.

In presenting the handsome sum of $50,000 to the United Free Church Emergency Fund, Lord Overtoun has again performed one of those acts of generosity for which he is famous. A man of great wealth and sincerely religious, Lord Overtoun has essentially practical views about the possession of great riches. He is of opinion that the advantage of having wealth is to use it for the best ends and not hoard it. He makes it a rule of his life to give a certain sum away every year. Nothing if not consistent, his lordship has, in years during which he had lost money in business, taken the amount of his charitable gifts from his capital. Lord Overtoun's chief recreations are shooting, fishing, and golfing.

Sir Charles Scotter is one of Britain's greatest railway men, if not the greatest of them all. In 1853 he began life as a junior goods clerk at Hull, and now occupies a position as chairman of a great railway company, which no railway employe, with one exception, has attained before. The chief reason of Sir Charles' success in administration was his knowledge of exactly what he ought to do himself and what should be delegated to subordinates. In the choosing of those subordinates, too, he displayed rare skill, and thus he was able to rid himself of a huge amount of detail which had wasted the energies of his predecessors, and to devote his administrative genius to important works that needed to be carried out.

Gallant—Miss Moneybags to Chum—This pocketbook is fearfully heavy, Foot-pad, suddenly looming up—Madam, allow me to relieve you.

The Amateur Lecturer—"My misguided friend, do you not know that success is only achieved by hard labor?" Roving Ike—"I done six months of it at a stretch, an' como out no richer'n when I went in."

DANGERS OF A DOUBLE

STRANGE CASES OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Resemblance to Criminals Has Entailed Suffering on Innocent People.

The most historic example of mistaken identity was furnished by the famous Lesurques (France) mail robbery case, in which a man called Lesurques was charged with robbing and murdering the courier of the mail. Lesurques was identified in the most positive manner by all who had witnessed the crime as the man who had done the deed, and was sentenced to death. He died solemnly protesting his innocence and making an appeal to the real criminal to clear his memory from so foul a stain. Four years later the wretch for whom he had died was caught, and was found to bear the most striking likeness to Lesurques. He was convicted and guillotined; but many a long year elapsed before full justice was done to his victim's innocence and the forfeited property was restored to his family.

In another case a man was charged at the Old Bailey, London, with being an escaped convict. The governor of the gaol and a number of warders swore that he was without doubt the criminal they had had under their charge, and his conviction seemed certain. Fortunately it was recalled that the convict had

A WEN ON HIS LEFT HAND,

of which no trace was visible on the hand of the prisoner; and a doctor who chanced to be in court went into the box and declared that it was impossible to have removed the wen without leaving some trace of it, thus making it absolutely certain that the prisoner could not be the man who was wanted.

A Scottish court some years ago witnessed a curious trial which had a romantic sequel. A farmer's son was charged with night-poaching, and, although he set up an alibi, was convicted on the evidence of a keeper and other witnesses who swore to his identity with the poacher. Not long after the real culprit was arrested and confessed his guilt too late, however, to save the innocent youth from punishment. The latter had already served his term of imprisonment and had emigrated to the Cape, where he amassed a large fortune. On his return to Scotland the owner of the estate on which he had been charged with poaching made what amends he could by begging him to shoot over it for the rest of his days.

A respectable Scottish merchant called Henderson owed his escape from death to a curious accident. He was charged with forging an acceptance signed by the Duchess of Gordon; witness after witness swore that they had seen him sign

A SIMILAR DOCUMENT,

and one man declared that the very signature in question had been written by Henderson before witnesses in his own house. In vain did the prisoner's counsel plead his irreproachable character and his straightforward demeanour during the trial. His guilt was considered by all in court to be established, and the jurors, however, delayed their decision until the ensuing session, and to this delay Henderson undoubtedly owed his life.

During the recess the Lord Advocate paid a visit to a Mr. Rose, of Kilravock, who took him to inspect a house which was being built for him. Mr. Rose noticed that one of the carpenters was missing, and was told by the foreman that the man had absconded on hearing that the Lord Advocate was coming, and, further, that he believed he had been mixed up in some forging case. This statement, repeated to the Lord advocate, roused his suspicions; the fugitive was followed and arrested, and ultimately admitted that it was he who had, with the assistance of a Mrs. Macleod, committed the forgery, and for the purpose had personated Henderson.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

A live saint needs to wear no symbol.

Love usually tries to hide its noblest deeds.

A white life preaches louder than a black tie.

Things that are almost right are altogether wrong.

No man finds himself until he is willing to be lost.

A little elbow grease is worth a lot of oily phrases.

Most moral infection comes from apparently small vices.

The peroration of a sermon often prevents its application.

The rightness of a thing does not depend on its wryness.

A man is not firm in faith because he is fossilized in mind.

Living in the past only puts the headlight on the rear platform.

A man is never happy until he has ceased to care whether he is or not.

One does not have to be crusty in nature to give a crust to the needy.

You cannot atone for stealing the bakery by giving away a few biscuits.

An honest laugh may have more religion in it than the most pious logic.

Making a time card for others is not the same thing as taking the train yourself.

The preciousness of our gifts may often depend on the smallness of our resources.

Our thoughts about others are of less importance than our thoughtfulness for others.

When a man introduces himself with flattery you may count on him as a probable foe.

The man who is always talking about himself as a poor worm of the dust is not likely to have a great deal of power to lift the world.

Women are fond of gold, but not of golden silence.

GOD'S TERRIBLE SILENCE

Saul Had Forfeited His Right to an Answer From His Divine Father

"And when Saul inquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets."—I. Samuel, xxviii., 6.

"Papa, where does God live?" my little four-year-old son asked me the other day. "In heaven, my boy," I replied vaguely. "And where is heaven?" he continued. "Oh, up in the sky," I answered, rather hastily, I must admit. He stepped to the window and looked earnestly upward for a little space; then he bent his head to one side and listened. At last he turned to me and said quite gravely, with an unwonted note of sadness in his childish voice:—"I do hear not His footsteps."

The poet has sung of the longing to clasp the vanished hand—to hear the voice that has been stilled. How often have we waited for the sound of the footsteps that will never cross the threshhold of our hearts again! "I do not hear His footsteps"—how sweet, how sad the phrase!

After the tumult great is the rest of silence, the night's calm bension upon the busy day. "Be still"—and in that stillness—"know that I am God" was said of old. As with adversity, so also sweet are the uses of repose. "Peace, be still" brought calmness to the raging sea, assurance to the frightened hearts. After the rending wind came the earthquake, after the devastating flame the fire, after the deafening thunder the voice, and the voice was God's, still and small; and then

A BLESSED SILENCE

In the prophet's heart. And yet silence has its terrible aspect, its appalling significance.

Saul had sinned and played the fool exceeding. He had used his power to further his ambitions rather than to help his people; he had put aside God's commands in the pursuit of his own selfish ends. Samuel was dead and the dreaded Philistines were upon him. What was he to do in the emergency? How was he to meet this sudden danger? What did the future hold? The affrighted king remembered the habits of his youth. In his extremity he turned to God. Not in contrition, but in the pride of his conceit. He was afraid, but not humbled; he was moved, but not to repentance or amendment. In such a state of mind, in terror which degraded him still lower, he turned to God and besought Him, and God did not answer. Neither by Urim and Thummim, neither by vision and dream, neither by priest and prophet.

Saul, guilty, unrepentant, yet afraid, called in vain. God did not answer. He was silent. It is not said that God did not hear. He always hears, but He did not reply. Why not? Because Saul had forfeited his right to an answer from his divine Father. He had wilfully cut himself off from the family of God by his unrighteous conduct. He wanted knowledge without complying with God's conditions for obtaining it. So his appeal was met with that terrible silence. And the end came at Mount Gilboa, and Saul was a suicide. Of all his glory and his power there remained but a handful of bones bleaching in the fierce sunlight

ON THE WALLS OF BETH-SHAN.

"Be thou anything to me, O God, but silent," was Martin Luther's prayer. Let us not in our hours of pleasantness so live as to cut ourselves off from God. Let us not by our indifference, by our acts of commission, by our habits of omission, so arrange our affairs that in the moment of peril when the mind instinctively turns to Him—"Oh, my God!" is the commonest expression from human lips in an emergency—He will be silent to us! We can survive the whirlwind, the earthquake, the fire, but not ubless we have the following Voice. God help us indeed if in our hour of fear, with our every sense at tension, dreading the future, we call and He does not reply! We stare up into the sky and cannot hear His footstep.

Yet God always hears. And what is more, He always heeds if we give to Him and to our fellowmen even half a heed. It is only the pure in heart who can demand from Him, hear God. So it is only the pure in heartwho can demand from Him, through Jesus Christ, an answer to appeal. For the reply to prayer depends upon the spirit of him who prays. To hear God's voice, His footsteps, you must be in harmony with Him indeed.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, DEC. 4.

Golden Text. "Them That Honor Me I Will Honor." I. Sam. 2, 30.

Verse 13.—The first duty before Hezekiah when he mounted the throne was to "open the doors of the house of Jehovah." During the reign of his father, Ahaz, the sanctuary had been used for idolatrous worship. Its "holy place" was no longer holy. It had been defiled in the sight of God and degraded in popular esteem. It had become not only necessary to renovate it, but to reconsecrate it to the service of Jehovah. For weeks workmen had been busy on the building under the supervision of the priests. So soon as their work was completed the priests and the Levites went to Hezekiah the king ("within the palace") to make their formal report. We have cleansed all the house of the Lord ("Jehovah"). The altar of burnt offering was a great structure of brass (bronze or copper), venerated because of its sacredness and because it had been constructed by Solomon. Ahaz, however, had set it aside and in its place for some years had stood an idolatrous altar erected by royal and priestly command after the pattern of an altar which the king had seen at Damascus. The vessels thereof were the implements used in the offering of sacrifices. These were now brought back to their proper places. The showbread table ("the table of showbread") was a stand on which were kept twelve fresh loaves made from unleavened flour, each loaf symbolizing a tribe of Israel.

19. The vessels which King Ahaz in his reign did cast away included not only such utensils as knives and basins, many of which were "cut in pieces" (2 Chron. 28, 24), but the "brazen sea" also, a huge laver which rested upon brazen oxen, and was one of the conspicuous objects of the temple court. This was too valuable to be destroyed, but it had been rejected from its sacred place, and erected at one side upon "a pavement of stones" (2 Kinga 16, 17). All these articles had now been prepared and sanctified by the priests and their workmen, that is, had been put again in good order for the exclusive service of Jehovah.

20. All was now ready for the dedication. Hezekiah the king rose ("arose") early, and gathered the rulers ("princes") of the city, and went up to the house of the Lord ("Jehovah"). In formal procession, to indicate the national character of the service; early in the morning, to show the enthusiastic vigor with which the worship of Jehovah was to be reinstated.

21. The sin offering is ordained in Lev. 4. It symbolized the removal of guilt and moral pollution. By removing the comma from after he goats we may understand that these animals constituted the sin offering while the bullocks and rams and lambs served as the burnt 'offering described in verses 22-24. The burnt offering is ordained in Lev. 1. These two sacrifices were now to be offered on behalf of three great institutions: 1. For the kingdom, that is, not merely the kingly house and royal attendants, but the whole organization of the government; 2. For the sanctuary, the temple and its courts defiled by Ahaz and "inclusive of the personnel of the temple," the priests and Levites; 3. For Judah, that is, the entire population, the people considered one by one. The priests were hypothetically at least, sons of Aaron. One of the salient features of "the sin wherein Jeroboam the son of Nebat caused Israel to sin" was the turning away from the family of Aaron and from the tribe of Levi and the employment of men for the priesthood who were not hereditarily priests. The altar of the Lord ("Jehovah"). Mentioned here in contrast to the altar of Ahaz, which had for a while stood on its site. Restored now to its proper place, it had doubtless been renewed and repolished.

22. This verse gives us the three great items of the service of the burnt offering—killing the beasts, collecting the blood in basins, and dashing it upon the altar.

23, 24. According to the prescription of Lev. 1, 4 the priests doubtless had laid their hands upon the bullocks, rams, and lambs just offered as a burnt offering; but now when they brought forth ("brought near") the he goats for the sin offering we are told that it was the king and the congregation ("the assembly"—that is, the princes who stood there to represent all the people) who laid their hands on the sacrifice. This showed in a manner more impressive than ordinary that the sin of the whole nation was about to be expiated. Made reconciliation. "Made a sin offering." To make an atonement means to bring God and all Israel together in complete harmony, in unison. This was according to the command of the king that the burnt offering and the sin offering should be made for all Israel, not merely for Judah. Already the northern kingdom had been largely depopulated, and Hezekiah seems to have been recognized as sovereign by what remained of the twelve tribes. The new dedication of the temple therefore presented a beautiful picture of unity in religious and national feeling.

25, 26f The services were distinguished by music. Cymbals were metal instruments of percussion, beaten together like the modern instruments so called, but shaped perhaps more like cups than like plates. The earliest music always is the music of rhythm, drums and cymbals coming in primitive life before stringed or wind instruments. Psalteries are said by Josephus to have had twelve musical notes, but precisely what that means is not clear. We know only that they were stringed instruments played upon by bow. The phrase according to the the fingers and not by a pick or a commandment of David refers to his introduction of music by the Levites into the worship of the temple. The association of the names of Gad and Nathan with that of David is very interesting. Compare 1 Chron. 21 and 29. But King David and the two prophets were not personally responsible for this— the commandment was of Jehovah (Revision). The instruments of David, without doubt, were the cymbals, psalteries, and harps, and were played by the Levites; the trumpets were blown by the priests.

27, 29. This verse gives one of several hints that the kings of Judah, like David and Solomon, each regarded himself as the head of the Church. Hezekiah takes personal charge of this sacred festival. For ordained by read "of." At the given signal five activities began; the flames were lighted under the offering, the "song of Jehovah" burst from the lips of the singers, the Levites accompanied it with a rhythmical beat, the priests sounded the trumpets, and the congregation (that is, all who were present) assumed the attitude of prayer. All this continued until the burnt offering was finished. Then the king and his counselors, having supervised the service, worshipped by themselves in silence much as our ministers receive the Lord's Supper apart from the administration of it to the people.

30. Praise—Praises; that is, psalms. From this verse we learn that the words of the song of Jehovah mentioned in verse 27 were written by David and by Asaph the seer, an eminent Levite musician, whose name is borne by twelve of our psalms.

31. The nation having now been formally consecrated to Jehovah, the king urges those present to make personal consecration, and so sacrifices and thank offerings were brought in by many people, while some, going further than the royal suggestion of a free ("willing") heart, brought burnt offerings.

KOUROPATKIN AND MIKADO

Famous General Once Enjoyed Hospitality of Emperor.

General Alexei Nicholavitch Kouropatkin and a staff of Russian officers enjoyed the hospitality of the Emperor of Japan a little over one year ago. It was in June, 1903, that the Russian minister of war, the now world famous general, journeyed to China and Japan to attend the important conference held at Port Arthur to talk over the Russian position in the far East. All the Russian high officials then stationed in North China and Manchuria, including the Russian minister to China, were present, and to show this distinguished gathering honor the mikado extended a special invitation to General Kouropatkin and his staff to cross to Tokio and enjoy an entertainment, however brief, at the hands of his imperial representatives.

Though the time of the Russian members of the conference was somewhat limited, they decided to avail themselves of the invitation so courteously extended, and this is how it happened about fifteen months ago that Russian and Japanese soldiers of the highest rank, who are now using every effort to annihilate each other, drank tea together in the friendliest manner on now hostile soil.

According to the oriental custom, when this noble officer, representing the czar and all the Russias, called upon the mikado in response to the latter's polite and official summons cups of fragrant pale-colored Japanese tea were passed to the guests assembled in the royal tea garden.

The occasion was an important one from a political standpoint, so the flags of each country were with their handsomest uniforms and all the medals they could boast collectively.

A picture was taken of the group of men as they sat under the cherry blossom trees and in the shadows of the imperial palace. To General Kouropatkin was given the seat of honor in the center, and on one side sat the Japanese minister of war, Terauchi, and on the other side Major General Murata, also of the mikado's army.

The Russian general and his distinguished staff presented a striking contrast in appearance to the smaller Japanese officers. Kouropatkin himself is a striking, fine-looking man of purely Russian type. In full uniform he is the ideal war god, and even as he sipped his tea his hosts must have felt a conscious appreciation of the vigor, strength and might of this great man's mind and body, though occasion placed him, from the western point of view, in rather effeminate surroundings.

General Kouropatkin comes from the ancient Russian nobility. He was born at Psoff in 1848.

TREES WITH INSTINCTS.

An expert nurseryman says the hardiness or non-hardiness of trees depends largely upon where the seeds from which the trees in question sprang came from. Satisfactory results are seldom experienced by planting in a northern country a seed obtained from the sunny south. By planting seeds gradually farther north, however, trees may be at length hardened and acclimatised until a seed from such a tree may be reasonably expected to thrive, and mature its fruits. Trees, like people, acquire their habits from the climate in which they live. The northern tree knows instinctively when the time has come to ripen its fruits. The southern tree follows the same instinct, being in no hurry, as there is little likelihood of real cold. With transplanting farther north its habit changes. The great trouble with most people is that they want to jump a tree from south to north at one move.

MILES OF CLOUD.

A great, cumulous thunderhead cloud is often higher than the highest Alps would be if they were piled on top of the Himalayas. It is not unusual for these clouds to measure five, six, and even eight miles from their flat, dark base, hovering a mile or two above the earth, to their rounded, glistening summit, splendid in the sunlight. And in these eight miles the changes of temperature are as great as those over many thousands of miles of the earth's surface. These clouds contain strata of temperature, narrow belts of freezing cold alternating with large distances of rainy mist and frozen snow and ice particles.

Fashion ...Talk

WHAT PARIS WEARS.

Next to green for evening wear—and evening includes the fashionable afternoon functions, in matters of dress—red enjoys high favor with the elite. It is most effective in the millinery creations, however, hats being particularly smart. One of the prettiest models seen this season is a hat made of shirred liberty satin, the shirring being done in dark red threads, lending a shaded effect to the hat. The brim turns up sharply at the side, and is caught in place with a bunch of tinted velvet geraniums. The crown is a conical affair, without trimming of any sort.

A charming brunette with perfect complexion appeared at an exclusive hotel a few evenings ago dressed in red silk crepe de chine. The skirt was full and trimmed with plaitings or bouillonees of the same material. The silken bodice might also be called a coat, as it was close fitting and extended below the belt line in ripples lac d with very pale pink satin.

The sleeves deserve a paragraph by themselves. They were formed of three puffs, but at each division of the puffs there was a turned back cuff, making three distinct cuffs for each sleeve. These were finished with a narrow puffing of red taffeta gathered in the centre with red and cream lace. Finishing the sleeves were deep ruffles of lace and cream and red chiffon.

Women who gasped at the extravagance of trimming a gown with two or three kinds of lace when the fashion was first introduced, will be inconsolable at the announcement that two or three more varieties are to be added as the season advances. As to the kinds of lace it matters little, for if the grandmother's chest boasts a bit of real point or old rose, it will hobnob with an imitation in the friendliest manner. Few combinations are more effective than point duchesse appliqued to a lace with a net background, such as Lisrre, for instance.

A feature of the season's dressy frocks is the high-necked dinner gown. Its variety is infinite as regards both models and materials. On the whole, the soft silks have first place for such frocks, but it is hard to tell where taffeta mousseline fades into silk mousseline, or where they draw the dividing line between chiffon liberty or chiffon crepe and chiffon. In many instances the silks are so light and sheer and soft that they seem to invade the territory of the mousseline, gauzes and other spider web fabrics.

The white taffeta gown when well designed and made has great attractions. A model which does not necessitate too great expense has a round skirt, touching the floor evenly. At the top it is smocked to the depth of a short yoke, the smocking forming regular points all around.

Above a medium width at the bottom, two-inch wide hand-run tucks form a simple finish. The yoke of the blouse is formed of smocking corresponding with that of the skirt, and the sleeves are fulled into deep smocked cuffs.

Around the collar and edge of the cuffs are narrow hand-embroidered bands of taffeta, the embroidery silk being rather coarse, and of a shade matching the gown. The fastenings at the back are tiny buttons covered with the silk, loops being used instead of buttonholes.

FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

The economical-minded mother will be glad to learn that there are no marked changes in the styles for children this season. The rule is strict samplicity, and whether the material is the finest broadcloth or the most inexpensive serge, the model remains the same. For boys, the middy suits and the Russian blouse are the only two styles. Of the two the blouse suit seems most attractive, the long, full "middy" trousers seeming rather outre on a small boy. The blouse has a broad collar and is worn with a leather belt and full knee trousers. Brown seems to replace the ever popular dark blue this season. For best, these suits are made up in velvet, velveteen or broadcloth; for every-day use, serge and corduroy are liked, the latter having special wearing qualities. Khaki is used a good deal and is excellent for hard wear.

Little girls wear the blouse of the middy suit with gathered or pleated skirts. The latter remain absurdly short, being even above the knees. The exaggeratedly long waist still obtains.

A pretty dress for a small girl has a medium low round neck with deep turnover frill or collar made of sections of the material put together with insertion and edged with lace. This waist is gathered full and sewed to the abreviated skirt, which has four small tucks as trimming. The full bishop sleeves are gathered to a plain wristband, and the dress is worn over a gulmpe, or the low neck is filled in with tucking finished with a bit of lace edge.

Shepherd plaids and tartans in small designs are much liked for little girls' dresses and for boys' kilts. A detachable and washable sailor collar is a judicious adjunct for a small child's costume, as it adds much to the style without much expense or trouble.

For school girls there is nothing much prettier than the shirt waist suit, made up in plain serge, small shepherd checks or Scotch plaids. This makes a very suitable dress for the school room. A more elaborate mode is on the same lines, but has a skirt trimming of graduated bands, longer in front and shortening toward the back, stitched, and with a button in the centre of each rounded end. These bands are cut to form a yoke at the waist line. The same style of trimming is duplicated on the waist, the straps cut from a yoke and the yoke framing a pointed vest or chemisette, while the same idea is duplicated in the cuffs, the straps extending up on the sleeves. Many skirts for children of school size have box pleats or side pleats, stitched for quite a distance below the belt, and finished with tucks above the hem.

One of the smartest models for children of 8 years and above has a yoke and straight band down the front of embroidery, with the material gathered under the yoke and drawn into the sides and back, gathered or shirred soft folds under the belt. The front to match the waist. Sleeves are full at the wrist, where the cuff shows a touch of embroidery.

Little girls' hats are very picturesque this year, being made of shirred velvet, with inner facing of shirred tulle, in white, palest pink or blue. Close little bonnets of felt bordered with fur have big rosettes on each side, over the ears, of black satin, while the same rosettes in various ribbons of delicate shade are seen on babies' caps.

LAYS CLAIM TO CHICAGO.

Mayor of English Town is Heir to Original Farm Lands.

Alderman Daniel H. Redhead, who has consented to act as Mayor of Peterborough, England, next year, claims to be the owner of the land on which the city of Chicago now stands. He is a well-known meat salesman at Smithfield, and has an extensive farming and butchery business at Peterborough, with branch establishments in many other towns. A shrewd man of business, he has long been connected with public life in the cathedral city, of which his parents were natives, and he occupied the position of mayor in 1893-4.

The mayor-elect has a most romantic and interesting story to tell of his early life. His mother's name was Searjeant, and a few years before he was born a letter was received from her uncle, who lived in the State of Illinois, saying that if any member of the Searjeant family cared to go to America, they could stay with him, and he would, at his death, leave them his property. The result was that Mr. Redhead's parents went to America in 1834 or 1835. The overland journey was made in bullock wagons, the country in many places swarming with the Red Indians hostile to all white men. Frequently their lives were in danger, and when finally they reached their journey's end they found that old Searjeant had died a few days before their arrival and without having made a will in their favor. They endeavored to assert their claim to the property, but without success. They next went to New Orleans, where Mr. Redhead set up in business as a cabinet maker. About two years afterwards the mayor-elect of to-day was born. He had a narrow escape of having his career cut short by his slave nurse-girl, in leaning over a verandah, dropped him on his head on the path below, and he bears the scar on his scalp to this day.

A year after the alderman's birth his father died of yellow fever, and his mother returned to Peterborough in 1833. The present city of Chicago stands on the very land his parents left Peterborough to claim seventy years ago.

"No," said Alderman Redhead, in reply to the interviewer, "I have never prosecuted my claim to it, for the letter my mother's uncle sent her, which she often showed to me, could not be found after her death."

ARMY RATIONS AS MANURE.

South African Stores That Were Thrown Away.

Some remarkable statements as to the enormous waste of South African army rations are reported in the Natal Advertiser, in connection with the prosecution of natives for stealing condemned stores which had been buried as manure.

The evidence, given upon oath, of Mr. Robert Cheves, manager for Messrs. R. Spence & Co., of the Reunion Sugar Estates, was that two years ago, when the military condemned large quantities of army rations, he got 250,000 cases from them for the purpose of manuring his cane crops.

This statement, says the Advertiser, discloses several hitherto unpublished facts. Upon the withdrawal of the military forces from South Africa it was found that large quantities of military rations had accumulated at various centres, and the local markets were overflowing with tinned foods. The stuff had to be got rid of somehow; and so, in some places, the rations were burnt. Other local consignments were thrown into the sea.

The last huge heap of rations have now borne fruit in munificent sugar harvests. For several months truckload upon truck-load of cases of military rations were taken to Reunion and elsewhere. The cases each contained nine dozen tins. These tins were buried all over the Cape fields.

The Advertiser estimates the cost to the British taxpayer of this one consignment alone at over a million and adds that if the amount of army rations that were cast into the sea and consigned to the sugar estates on the south and north coasts of Natal were also valued at would be found that several million pounds sterling were thus disposed of.

FARM HANDS' DRESS.

Farm hands in Yucatan wear linen garments of spotless white. When they become even slightly soiled, they hasten to change them. Work is plentiful there, farm laborers are well paid, and they can afford to be tidy.

YOUNG FOLKS

A SMART DOG.

It is claimed that the greyhound has the smallest brain space, and, according to his size, the Scotch terrier the best. You will notice the greyhound has strange, stupid ways for a dog and the Scotch terrier bright, quick ways. As trick dogs they excel. I have a Scotch terrier of the Dindie Dinmont breed. Curly is his name. And Curly has taught himself how to do lots of things that other dogs would not think of doing, writes Ida M. Shepler.

No matter which one of the family I tell him to go wake up for breakfast, he goes straight to that person's bed and barks and pulls at the bedclothes. If he wants water, which is the only thing he will beg for, he will get right in front of you and turn round and round, making a coaxing noise like a baby. If I say, "Curly, is it water you want?" he will say, "ugh, ugh."

Sometimes I will say: "Curly, I just haven't time to get you water; go around to the front yard and drink with the chickens." He will go as straight as he can. A neighbor pets Curly, and he likes her nearly as well as he likes me. Once I told him to go to her house, naming her, and get a drink, and he went as straight as he could go, to coax her for a drink.

Curly knows when I say that he is a mean dog, and so cross that I have to whip him for wanting to bite children. When I tell this way about him, though I make my voice as kind as possible, he will sneak away and hide. I found this out once when talking about him to a neighbor, not even telling his name or looking at him as I did so. Then I tried telling her how good he was, and my, how he did rejoice and frisk about me! Since that we often have tested him with praise and blame, and invariably he knows which to look ashamed over.

Curly can drive a hen and chicks in home out of the wet better than I can. All this knowledge requires a certain amount of reasoning. It is not instinct by any means. Too much is made of instinct in animals. It took some form of brain power akin to reasoning to bring about that which to-day is habit.

AN INDUSTRIOUS MOUSE.

A number of white-footed mice I had in captivity, says a writer, escaped from their cage to a cupboard in the kitchen, and thence through a hole in the plaster and between the laths, to the walls of the house. Every night they came out for food. One evening I saw a mouse come out of the cupboard. He found a hickory nut on the floor and attempted to carry it up the wall twelve inches to the hole in the plaster, but, alas! the crack between the laths was too narrow, and after fumbling with his burden for a minute or two he dropped it to the floor. Now he tried to push it in ahead of him, and failing in that, he went in himself, turned round and attempted to pull it in after him. Occasionally it would slip out of his paws and roll upon the kitchen floor, and then out he would come and repeat the whole performance. He tried it again and again, but with no better success; he kept at it until far into the night, and when I awoke at seven o'clock the next morning, the first thing that I heard was that mouse or another one fumbling and dropping the hickory nut. Since then I have kept them well supplied with nuts, and although they still spend hours in carrying them to the crack in the laths and letting them fall, they are always forced in the end to eat them in the cupboard. There is plainly a lack of ingenuity, because ten minutes' gnawing would have solved the problem. Had the aperture in either case been too narrow to admit themselves, they would have quickly widened it with their teeth, but to apply the same principle to get the nut through seemed to be a piece of reasoning entirely beyond them.

THE LONELY PRINCESS.

When Carmen Sylva, the poet queen of Roumania, was the little princess of Wied in her father's castle on the Rhine, she used to sigh because she was a princess; and she has herself told how she longed to be a village child like those that she saw every day.

Since she could not get out to play with them, she invented plays of her own; and in these plays, the trees of the big castle park were her playfellows. Then she performed whole fairy plays, in which one tree was the wicked giant, another the fairy prince, and so on.

It was natural that this course of life should fan the enthusiasm of the child for story-telling; and in her eleventh year she had begun to write poetry, while her fourteenth birthday saw her busy over a drama.

By the time she was twenty, she had written enough poetry, plays, and stories, including several novels, to make books that would fill a long shelf; but she showed these to nobody, and it was not until Prince Karl of Roumania took her to that land to be its queen that she began to publish any of her work.

CAN YOU SAY THESE?

See if you can say these sentences fast:

She sells sea shells by the seashore.

Seven selfish shellfish shoved some shrimp sideways.

Prudently peel prime potatoes.

Royal rulers rarely really read riddles.

Faint flames frequently feed frightfires.

DIPLOMATS ABOVE LAWS

THE MANY PRIVILEGES WHICH THEY ENJOY.

Ambassadors May Do Anything Short of Murder Without Punishment.

A serious rupture of the relations between Great Britain and the United States was recently threatened by the action of a diplomat, who claimed immunity from a fine imposed by a district magistrate, on the grounds that as a member of the British Embassy he was above the local law.

Mr. Gurney, the diplomat in question, was found guilty of driving an automobile at a speed exceeding the twenty-miles-an-hour limit imposed by a by-law of the State of Massachusetts, and a fine was imposed upon him by Justice Phelps, which he refused to pay. In this he was merely claiming a right, though rarely exercised, under international law of being beyond the jurisdiction of local authorities, and the judge has been compelled to apologise.

LAWS AGAINST SMOKING.

It is seldom that a diplomat shelters himself behind this law for any minor offence he might have committed. The risks are considered too great, since grave trouble is almost certain to arise when he emphasies in this manner his superiority to the laws of the State of which he is, for the time being, a privileged and honored guest.

They prefer to act as did an able Englishman, Mr. J. Mortimer, when an attache of the American Legation at St. Petersburg in 1859. Mr. Mortimer was one day strolling along the Nevski Prospect smoking a cigar, when a policeman arrested him for violating the law prohibiting smoking in the streets of St. Petersburg. The young diplomat was, of course, entirely ignorant that such a curious enactment existed; but when the magistrate before whom he was taken fined him five roubles he carefully abstained from informing him that he was a member of the Corps Diplomatique, and paid the fine without demur. Thus neither the State nor the Embassy was troubled in the matter.

Diplomats residing in England have on a few occasions claimed immunity from our laws on account of their position, but the matter has rarely received public attention. One instance, however, is famous. That occurred when Dom Guimarez Sa was the Portuguese Ambassador.

NO SANCTUARY FOR MURDER.

At that time there was, on the south side of the Strand, a kind of bazaar, called the New Exchange. It consisted of four walks, one on the ground floor, and two upstairs, each being lined with small shops. The place became the popular promenade of the metropolis, and the resort of all the fashionable "men about town."

It happened that Dom Partaleon, brother of the Ambassador, was walking in the New Exchange with some of his countrymen, when a quarrel arose between them and a young Englishman named Gerrard. Mr. Gerrard accused the Portuguese of speaking, in French, disparagingly of England; they, on the other hand, alleged that he assaulted them without any provocation. Whatever the cause, the parties came to blows; but the good sense of a few Englishmen who were present stopped the encounter by separating the combatants, and hustling the Portuguese out of the Exchange, leaving Gerrard with a wound in the shoulder.

The next day Dom Partaleon, with a little party, came to the Exchange in the hope of taking vengeance.

Fortunately, few people were there at the time; but four Englishmen were severely injured, and a Mr. Greenaway, while walking with his sister and a lady to whom he was engaged, being mistaken for Gerrard, was killed by a pistol shot through the head.

In the storm which followed the Portuguese retreated to the Embassy and when their arrest was demanded by the authorities, the Ambassador refused, insisting that by international law his house was an inviolable sanctuary for all his countrymen. Eventually the men were given over, and placed on trial for murder. Then it was that Dom Partaleon refused to plead, claiming the immunity of a diplomat. But, notwithstanding the incessant representations of the Portuguese Ambassador, his plea was set aside, and he was executed.

FINED FOR PHOTOGRAPHY.

At the time when English feeling against Turkey was running high, on account of the Sultan's policy in Armenia, a young attache at Constantinople had the misfortune to break a law at Kahoran. He had been caught in the act of taking a snapshot of the interior of a mosque —an offence even in these days, but unpardonably so at such a crisis. He was seized, and taken before the authorities, and, although he claimed immunity from the jurisdiction of the country, a heavy fine was imposed. As he had not sufficient money upon him to pay the fine, he was kept under arrest. Meanwhile, he communicated with the Minister, informing his Excellency of the breach of international law. Within twelve hours the young diplomat's fine had been paid, and he returned to the capital, to receive a severe reprimand from his chief for pleading the law at a period of such grave importance.

WHEN RUSSIA WAS JUST.

A few years ago a Russian diplomatist claimed exemption from the laws of England. He was charged with assaulting another Russian gentleman and his servant. He had knocked down the former in Oxford Street, and then had brutally beat him with a heavy stick. When, some time later, the servant called, the poor fellow was struck in the face, and knocked down a flight of steps. The attache offered no defence at the hearing of the charges against himself, but claimed the privilege of his position. Of course, the magistrate was extremely unwilling to concede a point, and remanded him, in order to see how far he could really go in the matter. In the meantime, the Russian Ambassador was informed of the occurrence, and, to his honor be it said, he promptly communicated to the magistrate his wish that the prisoner should be punished in accordance with our laws for so serious an offence.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

A similar incident to the fining of Mr. Gurney occurred once before in the States. About two years ago a French attache, whilst driving his car at an excessive speed, knocked down a little girl. He was arrested; but as he handsomely compensated the parents of the child, he was only charged with exceeding the speed limit of Illinois. The fact of his arrest was communicated to the Ambassador, who thereupon advised him not to claim immunity, but, if possible, to conceal his diplomatic connection. This he did, a fine was imposed, which he promptly paid, and nothing further was heard of the incident.—London Answers.

WORLD'S HIGHEST BRIDGE.

Will Cross Zambesi River, Near Victoria Falls.

The celebrated Cape to Cairo railway of Cecil Rhodes, which still exists chiefly on paper, has as one of its principal links the Rhodesian Railway, which is to extend from the South African railway system into the heart of Central Africa. This is actually under construction, and has now reached the great Zambesi river, 1943 miles from Capetown, which stream is to be crossed by a steel arch bridge just below the Victoria Falls. Engineering News, in a brief description of this bridge, says:—

"The width of the river above and at the falls is about a mile; but the falls are formed by a great cleft or chasm 250 to 400 feet wide and 400 feet deep, which extends entirely across the river-bed. Through the down-stream face of this pit opens a narrow gorge, which extends in a zigzag course for a length of some 40 miles; beyond this the channel again widens. The bridge will have a main span of 500 feet, composed of steel arch trusses resembling the two Niagara river bridges. There will also be two parallel-chord deck truss spans of 87½ feet and 62½ feet, extending from the ends of the main span to the abutments. The bridge will be 30 feet wide, sufficient for a double track. The rail level will be 420 feet above low-water level, or 380 feet above high water, making this the highest bridge in the world.

"The foundations of the bridge are already finished. In the construction of the bridge itself no false work is possible. It has therefore been found necessary to build from each end simultaneously as a cantilever until the work meets in the middle. The material is conveyed across the gorge by a Brotherhood electric balanced cableway of 870 feet span. . . .

"The electric cableway is also being used for carrying over material for the extension of the line 100 miles north from the Victoria Falls to Kalomo, the capital of north-western Rhodesia. This extension will do a great deal to facilitate the transport difficulties which at present hinder the development of the great northern copper-fields.

"Already plans have been made to develop the water-power of the falls. It is estimated that when the river is in flood the volume of water is about double that at Niagara, and represents about 35,000,000 horsepower. The electrical power would be delivered to long-distance transmission lines, and distributed to the copper, gold, and coal-fields which are already being opened up."

THE CLEANEST PEOPLE.

Japanese Make Too Frequent Use of the Bath.

In Japan, one must spend at least half his time in the bath-tub if he wants to be thought up to the customs of the country. Eminent doctors agree that the natives of Japan carry their cleanliness too far, and make too frequent use of the bath, which they always take boiling hot. The hot bath is advisable in this climate, as everyone learns by experience, and the publicity of the bath-tubs, which are barely screened from the passers-by in the streets, is a manifestation of Japanese modesty. For centuries this nation has had her public baths.

The Japanese have a multitude of quaint customs, many of which have common-sense as their basis. When a guest has outworn his welcome, the mistress of the house does not grow outwardly impatient in his presence, and throw out little hints of what duties will claim her attention soon; but she prepares the daintiest luncheon imaginable, and puts it into the prettiest of boxes, which she wraps in rice-paper, and ties with a ribbon. Then, some morning when no other members of the household are present, all having been warned to keep out of the way, she puts the lunch-box, with the sweetest of smiles, into his hands. Before the lunch-hour the guest, if he be wise, has vanished like a morning cloud.

Even the poorest people have the habit of going every morning, between the hours of five and seven, to the water's edge, carrying in their hands their tooth-brushes, which they use vigorously as soon as they reach the stream.

"Mr. Phamley," began the young man, "with Emma's consent I have come to say that I would like to take your daughter away from you next June, and——" "What?" shouted her father, starting up. "Why—er—I trust you have no objection. Surely you can't expect her to stay with you all the time——" "I didn't expect her to stay with me all the time till June. What's the matter with this October?"

SOME FOOLHARDY FEATS

STARVING TO DEATH TO6WIN FAME.

Trying to Outvie Blondin Has Caused the Loss of Many Lives.

When, in 1878, "Captain" William Andrews sailed a little half-decked cutter from America to England, it was thought a wonderful feat. The papers devoted columns to him, he was feted and feasted everywhere, and made a lot of money lecturing.

The inevitable result followed. Dozens of foolhardy folk tried to outvie his exploit by using smaller and smaller craft. At last a certain "Captain" Gardiner started from Nova Scotia for Falmouth in a little open row-boat, measuring barely fifteen feet from stern to bow. Marvellous to relate, he succeeded in getting more than two-thirds of the way across. He was hailed nine hundred miles west of the Lizard by a sailing ship, but was then in a pitiable state. His hands were raw, and his whole body covered with fearful blisters. He could just speak, but was unable to stand upright. Yet he declined to give up his self-imposed task, and seek safety on board the larger vessel. "I'll either reach England or go to the borrom," he said.

It was the latter alternative, in the end, that he compassed; for nothing more was ever seen or heard of the adventurous voyager.

On July 14th, 1865, Mr. Edward Whymper led a party to the summit of the Matterhorn, a journey which had hitherto been deemed impossible, but at a sacrifice of no fewer than four valuable lives.

ONE-FIFTH OF A SECOND.

That a man should deliberately drown himself, in order to break by one-fifth of a second the record for remaining under water, sounds incredible. Yet this, or something very like it, was exactly reported from Butte City, Montana. A local long-distance diver ascertained, so he said, that the longest period during which any man had remained under water alive was 4 minutes 45 2.5 seconds. Determined to beat this, he caused himself to be lowered, heavily weighted, into a deep tank; and threatened to shoot his trainer, Bat Kennedy, if he raised him into the air before he had been immersed 4 minutes 45 3-5 seconds.

Although urged by the bystanders to disregard this order, Kennedy refused. The reckless "record-breaker" stayed beneath the surface the stipulated period. And, although he was alive when hauled out, he never recovered consciousness, and died soon afterwards.

It was in the summer of 1880 that Dr. Tanner startled the world by proving that it was possible for a man to go forty days without eating, and within less than twelve months thereafter no fewer than nine ambitious "fasting men" paid forfeit with their lives in attempting to break

THE DOCTOR'S RECORD.

It is stated that considerably over a hundred persons have lost their lives in attempting to make or break records in connection with the Niagara Falls alone, since that memorable day in 1859 when Blondin crossed them on his tight-rope.

Even more risky is the swim through the rapids below the Falls, in attempting which Captain Webb lost his life on July 24th, 1883. He relied on his own unaided skill, and was drowned. Since then one man at least, Kendall, a burly Boston policeman, has come through alive; but he wore a life-belt. Several people, too, have permitted themselves to be carried through by the current while dressed in rubber suits, or boxed up in barrels. But of these, even, a fairly large proportion have lost their lives.

In 1888-89, there spread abroad a craze for sensational parachute descents, and other antics of a like character with the result that no fewer than fifty-three aeronauts were killed outright, and about a hundred injured in the space of twelve months.

WENT TOO HIGH.

So early as 1875, again, at La Villette, near Paris, two adventurers committed involuntary suicide in an effort to get a few yards higher above the earth's surface than anybody else had ever been. There were three men in the balloon—which was inflated with hydrogen—M. Tissandier, Croce-Spinelli, and Sivel, and they set out with the avowed intention of breaking all previous records as regards altitude attained.

At 26,160 feet M. Croce-Spinelli threw out ballast, and the balloon shot upwards with inconceivable rapidity. All three men were soon suffering terribly from suffocation. But M. Tissandier managed to open the valve with his teeth, and eventually recovered. His two companions were dead long ere the big silk ball had sunk once more to earth.

After balloons, airships. M. Santos-Dumont, in 1901, showed what was possible in this direction by twice sailing his aerial craft from St. Cloud to the Eiffel Tower and back again, winning on the second occasion the Deutsch price of one hundred thousand francs ($20,000).

MOTOR-CAR RACING.

Immediately dozens of people, many of them quite unqualified for the task, attempted to lower M. Dumont's time for the trip (29½ minutes), with results that might easily have been foreseen.

There was almost a daily crop of accidents recorded in the newspapers, many of them fatal. Among the latter were two which resulted altogether in the deaths of four persons.

On May 2nd, 1902, M. Severo, a compatriot of M. Dumont, was killed, together with his engineer, through the explosion of the petroleum reservoir of his airship. And on October 13th of the same year M. de Bradsky and his assistant were hurled to the ground from a vast height, and dashed almost literally to pieces, owing to their ship collapsing in mid-air.

But, after all, no single attempt at record breaking has ever been attended by so many casualties as was the Paris-Madrid automobile race of June, 1903. The huge machines thundered along the unguarded roads at speeds varying between sixty and eighty miles an hour, with the result that the "track" was soon strewn with dead and dying spectators, chauffeurs, and competitors. Ultimately the contest was stopped by the French Government. But the sport of motor racing received a setback from which it is hardly likely to recover for some years to come.

HOW TO MANAGE A WIFE

Husband's Guide May Start RUSH.

How to Care For and Manage the Most Fascinating of Domestic Pets.

Marriage license clerks should prepare for the rush, for the chief marriage handicap has been removed. As soon as sufficient time has elapsed for the study of a book just published in London called "Wives and How to Manage Them," they may expect a tidal wave of young men with the license fee and the courage of their convictions.

The author hides his fame under the name of "One Who Knows," but that will not prevent him receiving a monument from the male portion of the English speaking race after he has been lynched by their better halves.

He starts off by drawing attention to the fact that "there are numerous handbooks published which deal with the management of the horse, the dog, the canary, and other domestic animals, and yet there is no good and useful text book upon the 'Choice and Management of the Wife,' who is by far the most important, most expensive, and most universal of the domestic pets."

DON'T LET HER THINK.

The course of management must begin with the honeymoon, and the great thing the husband has to beware is allowing his wife to think for herself.

If you speak a foreign language and she does not, spend your honeymoon in that country, then you must do the thinking for both. "If you do not your wife may begin to think for you. To allow this is the most fatal error you can possibly commit, it is a habit you may find it difficult to break her of afterwards. Let her talk—that does no manner of harm and comes to most women much more easily than thinking—but, if possible, prevent her from thinking at all. In a wife it is a most pernicious habit, only one degree less terrible than that of reasoning, which is a deadly sin. If once your wife begins to reason about things in general, and contracts the habit, before long she is sure to reason about you. Now you know quite well that you will not bear reasoning about."

One of the few things for which a man may be naturally thankful is woman's changeability. "Some unthinking male creatures have reproached women for this changeability; they do not realize that no sane man would care to eat boiled mutton at every meal, year in and year out."

VIOLENCE IS DEPLORED.

He strongly advises moderation in the management of a wife by means of violence, and cites a good reason from the police court. "The magistrate asked the wife: 'And you mean to say that that miserable wreck of a man gave you a black eye?' 'Lor, sir,' she answered, 'he wasn't a miserable wreck afore he struck me.'" The argument is convincing.

One thing you must do in managing a wife is to insist on her doing as you say, and then shutting your eyes, so that you may not see when she does the opposite. So, and only so, can you manage her with happiness for both.

This needs the co-operation of the wife, however, and the power to tell a good, convincing lie.

The final advice is: "Be careful, whatever you do, to keep up your subscription to your club. A man's house is his castle, but a married man's castle is his club.

"Here is a sop of consolation "After all, marriage has its consolation—as long as your wife lives you cannot marry any other woman. You know the worst."

MODERN WARFARE.

It is evident that the recent inventions of science are changing the whole system of warfare. Compare the small area of Waterloo with the battle of the Sha River, having a front of any distance from twenty to fifty miles. The galloping A. D. C. has given way to the telephone and wireless telegraphy. It is a pity that Mr. Kipling could not have been in Manchuria. His writings would have helped forward the cause of universal peace. For only he can tell in words that brand the heart the hideaous brutality that underlies the most splendid heroism and the noblest patriotism in the hour of battle. Think of the grim humor that must at times mark this system of field telephones connecting a general with the different units of his force—perhaps with a battery five miles away in a distant valley. "Hello! Is that you, battery 118?" And a faint voice replies: "Yes, this was battery 118; I am the last man alive."

A woman thinks she is charitable when she lets her husband have his own way.

Binks—"What did you say to your wife when you got home late last night?" Jinks—"My dear." Binks—"Is that all?" Jinks—"Yes. She began talking then."

THE TIBETANS' GREAT GOD

BUDDHA OF LHASSA MOST FAMOUS IDOL.

Correspondent's Graphic Description of a Visit to the Cathedral.

What Tibet is to the rest of the world, what Lhassa is to Tibet, what the Jo-kang is to Lhassa, and it is not entirely clear, in spite of more than the so-called description of the interior, that any European, or even native spy, has even before ventured inside.

It is not strangers only against whom the great doors of the Jo-kang have been barred. Exclusion from its sacred precincts is officially pronounced against those also who have incurred the suspicion or displeasure of the ruling hierarchy of Lhassa, and it is a curious proof of the autocratic power which is exercised with regard to this cathedral, as well as of the insignificance of the suzerainty, that on Aug. 11 in this year the Viceroy himself, going in state to the Jo-kang to offer prayer on the occasion of the Chinese Emperor's birthday, had the doors shut in his face.

To this insult the opportunity I have enjoyed of examining the temple with a fulness that would otherwise have been impossible was due. Anxious to retaliate, the Ambaan— who was on a subsequent day grudgingly permitted to visit the ground floor only of the building—used our presence in Lhassa to teach the keepers of the cathedral a lesson in manners. At any rate, to our surprise, a definite invitation was one day extended to one or two of the members of the mission to make a morning visit into Lhassa for the purpose of examining the treasures of the innermost sanctuary of Buddhism. It was accepted.

A CHINESE GUARD

of the residency, armed with tridents, halberds, and scythe-headed lances, proved our escort, and immediately upon our arrival the great doors, half hidden in the shadow under the many-pillared propylon, were opened and at once barred again behind us.

The first sight of what is beyond question the most famous idol in the world is uncannily impressive. In the darkness it is at first difficult to follow the lines of the shrine which holds the god. One only realizes a high-pillared sanctuary in which the gloom is almost absolute, and therein, thrown into strange relief against the obscurity, the soft gleam of the golden idol, which sits enthroned in the centre. Before him are rows and rows of great butter lamps of solid gold, each shaped in curious resemblance to the pre-Reformation chalices of the English Church. Lighted by the tender radiance of these 20 or 30 beads of light, the great glowing mass of the Buddha softly looms out, ghostlike and shadowless, in the murky recess.

It is not the magnificence of the statue that is first perceived, and certainly it is not that which makes the deepest and most lasting impression. For this is no ordinary representation of the Master. The features are smooth and almost childish; beautiful they are not, but there is no need of beauty here. Here is no trace of that inscrutable smile which from Mukden to Ceylon is inseparable from our conceptions of the features of the great Teacher. Here there is nothing of the saddened smile of the Melancholia, who had known too much and has renounced it all as vanity. Here, instead, is the quiet happiness and the quick capacity for pleasure of the boy who had never yet known pain or disease or death. It is Gautama as a pure and eager Prince, without a thought for the morrow or a care for to-day.

No doubt, the surroundings, which are effective almost to the verge of theatricalness, account for much, but this beautiful statue is the sun and climax of Tibet, and as one gazes one knows it and respects the jealousy of its guardians.

THE LEGENDARY HISTORY

of this idol is worth re-telling. It is believed that the likeness was made from Gautama himself in the happier days of his innocence and seclusion in Kapali-vastu. It was made by Visvakarma—no man, but the constructive force of the universe— and is of gold, relieved with the four other elemental materials, silver, copper, zinc, and iron, symbolical of the world, and it is adorned with diamonds, rubies, lapis-lazuli, emeralds, and the unidentified Indarnna, which modern dictionaries prosaically explain as sapphire.

This priceless image was given by the King of Magdha to one of the Chinese Emperor of his timely assistance when the Yavanas were overrunning the plains of India. From Pekin it was brought as her dowry by Princess Konjo in the seventh century. The crown was undoubtedly given by Tsong-kapa himself in the early part of the fifteenth century, and the innumerable golden ornaments which heap the Khlkor before the image are the presents of pious Buddhists from the earliest days to the present time.

Among them are 22 large butter lamps, eight of a somewhat smaller size, 12 bowls, two "Precious Wheels of the Law," and a multitude of smaller articles all of the same metal.

These are arranged on the three shelves of the Khlkor, and the taller articles conceal the whole of the image from his shoulders downward. To this fact may perhaps be due the common, but mistaken, description of the Jo as a standing figure. Across and across his breast are innumerable necklaces of gold, set with turquoises pearls and coral.

The throne on which he sits has overhead a canopy supported by two exquisitely designed dragons of silver-gilt, each about ten feet in height. Behind him is the panel of conventional wooden foliage and the "Kuyung," or Garuda Bird overhead can just be seen in the darkness. Closer examination shows that almost every part of the canopy and seat is

GILDED, GOLD, OR JEWELED.

The crown is perhaps the most interesting jewel. It is a deep coronet of gold, set round and round with turquoise and heightened by five conventional leaves, each incrusted with precious stones. In the centre, below the middle leaf, is a flawless turquoise six inches long and three inches wide, the largest in the world.

Above, on the second floor, is an image which, after the Jo itself, is the most important treasure that the Jo-kang contains. In the south-eastern corner of this storey is the armory, where the walls and pillars alike are loaded with ancient and grotesque instruments of war. From this room a low, narrow passage leads down half a dozen stone steps into a small dungeon, where the statue of the guardian goddess, Palden-Lhamo, is worshipped.

This is a most amazing figure. The three-eyed goddess, crowned with skulls, grins affably with mother-of-pearl teeth, from her altar; upon her head and breast are jewels which the Jo himself might condescend to wear. Eight large, square charm boxes of gold gems, two pairs of gold-set turquoise earrings, each half a foot in length, and a diamond-studded fillet on the brow beneath the crown are perhaps the most conspicuous ornaments. Her breastplate of turquoise and corals is almost hidden by necklaces, and a huge irregular pearl, stringly resembling the "Dudley" jewel in shape, is at last distinguishable in the centre leaf of her crown. Before her burn butter lamps, and brown mice swarm fearlessly over walls and floor and altar, so tame that they did not resent being stroked on the lap of the goddess herself.

With this famous image of the guardian deity—who, as every Tibetan knows, from the Dalai Lama to the peasant in the field—was reincarnated during the last century as Queen Victoria, the list of treasures in the Jo-kang of a special interest to Europeans is perhaps concluded.

UPSETTING A PORCUPINE.

A Traveller's Adventure With One of These Animals.

One hot August afternoon two men were paddling along the edge of a lake, each in a small dugout canoe. Mr. W. D. Hulbert, one of the travelers, tells of an adventure which befell his companion. They had noticed a porcupine asleep in the sunshine on the near-by horizontal trunk of a tree, the rocks of which had been undermined by the waves till it leaned far out over the lake, hardly a foot from the water.

My friend, by the way, writes Mr. Hulbert, is the foreman of a lumber-camp. He has served in the British army, has hunted whales off the coast of Greenland, married a wife in Grand Rapids, and run a street-car in Chicago. He is quite a chunk of a man, tall and decidedly well set-up and it would take a pretty good prize-fighter to whip him, but he learned that day that a porcupine at close quarters is worse than trained pugilist.

"Look at that porky!" he called to me. "I'm going to ram that canoe into the tree and knock him off into the water. Just you watch, and you'll see some fun."

I laid my paddle down and awaited developments. Bang! went the nose of the dugout against the tree, and the porcupine dropped, but not into the water. He landed in the bow of the canoe, and the horrified look on my friend's face was a delight to see.

The "porky" was wide awake by this time, for I could hear his teeth clacking as he advanced to the attack.

"Great Scott! He's coming straight at me!"

The porcupine certainly was game. I saw the paddle rise in the air and come down with a tremendous whack, but it seemed to have little effect. The porky's coat of quills and hair was so thick that a blow on the back did not trouble him much. If my friend could have hit him across the nose it would have settled the matter then and there, but the canoe was too narrow and its sides too high for a crosswise stroke.

My friend couldn't even kick, for he was kneeling on the bottom of the dugout, and if he tried to stand up he would probably capsize.

Just then the canoe drifted round so that I could look into it, and I beheld the porcupine bearing down on my helpless friend like Birnam Wood on its way to Dunsinane, his ruffle of quills erect, fire in his little black eyes and a thirst for vengeance in his whole aspect. My friend made one or two short and ineffectual jabs at him and then gave it up.

"It's no use!" he called. "I've got to tip over," and the next instant the canoe was upside down and both belligerents were in the water.

The porcupine floated high, and quickly made his way to the beach and disappeared in the woods. My friend righted his canoe and we resumed our journey.

GERMANY HELP'S RUSSIA.

The steady removal of troops from the Russian western frontier, evidently made possible by an understanding between the czar and the German emperor, is one of the most disquieting features of the European situation. In England this is looked upon as an act of bad faith and a source of acute danger to the peace of the world. It is declared in Germany that this understanding over the frontier does not go to the point of actual assistance. It is, however, an attitude of the greatest military advantage for Russia, as it allows the czar to leave his chain of western forces unoccupied and permits him to take some of his finest regiments to the relief of Kuropatkin. To say that this is not helping Russia is to quibble with words, although it may be that this sort of negative assistance does not disrupt existing official relations.

Ayer's

One dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral at bedtime prevents night coughs of children. No croup. No bronchitis. A

Cherry Pectoral

doctor's medicine for all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs. Sold for over 60 years.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for eight years. There is nothing equal to it for coughs and colds, especially for children."—MRS. W. H. BAYNES, Shelby, Ala.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO. Lowell, Mass.

for

Night Coughs

Keep the bowels open with one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime, just once.

The North Hastings Review.

MADOC, DECEMBER 1, 1904.

The Ontario Elections.

Not Likely to be Held Till Next January.

A despatch from Toronto says:—It may be stated as coming from a reliable source, that there will be no provincial elections during the present year, The interval between now and Christmas is considered to short for the conducting of a campaign and it would be a highly unpopular act to mix up with the animosities of election day the amenities of holiday week. In well informed Liberal circles it is understood that polling day will be on or about January 17.

—It is not often that preachers come out publicly in opposition to prohibition, but we have a case in Rev. Dr. Herridge, St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Ottawa, who preached a sermon on temperence, in which he strongly opposed prohibition as a remedy for the evils of the liquor traffic. He claimed that it would be conductive to crimes of a meaner sort than now exist, debasing men by causing them to resort to contemptible tricks to satisfy their craving for liquor.

—The exploiting of New Ontario is going on satisfactorily. The current issue of the Ontario Gazette says that permission is given to a syndicate from Minnesota to explore for minerals on Hunter's Island in the Rainy River district for the next three years. The company must expend during the period at least $120,000, and must not cut or remove any timber. The usual clauses relating to purchase and to the smelting of iron ore in the province are included.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

The production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which will be presented at the

MASONIC HALL, TUESDAY, DEC. 6th,

is on a scale of magnificence never before witnessed in this town. It has been many years since a Madoc public has been treated to a representation of this beautiful drama, in which actors worthy of the name were employed, and the resources of the scenic artist and mechanic are taxed to their utmost to make the setting of the piece equal to that used in the great spectacular plays. Mr. Beecher's Company gives a most powerful and intelligent interpretation of this touching master-piece of dramatic fiction. Among the scenic effects used in the gorgeous Apotheosis and the last scene, the Ascent of Eva to the realms of bliss, borne by Angles; the Pearly Gates and stairway to the home beyond the skies; the Ohio river in mid-winter by moonlight; a Southern Paradise at sunset; allegorical scenes, typical of the birth of liberty and blessing of little children; the weird Rocky Pass; the Realistic cotton plantation, all of which are positively the most magnificent displays of scenic art and mechanical effects ever witnessed. This is the first time that every scene has been produced in this great play.

ADMISSION 25 CTS. & 35 CTS.

Lingering Cold.

Withstood Other Treatment But Quickly Cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"Last winter I caught a severe cold which lingered for weeks," says J. Urquhart, of Zephyr, Ontario. "My cough was very dry and harsh. The local dealer recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and guaranteed it, so I gave it a trial. One 25 cent bottle of it cured me. I believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be the best I have ever used." This is one of the most staple medicines in use. Thousands have testified to its excellence. It not only cures a cold quickly and effectually but counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. It is equally valuable for children and may be given to them with implicit confidence. It always cures and is pleasant to take. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains no opium or other harmful drug. Sold by all druggists.

Confirmed.

It is very pleasing to have your statements on any important subject confirmed by high authority. In a report just to hand of an address before the "Illinois Optical Society," by Chalmers Prentice, M.D., of Chicago, who is considered the greatest living authority on refractive errors of the eye, he exactly confirms my recent published statements on Eye-Strain in case of students and others, in speaking of correcting a common error (Hypermetropia) says: "Should these strains be neglected and the case carlessly adjusted with Glasses there will continue to be a congestion and irritation at the base of the brain. Many of the cases of heart failure and apoplexy among business men and students are probably due to a congestion and weakening of the brain tissue induced by these incessant strains. The College career and life of many ambitious students are cut short by these unrecognized causes of disease, with some students it requires so much energy to converge and focus for the near point, that there is not enough left for ideation or thought; with this strain present they cannot learn, they cannot think, they cannot remember because the nerve force necessary for this mental process is used up by the strain, yet they may be possessed of the best of brains." Of course the serious results here mentioned apply not only to students generally, but to all who use their eyes and brains to a large extent, and there is also a self evident fact on the surface, that it is very important that the party attempting to give Glasses to correct the trouble understands his business or else the results may be even more serious than if not attempted to correct at all.

ALEX. RAY,
Optical Specialist,
Front St., Belleville.

New Advertisements.

Stray Cattle.

Two Yearlings have strayed on lot 25, concession 6, in the township of Madoc. Owner may have same upon payment of charges.

HENRY J. MILLS.

Estray.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 16, in the 5th con. of Madoc, a Yearling Bull. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take it away.

CHAS. COMERFORD.
Eldorado, Nov. 29, 1904. 48-8

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the building known as Oak Leaf Cheese Factory, situated on lot 24, con. 10, Madoc Township, will be sold by Public Auction to the highest bidder on Saturday, Dec. 10th, at 1 o'clock p.m.

H. M. BLAIR,
President.

Township Taxes.

Notice is hereby given that all Taxes due the Township of Madoc must be paid before the 15th Dec., as County and School monies are required by that date. Costs may be added after 15th.

A. THOMPSON,
48-2 Collector.

Creditors' Notice.

Insolvent Estate.

Take notice that Allen Dafoe, of the Township of Huntingdon, in the County of Hastings, Yeoman, has this day made an assignment of his Estate to me, the undersigned, for the benefit of his Creditors pursuant to the directions of Chapter 147, Revised Statutes of Ontario.

And take notice that the Creditors of the said Estate will meet at the Law Office of A. A. McDonald, Solicitor, Madoc, on Tuesday, the 6th day of December, A. D. 1904, to make necessary arrangements respecting the said Estate. All Creditors will file on or before the said date, their several claims duly verified with the said Assignee.

A. A. McDONALD,
Assignee.

Dated this 29th day of Nov., 1904.

Notice to Creditors!

Notice is hereby given that Andrew Eager, of the Village of Actinolite, Yeoman, has made to me, the undersigned, an assignment of his real and personal Estate for the benefit of Creditors, pursuant to Chapter 147, of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, respecting Insolvent Persons, on the 28th day of November, A.D., 1904.

A meeting of the said Creditors will take place at the Law Office of A. A. McDonald, Solicitor, Madoc, Ontario, on Wednesday, the 7th day of Dec., 1904, at the hour of 10 a.m., for the purpose of making necessary arrangements respecting the said Estate. Creditors will file on or before the day appointed for said meeting, their several claims duly verified with me, the said Assignee, or the said A. A. McDonald at Madoc, Ontario.

A. A. McDONALD, R. E. MOORE,
Sol. for said Assignee. Assignee.

Dated Nov. 29th, 1904.

Domestic Wanted,

for general housework. Apply to

MRS. MACKAY.
St. Peter's Manse, Madoc.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Alexandria Cheese Manufacturing Company, will be held in the factory on Saturday, Dec. 3rd. at 1 o'clock, for the purpose of general business.

Tenders for making cheese for next season will be received. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

THOS. H. TUMELTY,
President.

Teacher Wanted.

Female teacher wanted for S. S. No. 17, Madoc township. Duties to commence 3rd of January. Apply to

GEO. W. ROOK,
Secretary.

Madoc, Nov. 21st, 1904. 47-8

Estray Calves.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 11, in 8th concession of Huntingdon, on or about October 1st last, four calves—two white and red, one red, and one red roan bull calf. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away.

JNO. EMERSON.
Crookston, Nov. 23rd 1904. 47-3

Notice to Creditors!

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the statutes in that behalf that all creditors and other persons having claims against the estate of Wm. H. Diamond, farmer, who died at the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, on or about the thirtieth of September, 1904, are required to send to the undersigned Solicitor for the Executors of the estate of the said Wm. H. Diamond, full particulars in writing of their claims and of their securities, if any, held therefor, duly verified by affidavit, on or before the 16th day of December, 1904, after which date the Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among those entitled thereto, having regard only to such claims of which they shall then have had notice.

D. E. K. STEWART,
Solicitor for Executors,
Madoc, Ont.

Dated this 23rd day of November, A.D., 1904.

How about Painting.

No matter where you live or what you want painted we will gladly attend to it. We go anywhere for business. We will not overcharge and you will be pleased in every way. We keep Oils, Leads and Colors in large quantities and sell to our customers for whom we are doing work at wholesale prices.

The Reason we can do our work more cheaply than some painters is because we buy our lead, oils, etc., in tremendous quantities, securing the very lowest wholesale prices, and we handle nothing but the best in painters' materials.

We have in our employ only the best of workmen and expert mechanics.

WALL PAPERS.

As to wall papers everyone knows we have the best papers made and that our prices are always lower than elsewhere for commoner goods. Our August sale of wall papers at half price is a boom to home-makers.

Our Decorating. Our paper-hanging, etc., is pleasing everybody both in style and low cost.

C. B. Scanlebury,
Decorator, Belleville.
Wall Papers, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, etc, wholesale and retail.
Write for samples and quotations.

The Holiday Season is Drawing Nearer.

But we are prepared for the 'Xmas rush. Our store is full of pretty and useful articles. Never have we shown such a display of

Fine Jewelry, Watches, Glocks and Silverware

AS NOW.

See our Watch Stock. We are offering a ladies' fine 25-year gold-filled case with American movement for $12. Gents' watches from $3 up. A fine line of imported Swiss watches which we are selling at $5, and a special novelty, an 8-day watch, runs perfectly and keeps time.

The Sta-zon Eye-glass, Rimless Spectacles, and all Rimmed Goods. We will test your eyes and fit you properly.

Geo. F. Maybee,
Agent for Edison and Columbia Phonograph Co

The N. H. Review

Christmas ...Number!

will be a beauty this year.

See that your subscription is paid ahead so that you will be entitled to a free copy.

FINE NECKWEAR

—FOR—

The Christmas Trade

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Gloves, Underwear, etc.

—CALL AND SEE OUR—

Visor Hood and Muffler,

Keeps the head, ears, face and neck protected from the cold, or can be worn as muffler only, for men, women or children.

FOOTE & ROSS.

Butter and Eggs taken.

Another Week Bargain Offering

What's the matter with McIntosh Bros.? Well, McIntosh Bros. is suffering from a very severe attack of congested stock. Relief must come quickly. We are applying the only remedy known to the trade and that is price cutting. It is deep cutting that has developed these big bargains for this week.

Ladies' Vests and Drawers, winter weight, ribbed wool and merino vests, have high neck and long sleeves, buttoned front finished with wool edge and ribbons, drawers ankle length to match, price this week 75c. per suit. Children's Vests and Drawers in winter weight, hygiene health brand, nicely ribbed, sizes from 12 to 30, prices range 15c. to 25c. each.

Ladies' and Men's Cashmere Hose, plain and ribbed, prices ranging from 20c. per pair up.

Men's Fine Shetland Wool Shirts and Drawers, unshrinkable, shirts double fronts and ribbed wrists, drawers ankle length to match, this week 90c. per suit at

McINTOSH BROS.

ALEX. MACGREGOR, Manager.

Christmas Goods are pouring in every day. Call and have a look round, lots of nice things to be seen.

A 1 Farm for Sale.

100 acres, known as the Arthur Mullett homestead, lot 14, 1st con. Huntingdon, Hastings county, double frame house, drive-house, stone hog-pen, double barn, good orchard, 3 living wells. Can be had with or without implements, stock, crop, etc. Particulars on the premises. 32

Albert College

Belleville, Ont.

Business School Founded 1877.

Practical and thorough. Five complete courses. Many graduates occupying important places as book-keepers and shorthand reporters. $37.50 pays board, room, tuition, electric light, use of gymnasium and baths, all but books and laundry, etc., for 10 weeks—longer time at same rate. Special reduction to ministers, or to two or more entering at the same time from same family or place. A specialist in Book-keeping who is also an expert penman and specialist in Shorthand in constant attendance. The teachers in the literary department also assist in the work. The high character of the College is a guarantee of thoroughness.

Catalogue with specimen of penmanship, FREE.

Students may enter at any time.

Address, PRINCIPAL DYER, D. D., Belleville, Ont.

Farm for Sale.

A valuable 100-acre farm, 1½ miles from Trenton, on the Wooler gravel road. It is 80 rods wide, good roads on both sides of it, has a never-failing spring creek running through it five rods from barn. The soil is clay loam. Has a brick residence 22x33, frame kitchen 40x20, and a good cistern in kitchen. The barn is 30x50, has a 9-foot stone basement, with stabling for 10 cows and 6 horses underneath. Buildings are all in first-class repair. There is a bearing orchard of 400 apple trees, besides pear and plum trees, and berries. There is also a tenement house on the farm. No encumbrance on place. Immediate possession given and purchaser may buy stock on hand consisting of horses, cows and farm implements. Owner is desirous of selling owing to indifferent health. Terms easy.

J. G. WILLIAMS, Owner.
35 Box 7. Trenton, Ont.

ALEX. BELAIR, Merchant Tailor,

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - - MADOC

My stock consists of Canadian, English and Scotch Tweeds and Suitings, Blue and Black Serges, fine Black Venetians, Overcoatings and Pantings. All new Goods.

Your patronage respectfully solicited

DR. PERRY G. GOLDSMITH,

OF BELLEVILLE, will be in

Madoc 2nd Monday each month

at St. Lawrence Hall, for consultation on diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat.

Miss Veda Campbell, A.L.C.M.,

TEACHER OF PIANO,

Having taken an Honor Specialist Course at the London Conservatory of Music, is

Prepared to receive a limited number of Pupils

For terms, etc., apply at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Moore.

Removal Notice.

W. C. MIKEL, B. C. L.,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC., BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Solicitor the city of Belleville.

Office removed to the City Hall, where he will continue a general practice of Law except as against the corporation of the city of Belleville.

Money to loan at 4, 5, or 6 per cent. according to quality of security.

Telephone No. 195 44

P. WALTER O'FLYNN,

BARRISTER,

MADOC, — — ONT.

Corporation and Private Funds for Investment. Collections promptly made.

OFFICE—North St. Lawrence street, next door west of T. L. Nickle's warerooms.

Merchant Tailoring!

ROBT. McGHEE,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

I have just opened my

New Spring Stock of carefully Selected Goods

so that all classes may find satisfaction. Work guaranteed.

R. McGHEE, Merchant Tailor, Wood Block

Rooms formerly occuped by Dr. Wright

MILNE'S

SALE OF

Black and Colored .....Dress Goods

and BLOUSINGS,

bought at big reduction at salvage sale in Toronto.

Heavy Black Suiting,

56 in. wide, regular price $1.50,

to be sold at

75c.

ALEX MILNE.

—Don't miss Bengough on Monday evening next.

—Bengough—Monday evening, in the Masonic Hall.

—The congregation of St. Johns intend holding a tea and sale table at "The Rectory" on Thursday the 8th, from 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. Admission 10 cts. Everyone cordially invited.

—The Y. M. C. A. are responsible for the appearance of that talented entertainer, J. W. Bengough, in Madoc on Monday evening next, 5th of December.

—The Y. M. C. A. are holding one of their usually pleasant social gatherings for members and friends in their rooms this evening. All members are particularly invited.

—The new Methodist Church at the Allen Settlement will hold a Xmas tree entertainment on Wednesday evening, 21st December. A good programme is being prepared. Full particulars later.

☞ McIlroy will sell you all kinds of Fish. Just received a shipment of Fresh Water Herrings, Salmon Trout, White Fish and Ciscoes, at rock bottom price. Also a full line of Fresh Groceries. Lake of the Woods Flour a specialty.

—I. O. L. NO. 253, Allen Settlement, will hold an Oyster Supper in the lodge room on Monday evening, Dec. 19. A programme consisting of instrumental music, songs, recitations, dialogues, etc., will be rendered. Oysters served from six to eight. Admission, single tickets, 40 cents; double, 75 cents; children, 25 cents.

Conservative Convention,

The annual Convention of the Conservative Association of East Hastings will be held on the 14th inst. at Tweed, for transaction of general business. Arrangements are being made for the attendance of some specially prominent members of the party to address the meeting, of which fuller particulars will be given next week.

Church Re-Opening.

The Holiness Movement Church, which has been vacated for some time undergoing repairs, will be re-opened next Sabbath at 10.30 a. m. Meetings will continue over the following Sabbath. Rev. R. C. Horner and the preachers of the district will assist in the services. Hours of services:—10.30 a.m.; 2.30 and 7 p. m. A large gathering is anticipated.

A Coming Treat.

J. W. Bengough, the great Canadian entertainer, Cartoonist, and Artist, will give an evening's fun in the Masonic Hall, on Monday evening next, 5th of December, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. His local hits are mirth-provoking to an alarming extent, and with the ballot-box case to work on as well, his entertainment will be exceedingly interesting. Nothing partizan or offensive is assured. Plan of Hall for reserved seats at Maybee's.

Personal

Mr. Stanley Herity spent Sunday at his home in Moira.

Dr. Ford Sutton returned from Maynooth on Saturday.

Miss Myrtle O'Hara left yesterday to visit friends in Tweed.

Mr. Percy and Miss Dora Thompson spent Sunday in West Huntingdon.

Mr. William J. and Miss Agnes Ellis, from Strathroy, are visiting friends in Madoc.

Miss Eliza Ellis returned home last week after spending three months visiting friends in Strathroy.

—Miss Jean and Master Ted Hill entertained a number of their young friends at their home on Monday evening.

Owing to Dr. Perry Goldsmith's serious illness he will be unable to make his visit to Madoc this month as usual.

Auction Sale.

Mrs. Robt. Blakely advertises the sale by Auction on Tuesday, Dec. 6th, of farm stock, implements, etc. Sale to take place on lot 6, 1st concession of Elzevir, at 1 o'clock sharp. Nine months credit. See posters for particulars. Jacob Huff, Auctioneer.

On Wednesday, Dec. 7th, farm stock and implements belonging to Devolin Bros., lot 5, in the 3rd concession of Madoc. Sale at 1 o'clock. Ten months credit. Jacob Huff, auctioneer.

Madoc High School.

The following is the result of the examination in Form III.

ARITHMETIC.—A. West 90, H. Rose 74, H. McCaffrey 69, L. Farrell 69, A. Caskey 57, D. McConnell 57, W. Laycock 56, A. Murphy 52, C. Irwin 51, A. Blakely 48, I. Rollins 44, M. Rollins 38, L. Empey 34, E. Hart 32, E. Hart 32, E. Thompson 32, T. Welsh 27, M. Wellington and L. Reid no papers.

FORM II.

ARITHMETIC.—Flossie Hill 94, Bessie Farrell 90, Sam Laycock 83, Dora Thompson 82, Ed. West 80, Eva Crawford 76, W. Smith and Bruce Bristol 75, C. Casement and E. Pine 70, G. Seymour 61, F. Trotter 60, Jenny O'Hara 50, Almo Dafoe 35, E. Fleming 30.

FORM III.

FRENCH.—A. Blakely 81, D. McConnell 79, H. Rose 65, A. Caskey 64, H. McCaffrey 47, L. Farrell 41, T. Welch 39, L. Empey 30.

☞ Stoves, Stoves, Stoves at Whites.

☞ Try W. J. Reid for Painting.

☞ Cutters and Sleighs painted by W. J. Reid.

☞ A BARGAIN—First-class Farmers' Cook Stove, price $30.00, at G A. Rollins'.

Christmas... ....Shopping.

is a delight at this store.

We are showing on every side a great variety of useful and ornamental articles.

Gifts suitable for every one.

A visit cannot fail to offer many suggestions of value.

It is the early shopper who gets the pick.

SEE OUR LINE OF

'Xmas. Perfumes, New Books, Stationery, Hair Brushes, etc.

CORNER DRUG STORE

ALEXANDER

Drugs, Books, Stationery,

Boarders Wanted.

A few boarders can be accommodated. Terms reasonable.
Plain sewing taken in.

MRS. LENA CRAWFORD.
Madoc, Oct. 24th, 1904.

Notice.

I again forbid any person of cutting or removing any timber of any kind off of lots 26 and 27 in the 3rd concession of Tudor. No excuses will be taken.

JAMES N. CLARKE.
Dorset, Sept. 27, 1904.

Pullets For Sale.

Fifty Brown Leghorn Pullets for sale, Rose Comb and Single Comb. For price write or call at his residence.

D. O. ALLPORT,
Madoc.

For Sale.

First-class Clover Mill, with Self-feeder and Wind Stacker. Thoroughly rebuilt, and in every respect as good as new. Will be sold at a bargain. Reason for selling—Too much occupied with other affairs. Apply to

THOS. H. TUMELTY
or to W. I. TUMELTY,
47-3 Madoc.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Spring Hill Cheese Factory will be held in the factory on Saturday, Dec. 3rd, at 1 o'clock sharp, for the transaction of general business.

D. McBEATH,
President.

NEW PAINT SHOP.

The undersigned, having fitted up a new Paint Shop, is now prepared to do all kinds of

Painting on Buggies, Carriages, etc.,

—IN—

FIRST-CLASS STYLE.

Durable work given. Fifteen years' experience. Charges moderate. Shop next door to his residence.

W. J. REED.

Madoc, Nov. 15, 1904.

...Holiday Season...

Will soon be here and you should come early and get first choice. Within the next few days new goods will be coming in for 'Xmas trade, and don't wait until it is all picked over. Bargains in **Books, Hymn Books and Bibles,** the cheapest place in town for those.

CHAPPED HANDS.

A dozen different things for them, but Carlton's Almond Cream beats them all, so everybody says.

COUGHS! COUGHS!

Don't let that cold last until Xmas and spoil your holidays. Use Horehound and Cherry Cough Syrup and be happy like the rest of those who use it.

HARRY H. JONES, Phm. B.

P.S.—The best assortment of 'Xmas Perfumes in town.

A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN AND INSURANCE AGENCY

Agent for "London, Liverpool & Globe," "Equity," and "Metropolitan" Fire Insurance Companies. Lowest rates in Tariff and Non-tariff Companies, and risks absolutely safe.

Madoc Pump Works

ALL KINDS OF FIRST-CLASS



Wood and Iron Pumps, Wind Mills, Grain Grinders, gasoline Engines, Steam Engines and Boilers.

Sole Agents for the Anderson Force Pump, of Aylmer.

Custom Saw and Shingle Mills on the premises.

We have made arrangements with a first-class Shingle Sawyer to handle this department.

CASH PAID FOR SHINGLE BOLTS

HART BROS.,
Proprietors.

Choice Groceries

—AND—

Provisions, Crockery and glassware,

—TRY—

ders, the Russ EO. WRIGHT'S.

Ontario Business College

is the most widely attended in America, and its famous bookkeeping text book, "The Canadian Accountant," is sold throughout the English speaking world. Send for illustrated Catalogues of each to the Principal and author,

J. W. JOHNSON, F.C.A.,
Belleville, Ont.

Cheesemaker Wanted.

Cheesemaker wanted for The Ridge Cheese Company, Limited, for the season of 1905. Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to January 3rd, 1905. Output last season about 40,000 lbs.

GEO. PATTISON,
President.
Coe Hill, Nov. 11th, 1904.

Wanted.

A Protestant Teacher for S. S. No. 4, Carlow. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1905. Apply to

HENRY WELSH,
45-3 New Carlow.

Estray Hound.

Came to the premises of the undersigned, during the hunting season, a Hound. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take him away.

JOHN D. NICKLE.
Malone, Nov. 20, 1904. 47-3

Insolvent Estate Notice to Creditors!

Notice is hereby given that Miles Reed, of the township of Huntingdon, Yeoman, has made an assignment to the undersigned for the benefit of his creditors, pursuant to Chapter 147, Revised Statutes of Ontario. A meeting of his said Creditors will take place at the Law Office of A. A. McDonald, Solicitor and Assignee of the Estate, Madoc, on Tuesday, the 29th inst., at the hour of 10 a.m., for the purpose of making necessary arrangements respecting the said Estate. Creditors will file on or before the day appointed for said meeting, their several claims, duly verified with the Assignee at Madoc, Ontario, as aforesaid.

A. A. McDONALD,
Assignee.

Dated this 22nd day of Nov. 1904.

Travelling with Our Own Pullman, Sleeping and Dining Cars.

...BEECHER'S...

Magnificent Scenic Production

Uncle Tom's Cabin

The Most Gorgeous Production on the American Stage.

-Superb Band-

AND

Imperial Orchestra

OF SOLOISTS WILL RENDER A

NOONDAY CONCERT

ON THE PUBLIC SQUARE AND A GRAND

-Street Concert-

AT 7 O'CLOCK P.M.,

in front of the Opera House, on date of Performance.



This is undoubtedly the

Only Complete, Perfect and Satisfactory

Music Gorps

Ever carried with a Theatrical Company, rendering a splendid Delightful, Elevating

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

Embellishing an almost endless succession of exhibitional displays with the most perfect harmony of sounds

A musical organization of international fame

The most beautiful stage picture of a plantation ever painted

St. Clair's Residence by Moonlight

Realistic scenes of the Mississippi Levee and the Great $500 Picture

We carry every particle of Scenery

That is essential for the proper presentation of this play

8 MAN-HUNTING SIBERIAN BLOODHOUNDS 8

Trained to participate in the drama.

25 - PEOPLE - 25

Among many of the scenic features appertaining to the drama will be presented the

THRILLING FLOATING ICE SCENE

Showing the escape of Eliza over the Ohio River, with the Man-Hunting Siberian Blood-Hounds Trained to participate in the Drama, in hot pursuit,

Cotton Field and Plantation Scenes

Portraying the Habits of the Southern Negroes with effect.

THE ORIGINAL GEORGIA SHOUTERS

AND JUBILEE SINGERS

Who have travelled in all countries, and given their Grand Concerts before the Crowned Heads, Nobility and people of Europe, will render at each performance, Jubilee and Camp-Meeting Songs, Banjo-Playing, Quartettes, Refrains, Dances, etc.



ELIZA CROSSING THE ICE.

A CARD

I beg to announce that the combination I have organized this season, for the presentation of Harriet Beecher Stowe's immortal drama, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is immeasurably superior, in every respect, to any heretofore offered the public. To fully accomplish this I have spared no expense in securing the first choice of Historic Talent, Gorgeous and Appropriate Scenery, Mechanical and Electrical Effects, etc.

My long experience as an amusement caterer has taught me that the best article offered is invariably the surest means of attaining a good reputation, and by anticipating the requirements and desires of the theatre-going public, I am sure of establishing my own success in a managerial capacity. I therefore assert, without fear of dissent, that I have succeeded in placing before the public the great drama, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in a style of equipment that has never before been seen on the American stage.

Thanking the public for past favors, I beg to be

Obediently,

A. W. BEECHER.

ADMISSION, 25 and 35 CENTS

MASONIC HALL, MADOC DEC 6

TUESDAY EVENING

Who's Tom ?

"Any letters, Susan?" asked Mr. Podberry, as he took his seat at the breakfast table.

"Three, sir," replied his housekeeper, placing them before him. "One's from Miss Kitty."

"Kitty!" he snapped, regarding the woman with a frown. "Mrs. Susan Jenkins, when will you learn to call my niece by her baptismal name? Pet names are very well for children, but for a young woman of twenty-two, why——"

The woman, being used to her master's humors, made no reply, but having seen that all his requirements were within his reach quietly withdrew.

Filling his cup from the urn he took up one of the letters, saying, as he tore it open, "From Matilda. What has she to say?

"My Dear Brother,—Just a hurried note to tell you that I have at last found what you require. He has already filled a similar post, and comes to us with excellent references. Kitty has seen him and thinks him a perfect gem.' Umph! Ah! I dare say. 'I have advanced him the fare to Hurstleigh'—what a fool that woman is!—'and he will call on you shortly after you receive this letter.' Will he? Query." And the letter was cast aside.

"Now, then, Miss Kitty—umph! Kate," as she opened the second, "what have you to say?

"'My Dear, Darling Old Nunky'—Ah! she wants something—I've got a surprise for you. I meant to have kept it until my arrival, but Tom'—Now, who the deuce is this Tom?—'but Tom insists on seeing you and telling you all about it at once.' Umph! That's very thoughtful of Tom.

"'He intends running down to see you to-morrow, so look out for him, Nunky.' To-morrow,—why, that's to-day. Why, what the dickens—umph!

"'Be nice to him, for he's the dearest'—Oh! is he? That's it, is it?—'fellow in the world, and loves me.' Bosh! Some young jackanapes I'll be bound. Well, if he doesn't suit me he sha'n't have her—that's flat."

Touching the bell, he folded the letters and placed them carefully in his pocket, and awaited his housekeeper's arrival.

"Jenkins," he said, as she entered, "your young mistress has picked up a sweetheart in London. Some young fool, I suppose."

"I shouldn't suppose, sir."

"Eh?" he snapped. "What do you mean? You shouldn't wonder?

I suppose, Mrs. Jenkins, you think that no one but a fool would fall in love with her, eh?"

"No, sir; I think he'd be a fool if he didn't."

"Yes, yes, I know," he said, in a mollified tone. "She's a wheedling little puss. But, Jenkins, he's coming here to-day. Let me see, what time did she say? Now, where on earth are those letters? Eh, what's this?" he exclaimed, picking up a letter that he had hitherto overlooked.

"I don't know this handwriting," he said, tearing it open. "'Dear Old Fred'—who the dickens is Old Fred? Who's Fred, Jenkins?"

"Lor', sir, I don't know."

"'Dear Old Fred,—Congratulate me. The pretty Kitty accepted me this afternoon, and by the time you read this I shall be on my way to Hurstleigh to beard the—' The what? What's that, Jenkins?" he asked, pointing to the line he had been reading.

Jenkins took the letter, and, glancing at it, read, ——to beard the old ogre of an uncle."

"What does he mean by 'the old ogre'?"

"He means you, sir."

"Jenkins, how dare you?"

"Well, sir——"

"'Ogre of an uncle. Wish me luck, old boy. Yours, Tom.'

"So, Miss Kate, this is the young gentleman, is it? Calls me an old ogre, the young villain! He's 'the dearest fellow in the world,' is he? Jenkins, if the scamp dares to show his face here I'll——"

"That letter, sir, wasn't meant for your eyes. It's got into the wrong envelop. Ah, young chaps in love do funny things. I know when Jenkins was first courting me he left off oiling his hair, and used to go out into the meadows and talk to the cows because, he said, they reminded him of me. Ah, love's a funny thing!" she added, sighing over the recollection of her own young days.

"Yes; makes fools of people," he said, as he rose to quit the room. "Oh, Jenkins," he added, as he reached the door, "I'm expecting a young fellow down this morning to fill Wilson's place; as soon as he arrives let him come to me in my study."

For close on two hours Mr. Podberry sat among his books, occasionally looking up from the page before him to glance at his watch.

"The fellow's late," he muttered at last, as, throwing the book impatiently aside, he strode towards the hall.

At that moment there came a sharp rat-tat at the door, followed by a man's voice inquiring for Mr. Podberry.

"Yes," he heard Jenkins say, "I'm glad you've come. The master has been expecting you."

Returning to his chair, he awaited the arrival of his visitor. "Twas but a moment ere Jenkins ushered him in, having taken advantage of the interval to inform him that if he wished to please the master he must on no account contradict him.

"Humor him," she whispered at the door. "He's all right if you humor him."

"Oh! you have come, then?" said Mr. Podberry, eyeing him with satisfaction as he entered the room. "Turn round and let's look at you.

Yes, you seem a likely-looking young fellow. What's your name?"

"My name is Leonard."

"Eh? What? Absurd! Leonard—tut, tut! Why not Alphonso, or Sylvanus, or Cecil?"

"For the simple reason that it is Leonard," replied the young man, smiling. "I am sorry if it does not please you."

"Please me—certainly not—the thing's absurd," with a deprecatory wave of the hand. "I shall call you Jones."

"But, my dear Mr. Pod——"

"Don't be familiar, sir. I am not your dear Mr. Podberry. I am Mr. Podberry only to my friends. To you, sir, I am 'sir.' "

"I really beg your pardon, sir, but——"

"Well, well," said the old man, more amiably, "there is no occasion for any further apology; but remember. And now, Jones——"

"Leonard, sir."

"Jones, I tell you. If you are not content to be Jones, I have nothing more to say to you."

The young fellow looked at Mr. Podberry as though somewhat in doubt as to his sanity, but, with a shrug of the shoulders, replied :—

"Very well, sir; Jones, if you wish it."

"Very well, Jones. Now, then, what are your capabilities?"

"Well, I don't know. I can row a bit, I'm not a bad shot, I play the banjo fairly well, and am reckoned good at a coon song."

"Coon song! Confound you sir, do you think I am starting a minstrel troupe? I'll have none of your burnt cork foolery here, sir. Can you do anything useful?"

"Well, I hope so."

"You hope so, sir?" cried Podberry with some asperity. "You hope so? The questions is can you? Can you clean boots—brush clothes——? Can you dig?"

"Dig?"

"Yes, dig. Do you know a spade from a rake?"

"Well, I think so. But——"

"Umph! What about bedding?"

"Bedding? Isn't it rather early, sir, to——"

"I should require you to bed out."

"Bed out—where?"

"In the garden, sir. Where else?"

"I don't understand you, sir; but——"

"I don't think you need say any more. Plainly, Jones, I can hold out no hope to you."

"But, my dear sir, you have nothing against me."

"Nothing against you? Why, to speak plainly, you seem to me the greatest idiot under the sun."

"Well, sir, I won't quarrel with your opinion; but——"

"Well, well, if you admit it, there may be some hope for you. And, after all, I shall not tax your abilities to any great extent; it is my niece that you will have to please."

"Exactly, sir. And I assure you Miss Graham is quite satisfied."

"Well, well, if Kate is pleased I have nothing more to say; but before I ratify the engagement I should like to have her opinion on the matter. She returns this evening. As you are here, suppose you remain until she arrives. I'll just mention the matter to Jenkins. Ah! that reminds me—about dinner. I am expecting a friend—can you wait?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Well, that's something in your favor. But," as he rose and inspected the young fellow closely, "I don't like these clothes."

"I'm sorry."

"I couldn't possibly allow my guest to see you in that garb. Why on earth didn't you bring a dress-suit?"

"If I had the faintest idea that——"

"That's the worst of you people; you never have an idea. Oh! Jenkins," as the housekeeper made her appearance; "the very thing—just give this young man one of my old dress-suits."

"Lor', sir, it won't fit him by miles."

"Tut, tut! Jenkins; don't put obstacles in the way. Make it fit. Take a tuck in at the back," and leaving Jenkins and the young man eying each other doubtfully he strode into the hall, and donning a broad-brimmed straw hat sauntered off upon his morning stroll.

On his homeward journey he was overtaken by a young cyclist, who, dismounting, inquired, "Am I going right for 'The Beeches'?"

"Yes," replied Podberry; "straight ahead. Whom might you wish to see at 'The Beeches'?"

"The guv'nor, Mr.—um—I've forgotten the old duffer's name. I've got it some where on a paper," he said fumbling in his pocket. "Mr.—Mr. Pottle——"

"Podberry, I suppose?"

"Ah! that's it. I knew it had something to do with berries. Do you know the old boy? They tell me he's a bit cranky to deal with."

"Upon my soul,I never found him so."

"Well, I must get on. I'm a bit late already. I should have come down by train, but having the bike I——"

"Well, there you are, young man, there is the house. You can see the chimneys among the trees yonder. You have some distance to go yet, for the road winds," said Mr. Podberry, as he struck across the fields in the direction of the house.

Some few minutes later he entered his study in a great state of good-humor.

"So this is Master Tom, is it?" he chuckled, rubbing his hands gleefully. "This is a great joke—a great joke! Won't he be surprised? Ah!"—as the bell sounded—"there he is! Now, then——"

"Gentleman says he has an appointment with you, sir," said the housekeeper, putting her head in at the door.

"Show him in, Jenkins."

The housekeeper retired, to return accompanied by the caller, who started as he recognized his companion of the road. Somewhat abashed he contrived to stammer out :—

"Good morning, sir. Mr.—er—Pod——"

"Berry! Yes, Master Tom, 'tis I. I told you I knew the old boy. You heard I was a bit cranky, did you? Who gave you that information? So you've come to beard the old ogre, have you?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; I don't——"

"There, there, sir, don't deny it; and when next you write two letters at once be sure you place them in the right envelopes. I am not going to let your words prejudice me against you, but I do expect you to have the courage to ——"

"But, sir——"

"What, sir, do you intend to brazen the matter out? Will you deny that you used those words? Perhaps you'll tell me you are not Tom at all?"

"No, sir, I'm Tom all right, but I don't know how you knew, unless Miss——"

"Why, did you imagine that my little Kitty would keep a thing of that sort from her uncle? No, sir This is what she wrote to me this morning.' And, producing the letter, he read : "'Be nice to him, for he's the dearest fellow in the world.' Now, sir, what do you say to that?"

"Why," said the young fellow, with a puzzled expression, "of course it's very kind of the young lady to write like that. She promised to put in a good word for me, but——"

"What, aren't you satisfied? Do you want me to betray her confidence and tell you all the other sweet things of you?"

"Blessed if I don't think he is cranky," muttered the young fellow, edging toward the door.

"Well, man, haven't you a word to say?"

"Why—I—er——"

"Tut! man, don't ask me to believe that you are bashful! Hang, it man, you've spoken to my niece, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hang me if I don't think the fellow wants to back out of it. Do you or do you not wish to be engaged?"

"Well," faltered Tom, "I did when I came, sir, but I—I've altered my mind."

"What, sir?" cried Podheryy, angrily. "You've altered your mind? You dare to tell me——"

"Mr. Podberry! Oh, I beg pardon!" said an intruder, drawing back from the door.

"Come here, sir. What do you want?"

"Why, merely, sir, to point out that, while I appreciate your kindness I really cannot consent to wear a coat like this."

"What, sir?"

"In spite of your housekeeper's ingenuity it hangs about me like a sack. As for the other things——"

"Confound the fellow!" cried Podberry, flying into a rage. "If I were not the best-tempered man in the world I should kick you both out of the place. But look here, Jones. Unless you desire your engagement to terminate forthwith you will wear those thinhs. As for you, sir," addressing himself to the other, "I'm going to find a horsewhip, and if don't write an abject apology to the lady or this insult I'll——' The threat was lost as he banged the door behind him.

"What an old fire-eater!" said Leonard.

"A reg'lar snap-dragon, ain't he?" said the other. You'll throw up the engagement, won't you?"

"I'll see the old rascal hanged first."

"Well, I shall break off mine. Miss Graham is very nice, but——"

"Miss Graham! What has she to do with you?"

"Why, 'twas by her advice I came. I spoke to her yesterday, and she referred me to the old boy."

"Do you mean to tell me Miss Graham ever gave you the slightest encouragement?"

"Rather. It was all settled as far as she was concerned."

"I'll not believe her guilty of such baseness. You, too, a coarse, vulgar——"

"Here, hold on. I suppose you're jealous at my steppin' into your shoes? P'raps you'll say as she sent you down, next?"

"Undoubtedly I came at her stigation."

"Well, that's funny, seein' that she was so took with me."

"'Took with you?' The illiterate brute," muttered Leonard, turning away. Then, after a pause—

"Oh! you think she was 'took with' you, do you? Do you dare to say that Miss Graham ever addressed one word of love to you?"

"Well—not right out—you know what girls are—but you ought to ha' seen the letter she writ to old Fizgig. Says she, 'He's the dearest, sweetest fellow in the world.'"

"'Tis strange," said Leonard, pacing the room, "very strange. I cannot believe that Kitty—and yet the fellow seems serious enough. Hark you, sir. You say that you offered yourself yesterday to Miss Graham, and she approved your offer, and desired you to visit her guardian?"

"That's the novel in one volume."

"Well, sir, as I came upon a like errand I shall remain until Miss Graham arrives, and if she verifies your words, well"—with a shrug—"I suppose I must accept the situation."

"More fool you! It wouldn't suit me at all. You can stay if you like," he said, approaching the door, "but I'm off."

But at this moment, Mr. Podberry burst into the room, followed by his neice and Jenkins.

"Now, sir! Now, sir!" he splattered in his anger; "my niece has arrived in time to hear from your own lips——"

"Tom," cried the young lady, breaking in, "what is this uncle tells me?"

"Kate, is what this fellow——?"

"Jones," cried Podberry, "how dare you interfere? My niece spoke to this gentleman——"

"I beg your pardon," said Leonard; "she said 'Tom.'"

"Well, he is Tom."

"Yes, I'm Tom."

"No, I am Tom."

"Yes," explained Kate, "he is Tom."

"Why, Kate," cried Podberry, "are you as mad as the rest? You say he is Tom, yet not an hour ago he told me his name was Leonard."

"Exactly, sir. Tom Lonard, of His Majesty's Guards."

"What? Son of Dick Leonard, my old chum? Why didn't you say so before?"

"You insisted on calling me Jones."

"Tut, tut! And you came here—?"

"As a suitor for the hand of your niece."

"Then why on earth didn't you say so?"

"I thought my letter had made that clear."

"Ah! I see. Well, sir, your letter has no doubt fallen into the hands of the gentleman who should have received this. But there," as he handed him the letter, "the ogre forgives you, but let me advise you to be more careful in future. There, give me your hand, boy. Kitty is yours."

"You forget, sir, this gentleman also holds some promise from your niece."

"From me?"

"Yes; he tells me you accepted him yesterday."

"Accepted him?" cried Kate, in amazement; then, bubbling over with laughter, she added, "So I did. As candidate for the post of gardener and groom."

"And you don't love him."

"Oh, Tom!"

"Well, dear, he assured me——"

"I beg your pardon, sir; I only told you what the old gentleman read me——"

"Tut, tut!" said Podberry, crossing hastily to him; "you are laboring under a delusion, sir. But there'—as he slipped something into his hand—"you seem a likely young fellow; so, on the understanding that you make no more of these stupid blunders, you may consider yourself engaged."

"And, I sir?" asked Leonard, with a sly smile.

"Ah!" said the old man, drily; "I must leave you to Kate."—London Tit-Bits.

WIDE AWAKE TEN YEARS.

A Healthy Man in New Jersey Who Never Sleeps.

The most wide awake man is Albert Herpin of Trenton, New Jersey. He never sleeps.

Not for ten years has Herpin wooed tired nature's sweet restorer; not for a decade has he drifted off into dreamland and become oblivious to everything.

Yet Herpin is a healthy, happy man, who enjoys life, and far from being a sufferer from his protracted siege of insomnia, he says that he really feels that he needs no sleep.

Herpin's case has few parallels in medical annals. It has always been accepted that no human being can survive without occasional periods of sleep in which the nerves can be calmed and the tissues restored.

Yet Herpin goes right along, a living defiance of this basic principle of medical science. He is no museum freak nor charlatan. He has refused liberal offers to exhibit himself in public or to yield himself to physicians for scientific experiments.

Mr. Herpin's story of his long period of sleeplessness is more interesting than any account of it that could be unfolded by other observers.

"I think overwork first robbed me of the power to sleep," he says. "Twelve years ago I began a series of experiments to photograph on china and to stipple half tones on steel. In the course of this work my zeal and enthusiasm frequently kept me going night and day without a thought of rest.

"The first thing I knew I had reached the point when I could not sleep at all.

"I became worried and feared that some permanent ill must result. But doctors and medicines failed utterly to put me to sleep. I consulted specialists, still with the same result. Then I began to notice that the loss of sleep was not hurting me a bit. My appetite was good, nerves under control. I could work just as hard, and my weight gradually increased until I tipped the beam at 180 pounds.

"What's the use of sleeping at all?' I said to myself, and so gave up the attempt.

"From that day to this, ten years ago, I have never slept, and I never expect to again. I go to bed nightly at 10 o'clock and remain there until 5, fully conscious all the time, and never dropping off for so much as a wink. I enjoy the rest and hate to get up.

"I presume you would have to describe my condition as a disease. And yet it isn't one that makes any difference, so I have resigned myself to being the one man in the country who can get along without slumber."

HONORING A REGIMENT.

In the fighting about An-ping one of the Japanese regiments is reported to have lost every one of its officers. The same misfortune of war is symbolized in the uniform of a British regiment. This is the 2nd Somerset Battalion, whose sergeants alone amongst their fellows in the service wear their sashes across their left shoulders, as officers do, instead of over the right shoulders, as is the rule for other non-coms. At Jellabad the Somersets lost every commissioned officer, and being brought through the day by their sergeants alone this honor was bestowed on them and their successors.

CURIOUS TEST.

Engineers judge of the condition of their machinery by the tone it gives out while running. Every engine, whether stationary or locomotive, has a particular tone of its own; the engineer becomes accustomed to that, and any departure from it at once excites a suspicion that all is not right. The engineer may not know what is the matter, he may have no ear for music, but the change in the tone of his machine will be at once perceptible, and being instantly recognized will cause him to start on an immediate investigation.

About the ....House

SOME TESTED RECIPES.

Excellent Fruit Cake—One cup of sugar, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup sour milk, 3 cups flour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, one very scant teaspoon of clove.

Sugar Gingerbread—Two-thirds cup sugar, ½ cup sour milk, 1 egg, ¼ cup butter, rounding teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, flour enough to roll. Roll in two large squares, about 1-3 inch thick, that will fit into iron baking pans. This quantity when baked will cut into 16 thick squares of delicious gingerbread.

Thin Sugar Cookies—One cup milk, 2 cups sugar, scant ½ cup butter, 2 teaspoons cream tartar, 1 teaspoon soda, and just flour enough to roll. Roll very thin and bake in a quick oven to insure crispness. Sift a little sugar over each panful before putting into the oven. These may be made with sour milk by omitting the cream tartar.

Potatoes au with Brown Sauce.—Scrub good-sized carrots and boil until tender, then drop into cold water, and slip off the skins. Cut into small dice. For each pint put into a saucepan one tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of flour, and cook together until browned. Stir in one-half of a pint of beef stock, brown gravy, or boiling water, and when thick and smooth, add one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one-half of a teaspoonful of onion juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Add the carrots and simmer together for ten minutes. For a variety, an ordinary cream sauce may be used in place of the brown sauce.

Carrot Fritters.—Scrub and boil a number of large carrots until tender; then slip off the skins. Mash thoroughly, season with salt and pepper. Add to them one-quarter of their bulk of hot mashed potatoes. Shape into small flat cakes and brown in a little fat in a hot pan.

Fried Carrots.—Boil and skin several large, well-shaped carrots. When cool, cut in long slices. Dip each in slightly beaten egg, roll in fine crumbs, and fry in deep smoking fat, or dip each in flour and saute in a pan.

Digestible Rice.—Wash the rice thoroughly in two or three waters to remove the starch. Cook it in double the quantity of water for twenty minutes on the front part of the stove. By this time the water will have boiled away. Then remove the cover and set the dish on the back of the stove for fifteen or twenty minutes. By that time the rice should have a "crawly" look; that is, each kernel should look separated from the other, and not a glutinous, salvy mess, which is more hurtful than nutritious. Southern people always cook rice in this way.

Beefsteak Chowder—Cut a generous pound of round steak into strips an inch and a half long and half an inch thick and wide. Cut a two-inch cube of fat salt pork into tiny bits, and cook in a hot frying pan with an onion sliced very thin. When the fat is tried out of the pork and the onion is browned add a quart of boiling water. Let simmer five minutes, then pour the whole over the pieces of steak. Bring the contents of the saucepan quickly to the boiling point; let boil five minutes, then simmer until the meat is tender. Have ready four or five potatoes, pared, cut in slices, scalded in boiling water, drained, and rinsed in cold water. Add the potatoes with a teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of white pepper to the meat. Add also, if needed, boiling water to cover the potatoes. Cook until the potatoes are tender, then add a cup and a half of rich milk. Split half a dozen crackers and dispose them in a soup tureen. Pour over them the chowder and serve at once.

Wild Duck.—To roast, put a dozen cranberries inside, and cook the duck in a hot oven eighteen or twenty minutes. While these are cooking set into the oven thin slices of choice mild-cured bacon, rolled and fastened with toothpicks; turn these as needed until they become crisp and browned throughout. Serve around the duck on rounds of cooked hominy, egged, crumbed and fried. The cranberries give it a delicious flavor. Some housewives chop a small piece of salt pork fine and put it in the duck. It is supposed to remove the strong taste from wild duck.

CARE OF THE FLOORS.

The care of the various floors of the house is not the least of a housewife's duties. On the contrary, special thought must be given to each floor covering, whether oiled, polished, or carpeted. A variety of opinions exist regarding the best sort for the kitchen. Tiling is hard for the feet of the servants and the same complaint is made of hard woods. Many people prefer linoleum, because of its springy quality, and its durability. When linoleum is used, however, the best quality is sure to pay, even before the proverbial end, because the colors will retain their hues far longer than the cheaper varieties. A plain linoleum is not infrequently used, but in this case a coat of varnish is usually given. When anything is spilled upon a floor of hard wood it can be wiped or brushed up at once. Cover grease spots on wood or stone with flour, starch or powdered chalk, which will absorb the grease. Cold water poured upon grease as soon as it is spilled will harden it; the greater part may then be scraped off. Before beginning to sweep, see that no food is left uncovered in the room. Sweep from the edges of the room toward the centre. Sweep with short strokes, keeping the broom close to the floor. Never sweep dust from one room in to another. Soft wood floors must be scrubbed. Look for grease spots and take them out first. After the floor has become wet you cannot see where they are. On a hardwood floor use little water, or none at all. Wipe it with a cloth moistened with a little kerosene — a teaspoon or two to begin with, and as much more when that has evaporated. Rub hard with another cloth until the wood is perfectly dry. Window sills and all hardwood finish may be cleaned in the same way. Wash oilcloth with warm water and milk—one cup of skim milk to a gallon of water—and wipe dry with a clean cloth.

KEEP IN THE HOUSE.

Turpentine, either in resinous form or in spirits, has a household value. A child suffering with the croup, or any throat or lung difficulty, will be quickly relieved by inhaling the vapor, and having the chest rubbed till the skin is red and then being wrapped about with flannel moistened with very spirits. Afterward sweet oil will save the skin from irritation. In the case of burns and scalds turpentine has no equal.

It is the best dressing for patent leather; it will remove paint from artist's clothes and workmen's garments; it will drive away moths if a few drops are put into closets and chests; it will persuade mice to find other quarters if a little is poured into the mouseholes; one tablespoonful added to the water in which linens are boiled will make the goods wonderfully white; a few drops will prevent starch from sticking; mixed with beeswax it makes the best floor polish; one mixed with sweet oil it is unrivaled as a polish for fine furniture—the latter mixture should be two parts of sweet oil to one part of turpentine.

Some physicians recommend spirits of turpentine, applied externally, for lumbago and rheumatism. It is also prescribed for neuralgia of the face.

USEFUL HINTS.

New floor oilcloth that is losing its lustre may be made to look as good as new, and to last longer by treating it to a thin coat of glue. The cloth should be washed thoroughly with a weak pearline suds, then, at night, apply the glue water with a flannel cloth, and it will be dry and hard by morning.

A handful of dried orange or lemon peel kept in the cake box or cookie tin is said to improve the flavor of the cake.

"Ringlets" are nice, innocent bits of pastry to put in a child's luncheon basket. Make a pie crust with butter used in excess of lard or other shortening, and sweeten it well. Then roll out thin and cut into inch-wide strips. Take those up and twirl in opposite directions, then lay them one next to the other on a slightly flowered tin, and bake golden brown. Their length is optional.

If a tin of water is placed at night in the room where gentlemen have been smoking all smell will be gone in the morning.

A tablespoonful of ammonia in a gallon of warm water will often restore color in carpets, and will also remove whitewash from carpets.

A HUNTER WITH A HEART.

Otto Sverdrup's Experience in the Arctic Regions.

Polar oxen are not very difficult to shoot, but they are highly valued game by the arctic explorer. In pursuing a small herd, Otto Sverdrup, author of "New Land. Four Years in the Arctic Regions," noticed the following evidence of maternal affection in a cow for its calf:

As the herd started I noticed that one of them had a newly-born calf. The herd went up a steep snow-drift, eight or ten feet in height, and the calf made a brave attempt to follow, but when it had almost reached the top, lost its footing and rolled down to the bottom again. It fell so badly and helplessly that I thought it was killed, but to my surprise it rose to its feet and began to scramble up once more. Its second attempt to scale the drift was no more successful than the first, and again it came rolling down. It cried piteously. I felt so sorry for it that I was just starting to help it up the drift when suddenly it occurred to me that the old cow might misinterpret my motives, and what then? might risk a battle with her, and it would be a pity perhaps to have to shoot her in self-defence. I decided to remain where I was, and await the turn of events.

At last the mother heard the cries of distress, and came tearing down the hillside, the snow flying behind her. Heaven help the person who had meddled with her calf then! She would have made it hot for him. It was both amusing and touching to see the two together. The mother caressed the calf as if to comfort it, sniffed it all over to see if it were still whole, gave it a push now and again, and then started gently up the drift, but not the way the calf had gone in following the herd. She carefully chose an easier and less steep way.

When she had got it across the drift she ran a few steps forward, not very fast, but too quickly at any rate for the calf to follow her. Then she turned back, and pushed it from behind with her muzzle, so that it went a little faster. Again she ran a few yards forward, but still the poor little thing could not keep up with her, and she returned to her old pushing methods. So they went on all the way up until they reached the herd. Then she took her place in it, the calf crept under our way was entirely hidden from any her long hair.

GARRISON BEING STARVED OUT

The Situation at Port Arthur Has Become Hopeless.

END CLOSE AT HAND.

The Moscow correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph claims to know that the despatches Gen. Stoessel, the commander at Port Arthur, sent by the destroyer Rastoropny to Chefoo contained a frank statement of the hopelessness of the situation. Gen. Stoessel used words which can be literally translated, "The garrison is being starved out." He evidently attached great importance to the Czar receiving his communication in time to enable a decision to be reached as to how he was to act in view of the absolute certainty of the fall of the fortress. Hence the sacrifice of the Rastoropny, which was sunk by her commander in Chefoo harbor after she had delivered her despatches rather than to have her fall into the hands of the Japanese.

ITS CAPTURE CERTAIN.

The Tokio correspondent of the London Times says that the publication of unofficial news from Port Arthur is no longer prohibited. The besiegers' works are progressing rapidly, notwithstanding numerous petty sorties, which are made mostly at night. It is noticeable that a leading journal, which recently urged an immediate assault, regardless of the loss of life, now deprecates haste, inasmuch as the capture of the fortress is certain in the near future. This reflects the national mood, which is calm and confident. The prospect of the arrival of the Baltic fleet exhilarates Admiral Togo's squadron, which is longing to exchange the monotony of the blockade for a decisive fight.

The casualties in the assaults from Aug. 19 to 24 are published. The total amounts to 14,000, including 550 officers, of whom 200 were killed. The assaults failed as regards the main fortifications, but resulted in the capture of the two Panlungshan forts, furnishing commanding positions for siege guns and aiding materially in hastening the end. For this reason the Japanese are not dismayed by the terrible cost.

Prisoners say that the effective strength of the garrison does not exceed 8,000, of which number only one-third are provided with Winter clothing.

There are numerous cases of ophthalmia owing to want of sleep. A thousand of the Russians died in battle and from dysentery between Oct 26 and Nov. 12.

The rumors of the sinking of a hospital ship at Port Arthur are believed in Tokio, but they are not confirmed officially.

COAL STORES BURNED.

A despatch from Tokio says:—Telegraphing on Thursday the headquarters of the army before Port Arthur reports:

"The conflagration in the buildings near the arsenal, caused by our naval guns, which, as reported on Wednesday, began about noon, Nov. 22, continued until 2 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 23. It is probable that the coal stores have been burned."

MORE TROOPS FOR RUSSIA.

A despatch to the London Standard from Odessa says it is authoritatively stated that Russia has decided upon a general mobilization of troops throughout the European provinces of the Empire. It is said that the mobilization will begin in January.

JAPS USING OLD RIFLES.

The war correspondent of the Echo de Paris writes: "In the Battle of the Sha River the belligerents used twice as many projectiles as at Liao-Yang. In one day more than 200,000 shells were fired and 30,000 men put out of action on each side. Seventy per cent. of the Russian wounded will rejoin the ranks after a two-weeks' stay in the hospitals.

"The wounds caused by the Japanese bullets are for the most part slight, except when they occur in the abdomen. The Japanese are, however, beginning to use old rifles, the bullets of which are encased in copper and the wounds of which cause blood poisoning. All the reserves are armed with these."

SUBMARINES FOR JAPAN.

A despatch from Yokohama says:—Five submarine boats arrived here on Wednesday. It is stated that they comprise the first consignment of 50 Holland boats that have been ordered in the United States.

ONLY 2,000 ACTIVE TROOPS.

The Wei-Hai-Wei correspondent of the London Daily Express says that the Russians who arrived there from Port Arthur in a lifeboat on Wednesday admit that they stole the boat for the purpose of escaping from the besieged city. They say that water and ammunition are very scarce in Port Arthur, but that there is food enough there to last for several months. There have been many deaths from typhus fever. There are now fewer than 2,000 able-bodied troops forming the active garrison. Twenty thousand are sick or wounded.

A despatch from Tokio to the Standard reports increasing desertions from Port Arthur garrison into the Japanese lines, the stories the deserters tell indicating the demoralization of the Russian defenders. The same correspondent says the Russian forts on the sea-front of Port Arthur no longer fire on the approach of Japanese warships.

A despatch to the Chronicle from Chefoo states that the Japanese have captured the British steamer Tung-Chow, bound from Shanghai for Port Arthur with 30,000 cases of canned meat. The Russo-Chinese Bank financed the attempt to run the blockade, which cost $185,000. The captain's bonus was $20,000. The steamer cleared for Kiao-chau, the German port in Shantung Province, China.

It is reliably reported that the digging of tunnels to pierce the scraps at the Sungshushan, Erlungshan and Tungkikwan Forts has already begun. The sappers are making satisfactory progress against 203 Metre Hill, which, when it is captured, will render the harbor untenable for the Russian warships.

BIG BATTLE IMPENDING.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: Appearances again point to the possibility of a big battle south of Mukden. The Japanese, according to an official report, have received a severe setback in the vicinity of Sintsintin, in which direction they apparently were attempting to execute a wide turning movement. Military opinion scarcely believes it possible that the two great armies can winter less than a rifle shot from each other, though, the heavy defences on each side made it extremely difficult for either to assume the offensive. It is believed, however, that if the deadlock is to be broken Gen. Kouropatkin will let Field Marshal Oyama take the initiative, as the Russians have the better of the present position, namely, a strong line of defence, and Mukden behind them, making satisfactory winter quarters where the Russian reinforcements are now accumulating for an advance next spring. The Japanese also are strongly reinforced. The rivers are already frozen sufficiently to permit of the movement of artillery and commissariat trains, so that the country actually is better adapted to a Japanese advance than during the summer.

CAPTURE RUSSIAN CAMP.

A despatch from Tokio says: On Monday last a detachment captured the Russian camp at Itsuchan. The Russians were reinforced, and endeavored to retake the camp with a force of 600 infantry and 300 cavalry and four guns. After a fight that lasted three hours, they were driven toward the Tsien River Pass, leaving forty dead and six prisoners behind them, together with considerable equipments. The Japanese casualties were about thirty.

ENROLLING CHINESE.

A despatch to St. Petersburg from Harbin states that the Japanese have opened a recruiting office for Chinese at Shilintin, 85 kilometres from Siamintng. They have distributed thousands of circulars, inviting Chinese to enrol under the Japanese flag and fight the Europeans.

The circulars point out that the religions of the Chinese and Japanese are identical, and their languages similar. At the outset the Japanese enlisted daily an average of 7,000 men, who were immediatly supplied with Japanese uniforms. Subsequent differences reduced the enlistments to a thousand. The recruits are called "voluntary militia. They were sent to Yinkow, whence they were distributed to Japanese regiments in the field. The correspondent vouches for the truth of his story.

HACKED HAND AND FEET.

Terrible Deed of a Lunatic on a Visit Near Montreal.

A despatch from Montreal says: John Arnold, a lunatic, mutilated himself in a most horrible manner on Tuesday at Grenville, whither he went from the Verdan Asylum to visit relatives. He secured an axe and cut off his left hand at the wrist, then split his left foot open at the instep, and hacked the toes off his right foot. When discovered Arnold was coolly proceeding to mutilate himself further. It was with difficulty that his life was saved, the loss of blood was so great. He was brought to the Royal Victoria Hospital, where he now lies in a critical condition.

DREAMS FATAL RESULTS.

Woman Looking for Her Savings in Pantry.

A despatch from Chicago says: As a result of a dream, Mrs. Lizzie Cozet, 41 years old, lost her life on Wednesday and her husband and infant child were fatally burned in a fire which partly destroyed their home. The woman dreamt that her savings had been stolen from a hiding-place in the bottom of a sugar jar in the pantry. Startled by the reality of the dream, she took a lamp in one hand and her baby under her other arm, and went to investigate. The lamp fell from the woman's hand and exploded. Her husband, aroused from sleep in an adjoining room, made a brave attempt to put out the flame, and finally succeeded, with the aid of a mattress, but only after he, as well as the wife and child, had been frightfully burned. Mrs. Cozet died while being taken to a hospital.

THE CARE OF IMMIGRANTS

Dr. Bryce Arranges for Opening of Hospitals.

A Montreal despatch says: Dr. P. H. Bryce, Dominion Inspector of Immigrants, was in Montreal on Thursday, en route from St. John to Ottawa. He has been arranging for the opening of the Government Hospitals for Immigrants at St. John for the winter months. Heretofore the various companies have conducted these hospitals, but the Government has now undertaken the work, and built a fever hospital in connection with the detention sheds. The various companies will be assessed pro rata for the diseased immigrants treated.

SEVEN YEARS FOR HAMEL

Ex-City Paymaster of Montreal Broke Down.

A despatch from Montreal says: Utterly broken down and in tears, Alphonse Hamel, the ex-city paymaster, on Thursday, pleaded for the mercy of the court for his wife and children, and at the close of his plea he was sentenced by Judge Choquet to seven years in St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary for forging a city cheque for $10,000 on the Bank of Montreal. Until the final hour before appearing for sentence Hamel kept up a pretty good front, but when he asked for mercy for his wife and children, and when the judge's soothing words told him that he should have thought of that before, he broke down completely and sobbed.

WORD FROM FAR NORTH.

Captains in Hudson's Bay co-operating With Police.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—From the most northerly post of the North-West Mounted Police, situated at Herschell Island, near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, the department has received advices which indicate that everything was in a satisfactory shape there on Sept. 1st. The report of Sergt. Fitzgerald, who is in charge of the port, states that the American whaling vessels operating in Beaufort Sea had a most successful season, averaging a catch of from one to four whales per boat. The whaling captains all expressed a desire to co-operate with the police authorities in suppressing the liquor traffic. They have agreed to make returns and pay duty on all goods which they trade off in Canadian territory.

ABOUT PEOPLE.

Major-General Baden-Powell is said to be proud of his skill as a skirt-dancer.

The Duchess of Sutherland is an expert dressmaker, and has won more than one prize for designing gowns.

Madame Melba's hint to would-be singers is that sixteen is the age at which to commence. No one should begin earlier.

The crown of the Queen of Holland is very gorgeous; it is of dull gold, only the edges being polished, and the design is quaint.

Sir William Arrol, the builder of the Tay and Forth Bridges, began life as a piecer in a cotton mill in Paisley, the home of many a clever man.

Of the seven daughters of the last Duke of Abercorn, one married a duke, a second espoused a marquis, and the remaining five became the wives of earls.

The most interesting gem in the British Crown is the ruby that once belonged to the King of Castille and was worn by Henry V. in his helmet at Agincourt.

Queen Alexandra stills preserves the lilac poplin dress in which she went to England as the prospective wife of the Prince of Wales more than forty years ago.

The Crown Princess of Sweden is the busiest of amateur photographers. Her album of Egyptian views alone contains 5,000 photos all taken by herself.

King Edward is very fond of tea, but he takes neither sugar nor cream with it. He prefers it neat, although he occasionally has to take it with milk to please his physician.

Mr. Norman Forbes and Mr. Forbes Robertson are brothers, a fact known to very few. The former writes plays as well as acts in his own and other people's productions.

The King of Italy is the most able of Royal motorists, for he has passed a severe practical examination. He is a driver mechanic, and can repair his motor as well as drive it.

Mr. Andrew Lang attributes his literary versatility to his experience as editor of the college magazine when he was at St. Andrews. He frequently had to write the whole of the contents himself.

The German Empress is an advocate of short engagements, and would limit them to six months. Her own lasted only six weeks, but she thinks that that period is too short for general adoption.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's first oratorical attempt, at a Birmingham debating society, was such a disastrous failure that he went home in disgust and vowed that he would never speak in public again.

Mr. Hamish McCunn, the talented Scottish composer, is the son of a Greenock shipowner. He is a phenomenal worker at musical compositions, and has to his credit more productions than any other man of his age.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has within the grounds of Holly Lodge, her pretty Highgate home, a mound known as Traitor's Hill, from which the conspirators gazed towards London in the vain hope of seeing the House of Parliament blown into the air three hundred years ago.

When Sir Edward Poynter, President of the Royal Academy, painted his picture of Jewish captives drawing the Sphinx, he had to make an alteration. He was told that he had not enough Hebrews in the picture to pull the great image along, so he had to double the number!

THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese, and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

Toronto, Nov. 29.—Wheat—No. 2 white and red winter quoted at $1.02 to $1.03 outside. No. 2 goose at 89 to 90c east, and No. 2 spring at 95c east. Manitoba wheat is unchanged; No. 1 Northern, $1.02; No. 2 Northern, 97c, and No. 3 Northern at 92c. Georgian Bay ports. Grinding in transit prices are 6c above those quoted.

Oats—No. 2 white is quoted at 32 to 32½c low freights, and at 31½ to 31¾c north and west; No. 1 white is steady at 33 to 33½c east.

Barley—No. 2 quoted at 46 to 47c middle freights. No. 3 extra, 44c, and No. 3 at 42c middle freights.

Peas.—With prices ruling at 67 to 68c outside.

Corn—The market is quiet, with new Canadian 40c bid west; new American yellow, 54c on track, Toronto, and new mixed 53c, Toronto. Old American No. 3 yellow, 66c, and old No. 3 mixed, 64½c, Toronto.

Rye—The market is quiet, with No. 2 quoted at 75 to 76c outside.

Buckwheat—The market is nominal at 55 to 56c at outside points.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents are quoted at $4.35 to $4.40 in buyers' sacks east or west. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade, in bbls., $4.75 to $4.90. Manitoba flours unchanged. No. 1 patents, $5.70; No. 2 patents, $5.40, and strong bakers', $5.30 on track, Toronto.

Millfeed—At outside points bran is quoted at $14.50 to $15, and shorts at $17.50 to $18. Manitoba bran, in sacks, $19, and shorts at $21.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Beans—Prime beans are quoted at $1.35 to $1.40, and hand-picked at $1.45 to $1.50.

Cranberries—The market is unchanged at $7.75 to $8 per barrel.

Hops—The market is unchanged at 32 to 35c according to quality.

Honey—The market is quiet, at 7½ to 8c per lb. Comb honey, $1.25 to $2 per dozen.

Hay—Car lots are quoted at $8.25 to $8.50 on track, Toronto, the latter for No. 1 timothy.

Straw—Car lots are quoted at $6 on track, Toronto.

Potatoes—The market is quiet and unchanged, with car lots of Ontario stock at 70 to 75c per bag on track, and Eastern at 75 to 80c on track. Small lots, 85c to $1.00 per bag.

Poultry—Spring chickens, 7½ to 9c per lb.; yearlings, 5 to 6c per lb.; ducks, 8 to 8½c per lb., geese, 8 to 8½c per lb.; turkeys, 11 to 12½c.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—There is a good demand for choice grades. We quote:—Finest 1-lb. rolls, 17 to 18c; ordinary to choice large rolls, 15 to 17c; low to medium grades, 13 to 14c; creamery prints, 21 to 22c; solids, 19½ to 20½c.

Eggs—Case lots of new laid are selling at 22 to 23c per dozen, fresh at 21c, and pickled at 20c.

Cheese—The market is unchanged, with large cheese quoted at 10½ to 10¾c, and twins at 10¾ to 11c per lb.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Car lots are quoted at $6.40 to $6.50. Cured meats are in good demand at unchanged prices. We quote:— Bacon, long clear, 8½ to 8¾c per lb. in case lots; mess pork, $14.50 to $15; do., short cut, $18.

Smoked meats—Hams, light to medium, 12½ to 13c; do., heavy, 12c; rolls, 9½ to 10c; shoulders, 9 to 9½c; backs, 14½ to 15c; breakfast bacon, 13c.

Lard—The demand is fair, with prices unchanged. We quote:—Tierces, 8c; tubs, 8¼c; pails, 8¼c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Nov. 29.—Grain—Oats, 39½ to 40c for No. 2 in store here, No. 3, 38½ to 39c; American yellow, No. 2, nominal, at 61c; No. 3, 60c; white, No. 2, 60 to 61c; new No. 3 yellow, 57c on track; buckwheat, 57c. Flour—Manitoba patents, $5.80, and strong bakers', $5.50; high Ontario blended 90 per cent. patents, $5.50 to $5.60, in wood, and 25c per barrel less in shippers' new bags; straight rollers, $2.45 to $2.55, and 25 to 30c extra in wood. Rolled oats—$2.15 per bag, $4.90 in barrels. Feed—Ontario bran, in bulk, $17 to $18, shorts, $19 to $20; Manitoba bran, in bags, $18; shorts, $21. Beans—Choice primes, $1.40 to $1.45 per bushel; $1.35 to $1.37½ in car lots. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut, $16.50 to $17. Canadian clear fat backs, $20; compound lard, 6½ to 7c; Canadian lard, 5½ to 7¼c; kettle rendered, 8½ to 9½c; hams, 12 to 13c; bacon, 12 to 13c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, $7 to $7.25; heavy fat hogs, $4.50; mixed lots, $4.50 to $5; select, $5 to $5.12½, off cars. Cheese—Ontario Fall white, 10 to 10½c; colored, 10½ to 10¾c; Quebec, 9½ to 9¾c. Butter—Finest grades, 19½ to 20¼c; ordinary finest, 19 to 19½c; medium grades, 18 to 19c, and Western dairy, 13 to 15½c. Eggs —Select new laid, 23 to 25c; straight gathered candled, 20 to 21c; No. 2, 15 to 15½c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Minneapolis, Nov. 29.—Wheat.—Dec., $1.08½ to $1.08¾; May, $1.11¾. Sept., 93¾ to 93½c; No. 1 hard, $1.-12¾; No. 1 Northern, $1.10¾; No. 2 Northern, $1.00¾. Flour—First patents, $6 to $6.10; second do., $5.-85 to $5.95; first clears, $4.35 to $4.45; second clears, $2.75 to $2.-85. Bran—In bulk, $14.50.

Milwaukee, Nov. 29.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, $1.12 to $1.13; No. 2 Northern, $1.06 to $1.12½. May, $1.-09¾ asked. Rye—No. 1, 82 to 83c. Barley—No. 2, 55c; sample, 38 to 52c. Corn—No. 2, 56 to 57½c; May 45½c bid.

Buffalo, Nov. 29.—Flour—Easy. Wheat—Spring, unsettled; No. 1 Northern, spot, $1.15½; Winter, firm, No. 2 red, in store, $1.19½. Corn—Fairly steady for new; No. 3 yellow, 57½c. Oats—Firm; No. 2 white, 32½c; No. 2 mixed, 33c. Barley—c.i.f., 45 to 58c. Rye—No. 1, in store, 43 to 56c.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, Nov. 29.—The feature of the market was the active call for feeders and stockers. Values were firm and unchanged.

The enquiry for butchers' cattle was also better, and sales were more readily effected by dealers.

The prices of sheep continued on the rise and trade was correspondingly brisk. Sheep were 5 cents and lambs were 10c higher.

No exporters' cattle were brought forward, neither was the demand for them very good. Buyers said that they preferred to remain inactive for a time till the English market steadied itself. The quality of drovers' values did not improve owing to most of the cattle being in poor condition. A few choice animals sold at $4 to $4.50 per cwt., but the vast majority of the sales were on a much lower basis.

The prices of milch cows were steady at $30 to $50 each. The enquiry was fair and all were sold. The offerings were moderate.

Exporters' cattle were quoted nominally at $4 to $4.70 per cwt.

The following were the quotations given for butchers' cattle:—Best butchers', $4.20 to $4.40; good butchers', loads of, $3.85 to $4.15; fair to good, $3.50 to $3.70; cows, $2.50 to $3.12½; common and rough, $1.50 to $2.

The following was the range of prices prevailing in stockers and feeders:— Feeders, short-keeps, 1,200 to 1,275 lbs., $3.80 to $4.10; feeders, 1,050 to 1,175 lbs., $3.40 to $3.75; feeders, 800 to 1,025 lbs., $3 to $3.35; stockers, 600 to 800 lbs., $2.-25 to $2.75; stockers, 400 to 600 lbs., $1.40 to $2; bulls, 900 to 1,200 lbs., $1.75 to $3.

The prices of sheep and lambs were as follows:—Export ewes, $3.50 to $3.75; export bucks, $2.50 to $2.75 per cwt.; cull sheep, $2 to $3 each; lambs, $4.35 to $4.85 per cwt.

Calves sold at 3 to 5½c per lb., and $2 to $10 each.

Hogs continue unchanged at $4.80 for selects, 160 to 200 lbs., of prime bacon quality, off cars, Toronto; fats and lights, $4.60.

ASTRAY LETTERS.

Department Will Follow up Cases if Reported to Them.

An Ottawa despatch says:—The Postoffice Department has issued a notice which is of more than usual interest to the public.

Persons receiving letters that have been mis-sent or delayed are requested to preserve the envelopes and send them specially direct to the Deputy Postmaster-General with any information in the case that may be of service to the department in making an investigation.

Letters which are not registered are carried through the mails and delivered to the persons to whom they are addressed without any kind of record being kept of their delivery. The department has, therefore, no means of knowing how the postoffices are doing their work, unless those whose correspondence is subjected to irregularities bring these to its notice.

BIG STRIKE IN FRANCE.

Men in Government Arsenals Quit Work.

A Paris despatch says:—A series of strikes in the Government arsenals and powder factories at L'Orient Brest and Toulon is assuming menacing proportions. Five thousand strikers at Brest made a demonstration on Wednesday, and there was minor disorder. Large forces of troops have been concentrated at the various ports. The strike includes arsenal telegraphers, thus intercepting Government despatches.

The Minister of Marine has telegraphed to the maritime prefect at Brest, saying that the Government can no longer tolerate a suspension of work essential to the national defence, and ordering that all of the arsenal hands who do not return to work Friday morning shall be considered as having resigned. The telegram of Minister Pelletan has caused great excitement at Brest.

FUNERALS SNOWBOUND.

Roads Are Impassable in the British Provinces.

A London despatch says:—Unprecedented snowfalls continue in the British provinces. Many places and villages are isolated, and everywhere in the North railway communication is delayed and in some parts entirely stopped. There are instances of funerals being snowbound between the house and the cemetery, and children have had to be dug out of drifts between their houses and the schools. Even in West Cornwall and the Island of Jersey, where snow is a rarity, heavy falls are reported.

INDIANS INCREASING.

Slight Decrease For Year, But 800 More for Decade.

A despatch from Ottawa says: The Indian population of Canada, according to the latest returns to the Department of Indian Affairs, is 109,-956, which is 275 less than the count showed in 1903. The record of recent years proves, however, that the care which is exercised over the red men by one of the Departments of the Federal Government has arrested the very heavy death rate, so that in the last decade the Departmental enumeration gives an increase of more than eight thousand souls.

WINTER FEEDING HINTS

TYPE OF CATTLE WHICH SHOULD BE SELECTED.

An Abundant Supply of Cheap Feed Is Very Essential to Success.

The fattening of cattle is carried on under such widely different circumstances that it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules, and say that these are right and all others wrong. There are, however, three conditions essential to success in the stall feeding of cattle, viz., good cattle, an abundance of cheap winter feed, and good management.

Fifteen or twenty years ago the cattle required for the export trade were the heavy four and five year old steers weighing 1,400 to 1,800 pounds. At that time quantity, not quality, was in demand. To-day we find that compact, well-finished two and three year old animals weighing from 1,250 pounds up will command the highest prices. Of course, if weight can be combined with quality, so much the better, but quality is of first importance. From the butcher's point of view the steer of best quality is the one which carries the greatest percentage of its weight in those portions of the carcase which give the highest priced cuts. In Chicago and New York markets, the most discriminating in the world, the rib and loin cuts command over four times the average price paid for the remainder of the carcase, and it is apparent that the prime beef animal must be good in these parts. They must be thickly and evenly covered with firm, yet mellow, flesh, of uniform good quality and free alike from hard rolls and blubbery patches. Coarse, patchy animals will no longer be tolerated, much less those that are bony and bare of flesh.

ON THE BACK AND RIBS.

In addition to the general beef form, with good backs, ribs and loins, there is, says the eminent American authority, Prof. Curtiss, a certain quality, character, style and finish that constitute an important factor in determining the value of beef cattle. One of the best indications of this is to be found in the skin and coat. A good feeding animal should have a soft, mellow touch and a soft, but thick, and heavy coat. A harsh, unyielding skin is an indication of a sluggish circulation, and low digestive powers. A clear, prominent, yet placid, eye, clean-cut features, fine horn, and clean fine bone, all go to indicate good feeding qualities and capacity to take on a finish of the highest excellence, and consequently to command top prices. Coarse-boned, rough animals are almost invariably slow feeders and hard to finish properly. Besides these qualities, and above all, it is necessary to have vigor and constitution. We find evidence of these in a wide forehead, a prominent brisket, broad chest, well sprung ribs, full heart girth and a general robust appearance.

With the proper beef type in mind, it will not be difficult to recognize a suitable stocker. To find fault is a more difficult matter. Owing largely to the great expansion of the dairy business during the past fifteen or twenty years, it is becoming more and more difficult to procure good stockers for feeding. To get satisfactory animals a farmer is almost compelled to breed his own. In case he does so no much importance cannot be attached to the selection of the sire. It should never be forgotten that he is half the herd. Good grade cows are all right to breed from, but the bull should always be purebred. It is poor economy to save fifty cents or a dollar in the first cost of the calf, and lose from ten to fifteen dollars when the finished animal is placed on the market. Besides this, the price at which purebred bulls can be obtained in these days leaves no excuse for the use of

AN INFERIOR ANIMAL.

An abundant supply of cheap feed is essential to success in winter feeding. We can no longer finish our cattle on a ration of hay and grain with any margin of profit. We must have something that can be grown in larger quantities and at a very small cost, and corn ensilage fills the bill. It is beyond doubt the best and cheapest winter feed at our disposal. The chief advantages of ensilage are its great palatability, the saving of labor which it effects, and the fact that it can be fed at any time of the year with equal satisfaction. While corn holds first place as a cheap winter feed, it has no monopoly of the field. The farmer who grows a large quantity of grain and has consequently an abundant supply of straw, will find that by growing a quantity of roots to feed with it he can fatten cattle at a very reasonable cost. Field roots have a feeding value apart from the digestible nutrients which they contain, in that they exercise a beneficial effect upon the digestion and general health. Cattle that receive liberal rations of succulent feed, such as roots and ensilage, will have the sleek, thrifty appearance of grass-fed cattle, and there will be little trouble with indigestion or having them go off their feed, as is often the case with cattle that are fed exclusively on dry fodder and grain.

The grain ration depends so largely on circumstances that it will not be discussed here. It is always well, however, to commence with a comparatively light ration and finish with the more concentrated grains. Water and salt should always be within easy reach, and the cattle should be kept free from lice by the use of some of the proprietary dips, or even ordinary black oil, which is perhaps as cheap and effective as anything else.

The sum of $15,000, including $1,-311 from Toronto, was sent from Boston to the Irish Parliamentary fund.

A Polite Criminal

I.

Sir Frank Lockwood used to number Charles Peace among the most polite criminals he had ever been brought in contact with. He defended Peace on the occasion of his trial at Leeds for the murder of Mr. Dyson, and after sentence of death had been passed upon him by Mr. Justice Lopes, the scoundrel, with his hand upon his heart, made Lockwood one of the most exquisite bows from the dock.

Peace was an extraordinary specimen of the genus criminal. It is a pity that Lombroso, the great prophet of criminal anthropology, had not had an opportunity of studying him.

In the small hours of the morning of October 10th, 1878, a policeman named Robinson, while going his rounds in St. John's Park, Blackheath, observed a flickering light in the drawing-room of a gentleman's house. Securing the assistance of another constable and a police-sergeant, he set to work to investigate the suspicious appearance. The officers approached the house cautiously, disposing themselves so as best to cut off the escape of the burglar, if he made a dash for liberty, and then one of them rang the housebell.

The light immediately disappeared, and the next moment a man softly jumped out of the dining-room window on to the lawn, and commenced to run as fast as his legs would carry him, with Robinson in hot pursuit. The constable was gaining on him fast, when the man wheeled round.

"Keep back!" he cried. "Keep off, or, by Heaven, I will shoot you!"

"You had better not!" retorted Robinson.

The answer was the sharp crack of a revolver, which the burglar presented at the officer's head. Four times afterwards was the weapon fired before Robinson succeeded in grappling with his quarry.

"I'll settle you this time!" shouted the scoundrel. And the sixth shot was fired, taking effect in the constable's arm.

But P.-C. Robinson was neither "settled" nor discouraged. He hurled the man to the ground, and, grasping the revolver, applied its butt to his prisoner's head so effectually as to partially stun him. Then, the sergeant and the other constable coming to his aid just in the nick of time, when Robinson was sinking from loss of blood, the ruffian was secured.

The prisoner was a little, sinewy fellow, meanly dressed, and evidently, by his white hair, considerably advanced in life. Apparently he was a mulatto. His face was a deep brown. His features were anything but prepossessing. The revolver—a six-chambered one—was attached to his wrist by a stout leathern strap. All the chambers of the weapon were now empty.

The police regarded their capture as one of considerable importance. If they had needed further ground for suspecting their prisoner to be as desperate a ruffian as any constable could hope to capture, it was afforded by the burglar's making a sudden fearful effort to break away from them. So violent was he, and so remarkable was his strength, that one of the officers had to use his staff upon him. When he was searched, they discovered on him several articles which had been stolen from the house, and various housebreaking implements.

"You had better find out!" he replied to the police inquiry for his name and address. "I'm John Ward that is all I am going to say, except that I only meant to frighten the fellow I fired at."

Who was the mysterious John Ward? Detectives and warders flocked to see the mulatto in his cell, in the hope of identifying him. For weeks they failed. It was noted by his jealous watchers that John Ward possessed extraordinary powers of facial distortion. His features changed marvellously when he suspected that he was being scrutinized, and this added to the suspicion the police entertained respecting the mysterious man.

The pertinacity of the police in seeking to discover who John Ward really was at length led the prisoner in an apparent burst of confidence, to disclose that he was a half-caste from the United States. The story would have been more credible if his gaolers had not noticed that the mulatto was not the same color all over. His face alone was dark. It was stained with walnut juice.

The police are confronted with many mysteries, and while they were trying to find out the truth about John Ward they were called on to investigate another. This was no less than the strange disappearance of an old and benevolent gentleman named Johnson, who lived in a very superior house at Peckham, where he was much respected. He was a churchwarden. It takes a good deal to surprise an old, experienced detective—they are accustomed to strange facts; but when the benevolent Mr. Johnson, of Peckham, and the ferocious bogus mulatto John Ward proved to be one and the same, even the most base detective raised his eyebrows, and wondered what next would be discovered.

II.

Mr. Johnson had quite a delightful house, and it was beautifully furnished. There were Turkey carpets on the floors. The drawing-room suit must have cost something like a hundred guineas. There was no Mrs. Johnson, and Mr. Johnson was not so beautiful that one would have suspected he would have been desirous of dwelling on his features; but the walls were covered with a multiplicity of mirrors.

THE CLUE OF THE GUITAR.

Mr. Johnson was a musician. His friends—the benevolent old gentleman of independent means, had made very many friends by his geniality and amiability—and his neighbors bore testimony to the skill with which he played the violin. He loved Beethoven's sonatas. He was also a good pianist, and had apparently even tried the guitar. A beautiful instrument, adorned with bows of ribbon, was in the drawing-room.

But no fewer than eight fine Cremona violins testified to that instruments occupying the foremost place of all in Mr. Johnson's affections.

Unfortunately for him, the Spanish guitar was recognized as having disappeared from the house of a lady of title upon the occasion of a particularly daring burglary. Had the violins been acquired in the same manner? Police industry quickly discovered that they had—in fact, Mr. Johnson's house was furnished from top to bottom with the spoils of burglaries! There were articles identifying their owner with participation in no fewer than sixty of these crimes!

A few more days of inquiry, and Mr. John Ward, otherwise Mr. Johnson, of Peckham, was proved satisfactorily to be—Charles Peace.

Charged at the Central Criminal Court with having shot at Police-Constable Robinson with intent to murder him, Peace had the benefit of the clever advocacy of Mr. Montagu Williams. The walnut-stain had by this time nearly disappeared, and with his white hair, and aided by that peculiar facility with which he could change the whole expression of his face, Peace appeared in the dock an amiable, harmless personage, against whom it would be hard to believe any evil.

I remember Mr. Justice Hawkins's face as he surveyed him thoughtfully, biting the top of a quill pen as he did so; the keen eyes, which could glisten with such kindness, penetrating with that peculiar glance which made Hawkins's eyes a terror to scoundrels; the grim, deep-lined face set as if hewn of stone.

It was a desperate case, as far as defence went. Mr. Montagu Williams pleaded that Peace only wished to frighten the policeman, else why did he not hit him? He had fired six shots at him.

"What a pity it was, if he did not wish to kill him, that he did not use blank cartridges!" observed Justice Hawkins sarcastically. And in a very few moments the jury returned their verdict of guilty.

Montagu Williams had done his best; it now remained for Peace to try his powers of eloquence in mitigation of the sentence to be passed upon him. He did it, and made what is termed "a pitiful appeal for mercy." Wringing his hands, shaking his white hairs, and distorting his face into a picture of the most awful contrition, he commenced. He called Heaven to witness that he would not hurt a worm; he confessed he had gone astray; he had awoke to his wickedness, however, and sorrow would be his portion henceforth till his white head descended to the grave. He begged his lordship to pass the lightest sentence which would combine justice with mercy.

Mr. Justice Hawkins listened to this outburst very patiently. When Peace had finished, he informed him that he was a danger to society which made it quite impossible to allow him to go free, and he sentenced him to penal servitude for life. As he ended a burst of applause rang through the court.

Penal servitude for life! Charles Peace's enemies, the police, however, wondered whether even yet he had received his deserts. With him safe, and ever at hand in his cell, they set busily to work to trace his antecedents. They soon found that he was wanted in connection with the murder of a man named Dyson at Banner Cross, near Sheffield.

The murder had been committed some two years previously. Dyson had been shot by a man with whom he had had a quarrel. The assassin had sworn he would kill him on one night, under circumstances which allowed of no doubt as to the murderer, he had been despatched with a bullet from a revolver. The perpetrator of the crime had disappeared, and the greatest efforts of the police had failed to discover his whereabouts. He was Charles Peace.

Peace was accused, and called upon to take his trial at Leeds Assizes, and it was while being conveyed there that he made a desperate attempt to escape by throwing himself, handcuffed as he was, and in charge of two warders, through the window of the express train in which he was travelling. He was picked up severely injured, and with a broken leg, which had prevented his moving from the spot where he had fallen.

More venerable in appearance than ever—he had now a considerable white beard—he made his appearance in the dock before Mr. Justice Lopes upon the capital charge. Weak and crippled as he was, three warders were deputed to guard him, and half a dozen police were ready.

Sir Frank Lockwood now defended him, and even he had to admit that his client was "a wild and reckless man." Hence was quickly found guilty, and Mr. Justice Lopes passed sentence of death.

Peace was a criminal maniac. How many were his crimes was never known. He confessed before his execution to one other murder, for which an innocent man had been found guilty some years previously, and for which he was still enduring penal servitude. The real murderer attended his trial, and listened to the death sentence! Peace laughed as he recited the scene in court when the innocent man was condemned, and appeared utterly incapable of any feeling for his sufferings.—London Answers.

GET BETTER ACQUAINTED

MARRY IN HASTE, REPENT AT LEISURE.

Why Love at First Sight Does Not Lead to Many Happy Marriages.

Love at first sight, when genuine, is very rare, and few people with any experience believe in it. Girls in their 'teens, just emancipated from the schoolroom, with their ideas of love and marriage drawn from the too often impossible characters portrayed in the few works of fiction they have had the opportunity of reading, may do so, for the inexperienced girl is ever ready to fancy herself in love with the first moderately good-looking man who pays her any little attention, and to believe in the truth and sincerity of the first "sweet nothings" whispered into her willing ear.

The older and wiser woman knows better. Experience has taught her that the couples who risk their chance in the lottery of marriage on the passing fancy which they call love at first sight too often discover that they have made a grave mistake, and seldom find any permanent happiness.

Lasting love comes far more slowly, and is the growth of time, intimate acquaintance, and friendship ripening into love, kindred tastes, and sympathies. A thorough understanding of each other's faults and weaknesses, as well as each other's good points, is absolutely necessary to a happy married life; and all these things are learnt much more easily before than after marriage.

In a wife a man needs far more than the pretty face or elegant figure which would attract his fancy

AT A FIRST GLANCE.

He needs a woman who can be to him not only a "housewife," but a sweetheart, confidante, and "pal." How can he know that she is fitted for even one of these roles at his first meeting?

She may be ever so pretty, and yet very selfish, very unsympathetic, very spiteful. One of these will show up in ten minutes perhaps; but in three months, unless he be very blind, he will have discovered most of her characteristics, both good and bad.

Women do not fall in love at first sight half so easily as men; in fact, they very seldom do, for they are not half so easily influenced by appearances. A handsome man does not attract a woman as a pretty woman does a man; she looks for something better than mere externals, and consequently her love is more lasting when once it is won.

The reason so many marriages turn out unhappily is not that there is any lack of love at the start, but because couples so often delude themselves, setting up ideals which it is impossible to reach; then one day comes the inevitable disillusion, the discovery of the feet of clay, and

THE BROKEN IDOL FALLS.

All this is so very, very foolish. Absolute perfection can never be attained on earth, and it is the capacity to give and take in little things which constitutes a happy married life. It is the thousand-and-one little drawbacks, the constant disagreements and frequent bickerings, which make the "little rift in the lute." Love which could and would survive great misfortunes will wither up under petty miseries.

Little disagreements are sometimes necessary before people thoroughly understand each other, and it is far better that they should occur before than after marriage. Often two people who have quarrelled cheerfully all through an engagement, and caused their friends to shake their heads ominously over them, will settle down to an exceedingly pleasant life.

Of course, cases of a happy married life resulting from love at first sight do occur. One of the most successful ones was that of William Cobbett—whose name is known to almost everyone. When a sergeant-major, he fell in love with the daughter of a sergeant in New Brunswick, and before he had been in her company half an hour he said, "That's the girl for me." Though she was little more than a child at the time, Cobbett afterwards married her. "From the day I first spoke to her," he wrote to a friend, "I had no more thought of her being the wife of any other man than I had the thought of her becoming a chest of drawers."—London Answers.

MILLIONS OF MINERS.

Mining and quarrying throughout the world command the personal attention of more than four and a half million men. Of the grand total of 4,738,393, no fewer than 1,592,050 belong to the British Empire, the remaining 3,146,343 being "foreigners." Great Britain and her Colonies and possessions have been specially favored by the forces of Nature in so far as there is an abundance of valuable mineral which may be mined, and thus add to the wealth of the Empire than half the miners of the world are employed in getting coal alone. Great Britain employs over three-quarters of a million, the United States and Germany over half a million each, France 165,000, Belgium 135,000, Austria 123,000; whilst India comes along with close upon 100,000.

PRACTICE AND PRECEPT.

"Your father told me he was going to preach a sermon on 'Love One Another,' and said we had better go to church with him and hear it."

"And why didn't you go, Jack?"

"Well, I told him it would be wiser if we stayed at home and practised what we preached!"

According to the "Lancet," as regards sanitation and ventilation, the English churches retain the custom of the Middle Ages.

PRIZED TENDER MISSIVES

LOVE LETTERS THAT HAVE SAVED LIVES.

Instances Where They Have Stopped the Dagger and Bullet of the Assassin.

A love-letter is always supposed to be more or less precious in the eyes of its recipient, but one that has saved his or her life might well be preserved in a frame of gold.

Such was, in fact, the costly border in which a New York young lady not long since enclosed a love-letter which had been the means of saving her from certain death. Miss Cissie Alkins had an admirer in Jersey City, with whom she carried on a tender correspondence as much for the fun of the thing as for anything else.

This being entirely unknown to her parents, she took the precaution of always carrying her lover's letters about with her, concealed in her bosom, where they were safe from prying eyes. One day as she was out walking with a girl friend she was attacked by an escaped lunatic, who struck viciously at her with a knife, the force of the blow felling her to the ground.

The screams of herself and her companion brought speedy assistance, and her assailant was, after a desperate struggle, overpowered and secured. On examination it was found that the knife had just penetrated the girl's chest, after cutting through a ten-page letter concealed in her bosom. The doctor who was summoned declared that but for its presence the young lady would beyond question have been fatally stabbed; and she felt so grateful for the protection the love-letter had afforded her that she had it framed in gold and always keeps it on the dressing-table in her bedroom. Moreover, she intends very shortly to take unto herself its writer as a permanent and

STILL BETTER PROTECTOR.

To a bundle of love-letters Walter Fletcher, of Ansonia, Connecticut, undoubtedly owes his life. As a candidate for the hand and heart of Miss Amelia Morris, a comely young woman, he had a dangerous rival, who proved such in more senses than one. The latter's name was John H. James; and, in the belief that James was the favored swain, Fletcher called upon the damsel one evening to return the letters he had received from her and to obtain those she had received from him.

Before he could reach the house to hand over the letters, which he was carrying underneath his waistcoat, on the left side, he encountered his jealous rival, and a violent altercation ensued. Finally, James drew a revolver from his pocket, and, taking deliberate aim at the other young man's heart, fired. His victim ran at once to the surgery of the nearest doctor, and upon the removal of his clothing it was found that the bullet had ploughed completely through the packet of letters, but its power spent, it had stopped just after breaking the skin.

The result of the affray was that the assailant next morning found himself arraigned in the police-court on a charge of attempted murder, and the young lady was so shocked at his conduct that she refused to have anything to do with him. She transferred her affection entirely to his rival, instead of deserting him, as she apparently

AT FIRST INTENDED.

Very different were the circumstances under which a love-letter saved the life of Amy Ashfield, a Leeds, England, girl, who had a sweetheart in business in Manchester. The amiable Amy fell ill of one of those mysterious maladies which seem to baffle the medical profession both as regards diagnosis and treatment. To all apearances she was in a hopeless decline, yet the cause could not be traced, and the physic she took failed to do her any good. But one morning she received a letter from her sweetheart in Manchester, in which there was a humorous account of a dispute he had had with an acquaintance concerning some little idiosyncrasy of the latter. The narrative was illustrated by one or two very comical sketches, at which kind of work the young man is decidedly clever, and the girl was so much amused by the letter that, inspired to a fresh interest in life, she laughed loud and long.

Her laughter should, however, have proved sweet music to all who heard it, for she immediately after took a turn for the better. To make a long story short, she continued to improve, and from being, as the doctors declared, within measureable distance of death, she was in two or three weeks' time on the high road to perfect health, and all owing to her sweetheart's humorous, if tender, missive, which

ROUSED HER TO LIFE AGAIN.

In more than one instance a love-letter has saved the life of a soldier on the battlefield. In a communication to his brother in Liverpool a Lancashire reservist described how a letter from the girl he had left behind him proved his salvation while he was fighting the Boers in South Africa during the late war. He was a member of the valiant force which fought its way to the relief of Ladysmith, and in one of the engagements, of which were so many, a bullet struck him in the side, penetrated his tunic, and was stopped by the letter, which was in an inside pocket, doubled up. As tangible evidence of the truth of his story the reservist brought both bullet and missive, with the mark of the former upon it, back with him when he returned home.

"Did you have to help him out when he proposed?" "No. Papa did!"

"What kind of sail are you going to use on your yacht next year?" asked the enthusiast. "Sheriff's, I guess," replied the owner, who had just looked over the steward's accounts.

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

Rates of Increase in the Two Cities' Population.

London is the only city in the world with a larger population than New York; and the ratio of increase in population being greater in New York than in London, if that were the only factor to be considered, it would be a question of time only when New York would become the first city.

The city of London proper, exclusive of suburbs, has a population of 4,542,000 and an area of 75,442 acres. This was by the census of 1901. By the census of 1900, the population of New York was 3,437,000 and the area 196,000 acres.

New York, with the larger ratio of gain in population and the larger territory for expansion, had the larger opportunity for increase into the position of first city of the world. But recently the committee of the London County Council which has been considering the advisability of extending the boundaries of London made a favorable report.

When the Council came into existence, in 1889, the outlying suburbs were small and unimportant; now they are populous communities and are entirely free from the supervision of municipal authority. Hornsey and West Ham have become county boroughs, but Tottenham, with a population of 102,000; Walthamstow, with 95,000, and Leyton, with 98,000, are not.

Outside of the immediate city of London is what is known as the outer ring, with an area of 370,000 acres; and as territory included in this ring, added to the city the population of London is correspondingly increased. So long as London continues to annex suburban territory to the city it will remain at the head of cities.

SUNK BY HUGE WHALE.

Leviathan Charged Vessel and Broke in Planking.

A graphic account has reached Liverpool of an encounter in the North Atlantic Ocean with a huge sperm whale, as a result of which the Danish schooner Anna was wrecked and had to be abandoned by the crew, who were rescued in an exhausted condition.

The Anna was making the voyage from Iceland to New Brunswick, and was about 20 days out, when on the afternoon of Sept. 28 a whale was seen spouting some distance in the offing. Shortly afterwards more spouts were shot upwards within a few hundred feet of the vessel, and the whale seemed to be angrily moving in a circle.

As the Anna sailed slowly past at a speed of about four and a half knots, her crew could easily discern the manoeuvres of the monster, which lashed the water furiously with its tail. Suddenly it made a dash for the ship. It came full tilt at tremendous speed, and struck the vessel amidships with its head. There was a tremendous crash, and some of the crew were thrown off their feet. A hole was stove in the side of the ship below the water-line, and the stem of the vessel was broken. The whale, however, had received its coup de grace. Its colossal carcase rose slowly to the surface, revealing two big gashes in its head and side, and from its wounds blood poured profusely, dyeing the water all around.

The vessel began to leak, and all hands were placed at the pumps, but as the weather grew worse the ship commenced to sink. After 39 hours of continuous exertion, it was decided to abandon the Anna. A lifeboat was provisioned and manned, and on the point of being launched, when it was noticed by the Johnston liner Quernmore. It was early morning, and a gale was blowing, but after several gallant attempts on the part of the crew of the liner's lifeboat, the "whalers" were transferred to the Quernmore.

HESTER'S REVENGE.

It would be hard to improve upon Hester's coffee, and the rest of her cooking was in keeping; but it was quite within the limits of possibility, at least, to imagine improvement in her temper. When angered, her old black face would work frightfully, she slammed the cooking utensils down with shocking emphasis, and went about meditating revenge upon the exciting cause of her wrath. But she always did meditate, and the delay thus involved, coupled with her sincere religious convictions that forbade her to injure others, was often the salvation of those who annoyed her.

Two small and very troublesome boys who lived across the street were frequently the cause of Hester's indignation.

One day her mistress found her clattering terrifically among the stewpans, her countenance such as to strike terror of the beholder.

"It's them nuisable boys, miss!" she said, in reply to a question. "I jes' went down-street, miss, to the drug-sto' to git a box o' liver pills. They saw me go, and they climb up in the tree; and when I was coming back with the pills, they laid for me, calling me names! I ain't goin' to 'peat them names, miss. They ain't fitten for a lady!" Hester's face became more terrible than ever. "I was that mad I jes' run in the house an'—an'—"

Her mistress did not then know Hester as she has since come to know her. Wrought up by her dramatic manner, divided between hope that the insolent boys had come to some just reward and fear lest Hester had been carried away by her wrath, she demanded to know what she had done.

"Wha'd I do? I come erlong in the house, miss, an' I jes' nachelly th'owed them liver pills in the stove!"

"THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR"

HOW TO LIVE AT PEACE WITH YOUR NEIGHBORS.

Hints Which Some Housewives Should Always Strictly Observe.

The unhappy husband whose wife cannot agree with the neighbors, and who is always mixed up in some trouble or other, would gladly give half his inheritance just to know how to make her live at peace with, say, "the woman next door." And yet it is not so very difficult after all.

The very essence of the whole matter is for a woman to be just so friendly as to earn a neighbor's respect, but never so friendly as to allow familiarity. The main difficulty lies in the ability to hit the happy medium.

Of course, we all know that a woman's life without just a tiny bit of gossip, and a microscopic amount of scandal at a time is well nigh worthless, but even the tendency for a tiny bit of gossip, or the smallest bit of scandal-mongering, must be crushed down if one is to live at perfect peace with the neighbors.

Every right-minded woman should sternly set her face against listening to anything being said about an absent person, because she will likely be asked for her opinion, and once that is given it won't be long till the party discussed comes to hear of it; then the fat is in the fire.

Once let a woman get the name of being opposed to slander and gossip and she won't be bothered with women trying to force those undesirable things on her, and here is the funny thing, she will be very highly respected for it.

IT IS A STRANGE THING

that the woman who discourages tale-telling about others; who won't listen to idle gossip; who keeps herself to herself more or less, is the one whom all in the district come to look up to, yet it is a fact.

Some women are constantly calling on neighbors; they are for ever running in and out of persons' houses. Now, these women make a great mistake—there is no one so little appreciated as the too frequent visitor; she is dubbed a nuisance, and discussed in no complimentary manner.

If a woman will visit neighbors let her use the greatest discretion, and let her visits be few and far between—why, the neighbors get to look upon it as an honor if Mrs. Koldshoulder calls, and each one is delighted to tell the other of a visit paid by the select lady.

Don't for a moment imagine that such a one is put down as a snob; she takes good care that she gives no reason for such a title being applied, she always has a friendly nod, and cheery word for everyone, but she knows where to draw the line.

Now take another view of the question. Why is it that so many women, and mothers at that, have such a bad way of conducting themselves towards neighbors' children? It is a fact that a wife sometimes simply cannot keep on good terms with neighbors by reason of the way she treats their children. She interferes with their playing; she interdicts her boys from having anything to do with these

"RAGAMUFFINS" NEXT DOOR,

and her children quaintly inform the "ragamuffins" of the fact, and they in turn report it to their mother, who, well, any sensible person can guess the rest—the woman, in fact, gets herself thoroughly disliked.

If you want to get on with neighbors you must always be careful how you treat their children; if you are not, and have a family of your own, then be certain your young ones will suffer by reason of your foolishness. Then, again, why will some women never rest content? It's like this.

A woman sees a roll of nice linoleum being carried in next door—nothing will satisfy her till she has a roll of a somewhat similar linoleum. Then she visits the neighbor, comments on the new linoleum (which, of course, is brought under her notice), then to the neighbor's annoyance she commences to tell of the really magnificent piece she has just laid down.

So funny they should both want linoleum at the same time, isn't it? And the neighbor practically puts her down as an enemy, for women know women fairly well in these terrible times.

A few good rules may be given which all women should keep in mind when dealing with neighbors, in fact, married women should learn to repeat them daily. Be friendly with all, but effusive with none, be cordial with everyone, but allow no familiarity; have a cheery smile and word ready for every neighbor, never say a word about anyone in the locality, for if you do, treat neighbor's children as you would have your own treated.—Pearson's Weekly.

PRISON WITHOUT WALLS.

Repressa, a convict prison in California, is unique in the fact that it possesses no wall. The grounds are studded with nineteen guard posts which are built of stone and wood, and resemble a system of lighthouses. They are built on salient points of observation, and are fitted with Gatling machine-guns, Winchester rifles and shot-guns. These posts are from 40 ft. to 60 ft. high, and are placed various distances apart, averaging 300 yds. No convict is allowed to pass between the posts unless he has permission or is accompanied by an officer or guard. Each post is manned by a clever marksman, and is only accessible by a draw-ladder, which is pulled up after the post is occupied.

Failure may make a good foundation for success.

If you want to make a lifelong enemy of a man, prove that he is wrong.

The Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR

A SECRET REVEALED

CHAPTER I.—(Continued).

He wore his soft hat tilted off his forehead, and he hummed or whistled as he walked, as if he had not a care in a world which had been specially made for him.

He had been walking for five and a half hours, and almost every person whom he had passed had turned and looked after him, some of his own sex enviously, all of the other sex admiringly.

At the edge of the fair he pulled up and seemed to consider, looking in the direction of Monk Towers; then he took a coin from his pocket, spun it in the air, and said gravely: "Heads!"

It came down a head, and pocketing the coin he crossed the boundary line, so to speak, and joined the crowd, through which he shouldered his way with a good-humored smile, which now and again broke into a laugh, as if he were entering into the fun of the thing, and meant to enjoy himself; as indeed he did. He stopped at most of the stalls, bought some gingerbread, and ate it, and drank a glass of beer at a booth. He went into Richardson's Show, and laughed at the funny men and applauded the tragedian. He saw the Fat Lady, chaffed the Giant, and talked to the Dwarf and the Living Skeleton.

Presently he arrived in front of the platform, on which a wrestling bout was taking place, and he stopped short, shouldered himself into a clear space, and looked on with a smiling interest. And at this moment Madge Lee was drifted to his side, and the low, clear voice, with its mechanical, almost dreamy cadence, reached him. For a moment he did not notice it, for he was absorbed by the performance on the platform. Two men were hard at work trying to throw each other, and though it was evident the bigger of the two, a tremendous Cornishman, must throw his opponent, the young man, who understood the whole business, wanted to see how he would do it. But suddenly the crowd made one of the periodical rushes, and the girl was thrown against him.

He looked down carelessly, then seeing it was a woman he put out one hand, and, as if he were contending with a feather pillow, kept back the man who was crowding her and with the other drew her in front of him.

In doing so he held her a moment. She slipped from his grasp, her face suddenly dyed a rich crimson, and was passing on, when he said:

"Not hurt, I hope? You want to tell my fortune, do you? Well, I witnessed and experienced everything else in the fair but that, so here goes," and he held out his hand.

She stopped, reluctantly, as it seemed, and misunderstanding her hesitation he pulled out half a crown.

"Beg pardon! Got to cross your hand, of course. I forgot! Come on! Now, mind, I shall only believe in the good luck. No bad luck for me, thanks!"

After another momentary hesitation she took the fingers of his outstretched hand, lightly crossed his palm, and murmured something in so low a voice that he bent his head almost to hers.

"What?" he said. "There's such a row I can't hear," and with an action natural enough under the circumstances, and far from any intentional offence, he put his left hand on her shoulder and drew her away from the crowd.

Her face flamed, her eyes flashed, and she wrenched, slipped from his light grasp, and flinging the money to feet, was moving away. The man looked startled for a moment, then he stepped in front of her, as effectually barring her progress as if he were a stone wall.

"What's the matter?" he said, with a gentleness which was apology, conciliation, and a strong man's respect for a woman all in one. "Did I hurt you? I beg your pardon. I only meant to save you from being trodden on. Come, don't take offence, where none was meant, and tell me my fortune, there's a good girl—though, by George! I expect it will be a pretty black one, now," and he smiled.

She might have resisted his words and gone off, still resentful, but the smile was irresistible.

"Give me your hand, and—and don't touch me, please," she said in a breath.

Something, a sudden gentleness of appeal in her last words, attracted his attention, and he just raised his hat before he held out his hand with the gesture a gentleman would accord a lady.

The fire died out of the girl's eyes, and with drooping head she murmured her prophecy hurriedly.

He caught only a word here and there, and his attention strayed back in a moment or two to the suddenness of the exclamation.

"Fair play!" he said, as if he were speaking to himself, his eyes fixed on the wrestlers.

The big man had thrown his opponent once, and had seized him for another bout, getting "hold" of him, as it is called, foully. There was a great deal of excitement in the crowd around the platform and several of the spectators, hearing the young man's exhortation—he had one of those clear, bell-like voices which are warranted to penetrate the thickest din—joined in, and cries of "No, no! Fair play! Give him another hold!" rose from all sides.

The wrestlers stopped, the small man panting, the big one scowling down upon the upturned faces.

"What's the matter?" he demanded sullenly, lumbering up to the edge of the platform. "Who says I ain't playing fair? If any of you thinks you know more about wrestling than I do, let him better step up here and teach me." He looked around the crowd fiercely, and his small eyes rested on the young man's upturned face.

"Perhaps this young gentleman 'ull step up and kindly give me a lesson. Long Bill is allus ready to learn."

The young man smiled, and Long Bill, like a bull enraged by a red cloth, scowled back at him.

"He don't seem to fancy it," he said, his huge mouth twisted into a sneer. "Likes shouting better, don't yer, sir? Well, just mind yer own business, will yer?"

The young man laughed.

"All right keep your temper, my man," he said good-humoredly. "All I want is fair play for the little one. Go at it again, but give him time to get hold.

"Keep your orders for them as wants them," was the retort. "I don't wrestle with him again—nor nobody, come to that," and he went for his coat, hanging on the ropes.

"Oh, go on, go on!" shouted the crowd, regretting their chivalry. "Go on!" m

But he shook his head, and was shuffling on his waistcoat when the young man called out as pleasantly as before.

"Wait a moment! I don't want to spoil the sport. I'll have a bout with you!" and he took off his coat in a leisurely way.

The girl had stood looking from one to the other, silently, and almost impudently, observant of all that was going on, but at this point an instantaneous change came over her face, and almost unconsciously her hand clasped the young man's arm.

He looked down at the hand as it lay, brown as a Hindoo's, but small and shapely, on the white shirt-sleeve, and then at her face.

"Hallo!" he said banteringly and with some surprise, for the face was full of fear and anxiety. For the first time he noted its beauty. "Well?" he asked. "what's the matter?"

Her lips quivered, and all unconscious of the admiration in his smiling eyes, she said in a low voice:

"Don't go. He is strong and—and cruel when he's like this! Don't go!"

He laughed, and patted the small brown hand.

"It's all right," he replied. "Don't you be afraid; he won't hurt me."

She said no more, but took her hand away swiftly and drew back. But only a few yards.

Having finished his peeling leisurely, the crowd made a lane for him, and he sprang upon the platform. As the two men faced each other a murmur of admiration and satisfaction rose from the crowd.

They were two splendid specimens of humanity—one huge, muscular as a bull, the other slim, supple as a tiger, and yet with the firm, wiry muscles of the trained athlete. Beside the tremendous bulk of the professional the young man looked rather spare and slight, and Long Bill eyed him up and down with what was meant for a supercilious stare.

As they stood regarding each other, Uncle Jake limped up to the girl, whose large eyes, dilated, were fixed on the ring.

"Who's that?" he asked sharply. "It's a gentleman, aint it? Who is he, eh?"

The girl without removing her gaze, shook her head, and drew away from him.

The eyes of the two men suddenly grew sharp and intent; they approached each other, shook hands, stood chest to chest, then got hold, and the struggle began. In less than a minute it was seen that the young man who had dared the champion of the district knew the rules of the game, and that Long Bill had not got a "soft thing." They gripped each other, swayed, pressed, and tugged, the muscles standing out on their arms like strained steel. One moment it seemed as if the younger man's back must yield or be broken; the next he had recovered himself and was bending his antagonist almost double. Then suddenly, while the victory hung in the balance, the young man was seen to raise his shoulder and move his leg, and the huge form of Long Bill went down upon the floor with a force that shook every plank.

A roar of astonishment and applause rose from the crowd. Long Bill got up and looked around with an air of surprise which provoked a loud burst of laughter from the spectators. It seemed to madden him and he made a kind of rush at his opponent; but the young man stepped aside and caught his arm.

"Hold on!" he said good-humoredly. "Get your breath, man. You've been at it before, and I'm fresh. Here—" he turned to the crowd, "give him a glass of beer." Two or three stone bottles were swiftly handed up; he took one and tossed it to the giant.

"Take a good drink," he said.

Long Bill seemed for a moment as if he were going to refuse, then he took a draught, flung the empty bottle on one side, and stepped into position.

"Ready?" said the young man cheerfully.

"It's my turn now."

"All right."

Long Bill went to work more carefully this time, and it looked as if he meant to crush the life out of his foe and throw him afterward. But the young man kept his ground though his face grew pale and he breathed hard. Once his foot slipped slightly, and a kind of gasp rose from the crowd, breathless with excitement, but he recovered himself instantly and stood as before, firm as a rock.

"Bill's got him now," said a voice; the young girl heard, and a shudder ran through her, and she looked aside, for the moment forgetful of her eyes returned to the combatants, and she watched with heaving bosom and tightly clinched hands.

It looked as if the day must be with the giant, as if it were impossible that the young man could hold out much longer; but presently the more knowing ones of the spectators saw that he was saving himself, and waiting for the critical moment in which to exert his reserve force.

It came, as all such moments come, and with a sudden gathering together of his muscles, a swift movement of his whole body as it seemed, he raised the giant—using his own knee as the lever—and literally flung him to the ground.

A yell of delight rewarded the exploit, and cries of "Bravo, sir!" "Hurrah, young 'un!" came from all sides.

Long Bill lay still. The young man waited for a second, then went and bent over the gigantic form stretched out as motionless as a stone figure cast from its podestal.

"Hast killed um, lad?" croaked out an old man at the edge of the platform.

"No, no, he has only fainted. Give me some water."

He was all gentleness now, as he bathed the low forehead of his fallen foe and poured some brandy through the swollen lips.

"He's all right. Stand back and give him air!" he said, and he swept away the curious crowd with a wave of his hand.

Long Bill rose to his feet, dazed and staggering, then, when he could see distinctly enough to recognize his opponent, he lurched forward with a savage oath.

"No, no! Enough's as good as a feast. Don't be greedy! Some other day! Keep your temper, man, Here shake hands!" and he held out a strong but well-formed hand.

But Long Bill had lost his temper beyond retrieval, and would have struck the hand aside if it had not been quickly withdrawn.

"Shame, shame!" shouted the crowd.

"Oh, never mind," said the young man. "He isn't quite himself yet, and doesn't mean it," and with a laugh and a pleasant nod he leaped from the platform. He was surrounded instantly by an admiring throng, eager to speak with, and, if possible, touch the youngster who though a gentleman, had managed to "down" the champion.

(To be Continued.)

The Source of Health

Strength and Vitality is the Food System.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Ensures Perfect Digestion and Assimilation.

It matters little how much food you eat so long as the digestive system is not in condition to convert it into blood and nerve force. When the nervous energy is run down by disease or by excessive mental or physical exertion the nerves and muscles which control digestion are unable to do their work and the food is allowed to ferment and become a burden instead of a benefit to the system.

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Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

A Dying Promise

CHAPTER XLVII.—(Continued).

"I am an outcast," he replied; gloomily, yet he remembered her words at the waterfall,

"Father thou art to me, and mother dear, and brother too,
Kind husband of my heart."

"Your people would never hear of it," he added.

"Do you know, Lord Blank is rather fond of me. He is a sweet old man, and my godpapa. And Philip, please don't be angry, he knows why you went home in such a hurry. You will hear of something soon." As she said this she looked down, a little tremor in her nervously clasped hands.

"Even at the very best it would have to be years, Ada!" he exclaimed, all his heart in his voice. "And to think of your wasting your youth and beauty—"

"Growing old and ugly, when of course, you wouldn't care for me any more,"

"Ada!"

"I suppose you would die for me—they always say that," she added.

"Die? What would I not do?"

"Well, once you said you would even live for me—"

"And I did it, and I shall always, while I live at all."

"Yet you won't wait a little while?" she added, suddenly raising her eyes so that the light in them flowed into his face.

"I have done you wrong," he replied. "I did not think any woman's nature could be so constant, so strong. I felt that I ought to give you up."

"But I wouldn't be given up," she interrupted, her voice quivering. "You shall not be given up. Nothing shall come between us."

"Since you have chosen unworthy me," he added, his voice trembling into a key of infinite tenderness, "I will do my utmost to give you your choice. I am your knight, your vassal, what you will, only yours."

The sun had gone down by this time, its last rose-light dying away into the track of Ulysseus and his companions, following them in that mysterious voyage to the unknown Happy Islands of which Jessie loved to dream; some stars were already trembling in the clear sky, a faint glow still crowned the bare mountain summits, the brightly colored, smokeless city at their base, which was a jewel in the sunset, had faded to common stone, specked with innumerable sparks of light; the keen chill of the winter night was in the air, it was dangerous to linger beneath the olives. They rose and hurried away, parting at the gate of Ada's temporary home, not to meet again for years.

* * * * * *

Stillbrooke Mill stands as of old beside its clear waters, on which silver swans glide among the green reflections of overarching trees. But the garden is built over, and the plane tree gone, so that the mill seems to be a continuation of the street. A railway bridge draws a black horizontal bar across the tree-tops and strides over the bridge with long, black iron compass legs, stepping unconcernedly on green turf or in mid-stream, a symbol of the money-getting spirit of the age, a spirit that everywhere defaces beauty, ruthlessly on-rushing, borne on by the fever of its own mad desire.

One summer evening some years ago, a train roared out of Cleeve station and over this bridge at low speed, bearing in one of its carriages a general officer in full dress returning from a review, a beautiful dark-eyed woman with rich, black hair highly silvered, a lad of fifteen, and a girl of eleven. The latter, having tossed off her own gala hat, was crowning her brown curls with the white-plumed cocked hat that lay on the seat beside her, her brother had taken the unbuckled swordbelt and was drawing the sword slowly from its sheath, and feeling its edge.

"There is the mill, Ada," the general was saying, "see the man leaning over the half-door. One might think it was Matthew himself."

So he was all as in the days of his happy, wholesome boyhood. Matthew and Martha and sunny-haired Jessie were moving about as of old. They were never long out of his thoughts, and at times were very near to him, living on beyond the bounds of sense and time in that eternity which is all round and about us.

The train passed into the blue distance, ruthlessly straight rushing as the democracy it typifies, the mill-wheel hummed on as of old, dashing the water in diamonds from its turning stair. Strangers dwelt in the mill-house, other children watched and wondered at the rolling wheel, and the mystery of the inexhaustible water, which flows on forever and never lessens.

So all things change and renew themselves, there is no death, only eternity. The water flows to the great sea which covers the earth, it rises on the wings of the sunbeam, rides gloriously over the heavens in cloud masses colored by purple sunset, descends in rich rains and fragrant dews, and so on again, in endless metamorphosis. We, too, have our time to rejoice and sorrow, to love and fear, to doubt and struggle, to bloom and fade. But though generation succeeds generation and the same willows hear the whispering of lovers and see their children and children's children, and the race is perpetually renewed in its eternal round, there is a difference. Unlike the water, man has a choice between blessing and cursing, he does not pass and "leave not a wrack behind" but a mark and a memory. For each separate man, as well as the whole race, moves onward, though often with many a backfall, to one "far-off divine event" with a certain power for a certain season to retard or advance the grand final consummation.

The End.)

Japan or Black Tea Drinkers

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CEYLON TEA BLACK OR UNCOLORED GREEN. They are sold only in sealed lead packets. Never in bulk. 25c and 40c per lb. By all Grocers.

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

PLANTING AN ORCHARD.

Mr. L. A Goodman says there is no business that requires a greater amount of intelligence than orchard growing. Experience is a prime requisite to success; that is, knowing what certain treatment will produce.

The climate being suitable, profitable orcharding depends more on the subsoil than on any other one thing. You can make the soil richer if it is not rich enough, but you cannot change the subsoil without great expense. Congenial subsoil and success. Improper subsoil and failure. These two sentences should be burned upon the memory of every fruit grower. Dig down under your soil in a hundred different places on the land you intend to plant and see what is below. A few dollars spent in this way may save you thousands in your orchard. The best subsoil is the loess formation. It allows the rains to sink deep into its bosom and there holds it until called for by the drouths of summer and the cold of winter. A fertile, porous subsoil is important above all other considerations. A gravelly shale or clay loam is next in order as to value, and can be found in many of our apple districts. A red clay shale with limestone soil and subsoil is also valuable. After subsoil, a good fertile soil, porous, loamy, with plenty of humus, potash and lime, so as to give fairly good crops of grain or grass, should be chosen. One that dries out quickly so that it can be plowed soon after a rain, that works easily so as to get best results with least labor, that will give a good crop of corn while growing the trees, one that will not bake too easily, is always desirable. Next comes a rocky or gravelly soil, which is good, but takes more work to get results. These are found in abundance in all mountain districts.

LOCATION AND EXPOSURE.

are not so important as elevation, although they should not be underestimated. Elevation above surrounding lands so as to get good air drainage cannot be ignored. Elevation above the sea, as you go south of 40 degrees, is important, because you get into the cooler, drier, purer air. But this is not enough, if you have not also elevation above the surrounding lands, for you then have trouble with the cold air the same as on lower lands. The northern slopes and exposures are always considered best. I think this is true because the best soils and subsoils are on these northern slopes, and not because of the location itself.

Unless varieties are adapted to climate, soil, location, exposure and market, you plant in vain. This study of adaptability can reach conclusions only by actual experience. It will help to make the experience of others serve you. If variety is at its best in one locality, then you should abide by this decision. But the fact that one variety does best in one part of our orchard and another variety in another part demands closest study. Watch for these variations and note why they are so, seeing if valuable, accurate conclusions cannot be drawn.

PREPARATION OF THE LAND

and the distance of planting must be directed by climate, condition of soil and surrounding circumstances. I believe the virgin timber land best in every way. Cutting this timber in August and September, burning up all the brush in October and November, plowing the land in December and January, where conditions will permit, and cross-plowing again in March and April, are the best courses to pursue. It pays to prepare the land well where trees are to be planted, especially where they are to stand, for it will be many a year before that part is plowed again. All trees should be carefully selected. Three-year-old trees, 5 feet high, with an even spread of at least seven to nine branches at right angles from the body, and a centre stem as a leader, are in my opinion best. Whole or piece root, long or short root, has nothing to do with the vigor, life, health or productiveness of the tree. It all depends on the kind of stock and scion used. Double working is often a great advantage. Digging, handling and planting are matters not considered sufficiently. Most of our planters forget that trees begin to die as soon as they are out of the ground, and it is only a question of time before they wither or succumb. If they are taken up carefully, without bruising either roots or tops, and intelligently planted, not more than 1 per cent. should be lost.

Wooden tree wrappers are put on our trees just as soon as they are planted. These wrappers are made 18 inches long, 10 inches wide and 1¼ inches thick. They are put on with two wires, No. 20 annealed, fastened through the wrapper so they will slip down. These wrappers are worth all they cost for the protection of the body of the tree during the first summer in the increase of growth secured. They pay for themselves in keeping out the flat and round headed borers. They protect the bodies of the trees from injury during cultivation and pay for themselves a fourth time in protecting the trees from rabbits. Their cost is about $4 per 1,000. They are left on the trees for three years without any injury resulting. Get out of your trees all you can as quickly as possible, and when they fail to pay, cut them down and have others coming into bearing to take their places. This is the quickest, easiest and most profitable plan to pursue.

Cowpeas or clover is used as summer fallow and often rye is sown as a cover crop in the fall, to be plowed up the next spring and the ground sowed to cowpeas. Further care of the orchard after bearing will be a repetition of last year's work before bearing. Rotation of crops is essential. Our succession is corn, cowpeas, summer fallow, and clover two years, repeating this every five years. Prune little or much each year, according to the place the orchard is located. In the south and west there is very little pruning. Better too little than too much. In the north and east cut and thin, always keeping the ideal tree in mind, with its centre stem and branches at right angles, and then no serious mistakes will occur. In the spraying of apple orchards experiments are still necessary, to know just when, how and with what, but spray you must, is the almost universal verdict of successful apple growers.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The brief operations of the wireless telegraph service undertaken for the London Times at the seat of the Russo-Japanese war, and ended by the interference of the Japanese government, throw much light on the detective powers of wireless telegraphy. In this case the De Forest system was employed. The land station was at Weihaiwei, with a mast 170 feet high. The mast on the telegraph-ship was 90 feet high. Both Russian and Japanese messages were received by the operator, who could easily recognize the difference in the systems employed. He could tell if a Russian ship was at sea by listening to the answering messages from shore. He could also tell whether the Japanese messages were transmitted from a relay base, or whether the fleet itself was at sea.

WHERE BACHELORS PAY.

While the Benedict sometimes has to pay dearly for a wife, in at least one country it scarcely pays to remain celibate. In Argentina the man who prefers single to duplicated bliss has to pay a substantion and progressive tax. If he has not taken a wife by the time he reaches his twenty-fifth birthday he must pay a fine of $6.25 a month to the Exchequer; if at thirty-five he has not seen the error of his ways the fine is increased to $12.50 a month, and at this figure it remains for fifteen years. If at fifty he still keeps from the altar he is looked on as hopeless, and the fine is diminished every year until, at eighty, he is exempt.

Curing Consumption

When SCOTT'S EMULSION makes a consumptive gain flesh it is curing his consumption.

The weight is the measure of the consumptive's condition. Every pound of weight gained is a matter for congratulation, and

Scott's Emulsion

makes the consumptive gain flesh.

Scott's Emulsion does something to the lungs, too, that reduces the cough and the inflammation.

More weight and less cough always mean that consumption is losing its influence over the system.

For all stages of the disease Scott's Emulsion is a reliable help.

Send for Free Sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont.

J. C. DALE & Co.,

BANKERS,

DALE'S BLOCK, MADOC, ONT.

A General Banking Business Transacted. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of One Dollar and upwards received, and interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. Interest added to principal half-yearly, on the 11th of May and the 11th of November of each year.

REFERENCE :—Canadian Bank of Commerce.

J. C. DALE,
Manager.

Buy Your

C-O-A-L

And Do Your Weighing

—AT—

C CAVERLY'S.

If you want COAL TO BURN buy

PLYMOUTH COAL.

Plymouth Egg for Furnace.
Plymouth Stove for Heating.
Plymouth Chestnut for Cooking.

I have also a large supply of Pittsburg Select Lump Soft Coal.

These Coals are guaranteed. Any fault found with any of them will receive attention without cost to the purchaser.

CHAS. CAVERLY.

Shorthorns and Cotswolds For Sae.

Six Shorthorn Heifers due to farrow in February and four early Bull Calves, also a number of early Ram Lambs weighing about 140 pounds, for sale cheap to quick buyers.

F. A. COMERFORD,
Eldorado.

S. WEST, V.S.,

Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto.

Office and Residence—St. Lawrence Street, Madoc.

Treats all diseases of domesticated animals. All calls promptly attended to, day or night.

Do not Run your Buggies or Cutters until the Paint wears off

or cracks, for if you do it allows the weather to get at the wood and it will also check or rot. Now is the time to

GET YOUR BUGGIES PAINTED

Then they will be firm and ready for running in the spring. Now, I do all classes of

Painting, Burl Work, Mottled Work, Rosewood Graining Striping and Varnishing.

Leave rigs at Sandford & Brooks.

C. H. SANDFORD,
Paint

Business for Sale

L'Amable Station, Ontario.

Owing to failing health I have decided to sell my boarding-house, together with the out-buildings, consisting of two stables and shed, and about twenty acres of land suitable for pasture and garden, well watered. The house is new and convenient for the business. A good paying business is done, with prospects of increasing. No incumbrance. Possession given immediately. Address,

CHAS. McGUIRE,
31 L'Amable Station P.O., Ont.

What do You Lack ?

Watches
for a consideration.

Clocks
for a consideration.

Specs or Eye Glasses
for a consideration.

Give Irving a call,
and make it a mutual consideration.

He needs the dough. The baker kneads the dough. We all need dough. Supply and demand.

WHAT A CONSIDERATION ! ! ! !

REPAIRING AND ENGRAVING.

JAMES H. IRVING,
West of Dominion Bank,
St. Lawrence st., Madoc.

..... BATHS .....

why not have a bath with every accommodation when it is within your reach?

EACH 25c., OR SIX FOR $1.00.

Special attention paid to

SHAVING AND HAIR-CUTTING

AT

VANDERVOORT'S BARBER SHOP,
Next Wilson's Drug Store.

GO TO

Thompson & Dafoe,

—FOR—

Furnaces,
Ranges,
Stoves,
Tinware,
Graniteware,
Horse Blankets,

Washing Machines, Maple Leaf, Greyhound, Monarch, Runner CROSS CUT SAWS, Disston Files, Axes, Axe Handles, Butcher Knives, etc.

Just received a large shipment of

OLD NUERNBERG WARE,

and SILVER WARE, suitable for Christmas Presents. Don't fail to see them.

THOMPSON & DAFOE.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

Perhaps you like your gray hair; then keep it. Perhaps not; then remember—Hall's Hair Renewer always restores color to gray hair. Stops falling hair, also.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Leading Styles of Ladies, Misses and Children's Coats

We are showing the greatest range, the finest assortment, and are on the winning side in every comparison.

just received another shipment, being the fourth this season. Our selections now is sufficiently large to meet every existing and arising demand.

You can rely on the styles being the very latest.

PRICES FROM $2.50 UP.

B. O'HARA.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY!

For $2.00, only the price of the NEW YORK LEDGER we will send, for one year, the

NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW

AND THE

NEW YORK LEDGER

A Journal of Choice Literature, Romance and Useful Information.

BEST WEEKLY STORY PAPER PUBLISHED

By special arrangement with the publishers of the NEW YORK LEDGER, we are able to make this liberal offer. Free sample copies of the NEW YORK LEDGER will be mailed to all who apply to this office for them.

The NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW will continue on the lines which have made it the most popular and best local paper.

The following prospectus will give an idea of the splendid attractions offered by the LEDGER for the coming year:

"The Wholesome Educator of Millions."

1844 Semi-Centennial Volume 1894

The New York Ledger

FOR FIFTY YEARS THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED NATIONAL FAMILY WEEKLY PAPER OF AMERICA.

CONTRIBUTORS OF THE "LEDGER" FOR 1894:

The following gives only a partial list of the distinguished writers who will contribute to the *Ledger* during 1894:

Edward Everett Hale,
Mrs. Ballington Booth,
George Kennan,
Mary Lowe Dickinson,
"Josiah Allen's Wife,"
Charles F. Holder,
Hjalmar H. Boyesen,
Helen Campbell,
John Habberton,
S. P. Cadman,
Mrs. M. A. Kidder,
Eben E. Rexford,
Elizabeth Olmis,
E. A. Robinson,
Hon. James Bryce,
Olive Thorne Miller,
Mary Kyle Dallas,
Mrs. N. S. Stowell,
Amelia E. Barr,
Anna Katharine Green,
Theodore Roosevelt,
Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth,
Washington Gladden, D. D.,
Hon. Thomas Dunn English,
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Helen V. Greyson,
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A Four-Dollar Paper for Only Two Dollars.

The Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter and Fourth-of-July Numbers of the *New York Ledger*, with beautifully illuminated covers, are sent without extra charge to all subscribers.

All wishing to avail themselves of this liberal offer will address

JNO. R. ORR,
Publisher of the North Hastings Review,
MADOC, ONT.

QUESTION

—AND—

ANSWER.

Where can I get a good Suit of Clothes? At the Big 4.

Are they well made? Yes, they are.

What can I get a good Suit for? He has Men's from $3.70 to $12.00.

Has he Black Suits, Long and Short Coats? Yes sir, and good ones too.

Where can I get a good Hat? At the Big 4.

What price will I have to pay? He sells Christie's Fedoras for $1. They keep the shape and color and wear just as well as a $2 Hat.

What else does he sell? Oh, everything. Top Shirts, Overalls, Odd Pants, Sox, Boys' Clothes, Rubber Coats, and Dry Goods, all very cheap and good.

Who keeps the Big 4? Why

THOS. McNAMARA.

CHOICE LOTS FOR SALE.....

On reasonable terms, and when required, assistance given to erect residences on conditions that will be within the reach of small capitalists

The undersigned has made arrangements for the above named purpose, and anyone wishing to purchase lots on easy terms or avail themseves of the conditions of building, can get full information by application to the undersigned or to A. F WOOD, Esq.

Prices of Lots range from $75 up, according to location. Building and lots can be arran for from $400 to $2,000.

F. E. SEYMOUR.

...New...

Barber Shop

W. SCRUTTON

has opened a new Barber Shop in the

St. Lawrence Hall Block.

and invites the patronage of his friends and the public.

First class work guaranteed.

SHOP.—One door south of main hotel entrance.

W. SCRUTTON.

JAS. WHYTOCK

BUTCHER,

DEALER IN

Groceries and .....Provisions.

MADOC, — ONTARIO.

Madoc, June 30, 1902. 27-3m

JACOB HUFF.

Licensed Auctioneer

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MADOC, — — ONT.

A WOMAN KNOWS



We take pride in making garments which in material, fit and workmanship, trimming and style, will have the cordial approval of the most critical lady who has an interest in your appearance.

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TRY MORRICE & SON

—FOR—

Men's Fine Boots,

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Children's School Boots,

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Trunks, Valises, Shoe Polish.

Boots and Shoes made to orde

An assortment of Home-made Work alw on hand. Mending done promptly.

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North Hastings Review.

"PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."

J. R. ORR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. TERMS, $1.50 ; $1.00 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

27TH YEAR.—No. 49. **Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, December 8, 1904.** POSTAGE PREPAID.

Weather Report For October and November.

The following report is supplied by Mr. W. H. Rogers, teacher at the Madoc High School:—

Average maximum temperature for October, 54.8°.

Average maximum temperature for November, 38.3°.

Average minimum temperature for October 30.8°.

Average minimum temperature for November, 21.1°.

Highest temperature for October, 71.9°.

Highest temperature for November, 50.0°.

Lowest temperature for October, 10.0°.

Lowest temperature for November, 4.5°.

Rain fall in October, 1.192 inches.

Rain fall in November, .330 inches.

In October there were 28 half days of bright sunshine.

In November there were 26 half days of bright sunshine.

North Hastings Farmers' Institute.

Supplementary meetings of the North Hastings Farmers' Institute will be held as follows:—

Millbridge, Town Hall, Dec 8.
The Ridge, School House, Dec. 9.
Coe Hill, Town Hall, Dec. 10.
Paudash, School House, Dec. 12.
L Amable, Town Hall, Dec. 13.
Hermon, School House, Dec. 14.
Fort Stewart, Foresters' Hall, Dec. 15.
Monteagle Valley, School, Dec. 16.
Maynooth, Town Hall, Dec. 17.
Bancroft, Town Hall, Dec. 19.
St. Ola, Clark's Hall, Dec. 20.

All meetings to commence at 7.30 p.m. At Bancroft, Fort Stewart and Maynooth both afternoon and evening meetings will be held, the former to commence at 1.30.

Mr. W. F. Kydd will speak on the following subjects: "Am I Raising the Most Profitable Horses," "The Dairy Cow, Her Summer Feed and Winter Care," "The Cultivation of the Soil." Evening subjects, "A Stitch in Time," "The Farm Home Surroundings."

The Secretary, Mr. Fred. Herity, will also be present at the meetings to secure members, etc., and everybody is cordially invited.

C.P.R. Branching Out in Ontario.

Hastings County to be Tapped by Another Line.

Ottawa, Dec. 2.—An extensive scheme of railway development by the C.P.R. in western and eastern Ontario is fore-shadowed by notices in The Canada Gazette. One of the notices states that the Ontario & Quebec Railway Company, otherwise the C. P. R. will apply to the Parliament of Canada for authority to build and operate a branch line from a point on its main line west of London to some convenient point on St. Clair River between Sarnia and Lake St. Clair. The second notice announces that incorporation will be sought for the "Georgian Bay & Seaboard Railway Company," with power to construct and operate a railway from a point on Georgian Bay between Port Severn and Penetanguishene, in a southeasterly direction through the counties of Simcoe, Ontario, Victoria, Peterboro, Hastings, Lennox and Addington, and Frontenac, and Lanark, or any of them, to a point of connection with the Ontario & Quebec Railway between Cavanville and Maberly, with such powers as are usually given to railway companies incorporated by the Parliament of Canada, and that he said works be declared to be for he general advantage of Canada.

Prizes For Canadians.

Success at the Chicago Live Stock Show.]

Hon. John Dryden has returned from Chicago, where he attended the International Live Stock Exposition. When he left all the prizes had not been awarded, but the Canadian exhibitors were getting a big share. In Hackney and Clydesdale horses Mr. Robert Beith, of Bowmanville, and the Graham Bros., of Claremont, had taken most of the best prizes, and Canadian exhibitors of sheep were also doing splendidly. Three Shropshire sheep recently purchased from Hr. Dryden's farm at Brooklin, Ont., and shown by the parties who brought them, won the first prizes in their respective classes.

L.O.L. No. 253, Allen Settlement, will hold an Oyster Supper in the lodge room on Monday evening, Dec. 19. A programme consisting of instrumental music, songs, recitations, dialogues, etc., will be rendered. Oysters served from six to eight. Admission, single tickets, 40 cents double, 75 cents; children, 25 cents.

Best Remedy For Constipation.

"The finest remedy for constipation I ever used is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says Mr. Eli Butler, of Frankville, N. Y. "They act gently and without any unpleasant effect, and leave the bowels in a perfectly natural condition." Sold by all druggists.

The Ballot Box Inquiry.

Investigation Likely to be Concluded This Week.

Belleville, Dec. 2.—The truth of "Porter's lie," as Editor Carman prematurely termed Mr. E. Guss Porter's charges re the bogus ballot-boxes was demonstrated beyond a doubt by the evidence already given previous to to-day's adjourned session of the court. The evidence given to-day showed some remarkable discrepancies. The witnesses called by Mr. DuVernet, counsel for the prosecution, were practically witnesses for the defence, and their testimony consisted for the most part of straight denials.

Geo. Weese, the deputy returning officer, who, according to Editor Bremner, of Bancroft, knows all about the plot, and took an active part in the "can't you-forget" interview at the Somerset House, Toronto, last week, asking Bremner to commit perjury by swearing the whole charge was false, etc., denied absolutely that there had been any "interview" at all, or that B. O. Lott, Haryett, Kelly, Bremner and himself had ever discussed ballot-boxes at the Toronto meeting, although with nearly every elector in the province the topic was then one of the liveliest interest. Patrick Moore, another deputy returning officer in West Hastings, implicated by Mr. Bremner's evidence, and named as the man nominated by Magistrate Haryett to do away with the bogus boxes after election day, also gave a surprising and peculiar denial to the charge. He said Haryett had never mentioned bogus ballot-boxes to him, but he could give no satisfactory explanation as to why he took a long drive of 15 miles from Bancroft to Maynooth the Sunday after election day, with Haryett. The prosecution believe that this drive was for the purpsse of "drowning" the boxes in the lake near Maynooth. Mr. Moore said he simply drove out to Maynooth, staying all night, and returned without having any definite object whatever in view.

Magistrate Wood will continue the investigation this week and hopes to conclude his work in a few days.

Mining in Ontario.

A comprehensive report of the condition of the mining industry in Ontario is that issued under the authority of the Legislative Assembly. The Director of Mines, Mr Thomas W. Gibson, has done his work with thoroughness and ability. Each working mine is dealt with, the property described and its prospects indicated. The report covers not only the precious and economic metals, but the industries represented in the non-metallic class, like cement and petroleum. The total mineral production of the year amounted to $12,570,563, and the wages paid to $4,222,386. Of this total $7,628,018 was of the non-metallic class and $5,242,575 in the metallic.

The total production of gold was 10,385 ounces, valued at $188,036, giving employment to 403 persons, who were paid in wages $245,490. Including the cost of supplies it required an expenditure of almost two dollars to extract one dollar's worth of ore. The same story is told of silver mining. The total quantity produced was 16,688 ounces, the value being $8,949, and the wages paid $8,000. The operations in pig lead were still more unprofitable, although restricted. The amount mined was 25 tons, valued at $1,500, at a cost of $5,180. Copper and nickel properties, on the whole, gave an excellent return. With a combined value of $3,215,794, the wages paid aggregated $872,302, leaving a large margin for supplies and a satisfactory profit. In the non-metallic class a good showing is made by petroleum and cement. The wages paid for the production of petroleum amounted to $165,700, while the value of the product was $1,586,674.

The expansion of the cement industry is a marked feature of the mineral development of the Province. The rapid growth in output is indicated by the figures supplied in the report. In 1899 the increase was 45 per cent. over 1898; in 1900 it was 38 per cent over 1899; in 1901 it was 14 per cent; in 1902 it was 49 per cent. over the previous year, and in 1903 there was a further increase of 23 per cent. over 1902. Notwithstanding this remarkable expansion we imported in the year ending June 30, 1903, 2,572,088 hundredweight, valued at $901,063, upon which the duty paid was $271,004. As the uses to which cement is put have multiplied and the industry grown the price has fallen. It was $2.50 a barrel in 1891 and $1.70 in 1903. The erection of new plants is proceeding at a rate that the Director of Mines seems to think promises "an era of over-production in Ontario with attendant curtailment or extinction of profits." This is a warning that investors will be inclined to heed for since the capacity of "the present plants, if fully exercised, would seem to be nearly, if not quite, sufficient to fill the demand," the success of the industry will depend upon the discovery of new uses for the product.

Not the Slightest Danger

In using Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut for constipation or piles. Highly recommended because they cause no griping pains. For prompt and certain cure use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

County News.

Mr. Mitchell, an Indian, shot a bear recently near Pearce's Co's. camp at Millbridge.

The Rathbun Co. have a camp of 44 men near Cordova getting out wood and timber. Mr. Robert Cole is foreman.

Mr. Thos. Eaton, of Queensboro, has rented Mrs. H. Palmateer's farm, four miles west of Tweed, and moved on the property last week.

Dr. Perry G. Goldsmith, of Belleville, is prostrated by typhoid fever. Dr. Goldsmith was a delegate to the recent Liberal convention.

The row between Messrs. Ritchie and Weddell over the C.O.R. goes merrily on which prevents steps being taken to extend the road to Whitney.

The Deseronto Car Works have a fine order for box cars for the Intercolonial Railway, and this will keep the works going for quite a few months.

Mr. James Irwin, District Dairy Inspector has left Bancroft for Kingston, where he will have charge of the butter department in the Dairy School during the winter months.

Bancroft Times:—One of the bogus-boxes is reported to be in "deep water." That exactly describes the situation of some of the people connected with their manufacture and distribution.

Bancroft Times:—Provincial detectives are fishing for ballot boxes in Loughboro lake, near Sydenham, and are meeting with gratifying success. Is there no close season for ballot-boxes?

Mr. Joseph Moore, of Dungannon received a telegram from the Soo some days ago to the effect that his son John had been accidently shot and injured seriously, but there were some hopes for his recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Adams, of Bannockburn, met with an accident one day last week while driving. The horse became frightened, ran away, throwing them out. Mr. Adams had his collar bone broken and arm badly bruised.

Mr. Wm. E. Leal and family intend leaving Tweed in the course of a few weeks to take up their residence in Maryland, where they will engage in market gardening on a large scale, having secured 100 acres of land.

Reuben Hawley, the fifteen-year-old son of Mr. Philow Hawley, near Cloyne, is seriously ill with pneumonia and slight hopes of his recovery. Davis Hawley, an older son, fell from a barn which he was repairing on Saturday and sustained a dislocation of the right shoulder.

A young man named M. Ryan, of Maynooth, was arrested at Bancroft on Saturday on a warrant charging him with stealing a cow, the property of Jas. A. Barr, of McClure. When the case was called Barr did not appear to prosecute, and Ryan was discharged.

During the storm a few days ago a house near Wilberforce station, on the I. B. & Q., occupied by a family named Liscomb, was struck by lightning. Mrs. Liscomb was killed, and Mr. Liscomb was partially paralyzed from the effects of the shock. All three were in bed together.—Bancroft Times.

The Peterboro Shovel and Tool Co. was fully organized last week. Hon. J. R. Stratton was elected President. W. Rudkins vice-president, and Thomas Fortye, secretary-Treasurer. The authorized capital is $50,000, and of this $40,000 has been subscribed. The plant for the new concern has been bought in Berkeley Spring, West Virginia, and will arrive here shortly.

The residence of Mr. A. Logan, of New Carlow, was completely destroyed by fire recently. The contents were saved. A quantity of grain and potatoes in an adjoining building was also burned. Miss Payne, who teaches school close by, arrived on the scene shortly after the fire broke out, and with the assistance of her pupils succeeded in saving the contents of the house.

A sad shooting accident occurred about three miles from Ivanhoe which may result in the death of Mrs. Wm. Haggerty a resident of that place, with her yonngest son, a boy about eight years of age, was visiting at the home of Mrs. John Morgan. When about to come home the boy picked up a rifle, and not knowing it was loaded, pointed it at his mother. The weapon was accidently discharged and the ball passed through the woman's arm and lodging in her side. Slight hopes are entertained for her recovery.

During the past week or so a gang of surveyors has been engaged surveying a new route for the proposed spur to be built by the C.P.R. to the mining properties in Kaladar and Elzevir. According to the original survey the spur was to branch off from the main line of the C. P. R. at a point about two miles west of Kaladar station and run in a north-westerly direction to the Smith property, lot 8, 1st con. of Kaladar, now owned by the American Asbestos Co. of Buffalo. The terminus would be about seven miles northwest of Bridgewater. The line would also touch the Peebles property, owned by the Cumming Cement Co. of Arkon N.Y., as well as some other valuable properties. It will be between six and seven miles long.

School Reports.

The following is the report of examinations held in Cedar school, S. S. No. 4, Madoc, for the month of November:—

Class IV.—Harold Harris.
Sr. III.—Marion Love.
Jr. III.—Philo Harris.
Class II.—Ella McCaw.
Pr. II.—Lottie Harris.

BESSIE CORBETT.

The following is the Honor Roll for November, S. S. No. 13, Madoc:—

Class IV.—Luella Bristol, Agnes Welsh.
Sr. III.—Christina Trotter.
Jr. III.—Nellie Ellis.
Class II.—Blanche Trotter, Ewart Jones.
Pr. II.—Oliver Trotter, Ivan McTaggart, Blanche Ketcheson.

H. MAUD BUCKLEY.

DIED.

LESLIE.—In Elzevir, Monday, December 5, 1904, William Leslie, aged 83 years.

SPARROW.—In Huntingdon, on Nov. 24th, Agnes Sparrow, wife of Wm. Sparrow, aged 51 years, 9 months and 15 days.

VALLIER.—At Buffalo, on the 4th inst., Mrs. Vallier, an old resident of Madoc, aged 84 years and 9 months.

BORN.

ALLEN.—In Madoc township, on Dec. 3rd, 1904, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Allen, a son.

SPRY.—In Rawdon, on Nov. 28th, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Spry, a daughter.

DISTRESSING CASE OF CONSUMPTION.

Four of One Family Pass Away—Last Daughter Now Ill.

A Toronto clergyman tells of a family in his congregation, which consisted of the mother and five children—the father being dead—four of whom in a few years have fallen victims to consumption and died. And now the fifth, a daughter, who is employed in the office of a wholesaler, and who has been the one source of support to the mother, is obliged to leave her work, realizing that she also—mainly, it is believed, as a result of nursing her brothers and sisters—has contracted this dread disease. Kind friends are interesting themselves in the case, but the difficulty met with is to send her to a place where the proper care and treatment will be given.

It is for such cases as this—and there is hardly a clergyman in any city who is not constantly meeting such appeals—that the new Free Consumptive Hospital, under the auspices of the National Sanitarium Association, is being built. The people of Canada as a whole must feel grateful to Mr. W. J. Gage and the executors of the late Hart A. Massey, who out of their own funds have erected this building. But before it can be occupied it must be furnished with beds and other proper furnishings and appointments. The National Sanitarium Association, already carrying a heavy debt, are not able to furnish the new building so generously placed at their disposal, and are appealing to citizens generally the Dominion over for $10,000 for this purpose.

It does not need the suggestion that this is the most pressing of all charities at this time, for the public are fully awakened to the widespread character of consumption, and also to the fact, as demonstrated by the best medical authorities, that when this disease is taken hold of in its early stages it, as much as any other disease, is curable. The new hospital, just so soon as the money is raised to complete the furnishings, will be ready to receive fifty patients, free of charge—even their railway fare will not be a tax upon them.

Chief Justice Sir Wm. R. Meredith, 4 Lamport Ave., Toronto, has kindly consented to receive contributions for the Free Consumptive Hospital; or they can be sent to Mr. W. J. Gage, 54 Front St. West, Toronto; or to the National Trust Co., Limited, 24 King St. East, Toronto.

Lingering Cold.

Withstood Other Treatment But Quickly Cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"Last winter I caught a severe cold which lingered for weeks," says J. Urquhart, of Zephyr, Ontario. "My cough was very dry and harsh. The local dealer recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and guaranteed it, so I gave it a trial. One 25 cent bottle of it cured me. I believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be the best I have ever used." This is one of the most staple medicines in use. Thousands have testified to its excellence. It not only cures a cold quickly and effectually but counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. It is equally valuable for children and may be given to them with implicit confidence. It always cures and is pleasant to take. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains no opium or other harmful drug. Sold by all druggists.

The Secret of Long Life and How to Overcome Waste.

To "*Know thyself*," is to take advantage of life's secrets and equip one's self with an armor which will successfully resist the attack of disease in the battle of life. The old idea of fate or "kismet," and that a person always dies when his time comes, is now exploded. Every mechanism, whether made by God or man, has a definite amount of wear and its life can be lengthened or shortened according to the care that is given it. If accident or carelessness destroys the works of the watch or the human mechanism an end comes to its usefulness, but it has not actually "*worn out*." Man's system at times gets rusty like the wheels of the watch and only needs a little cleaning and oiling to put it in shape for life's battles.

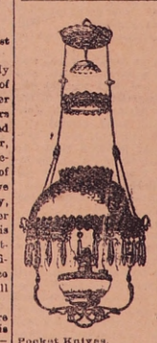


An imitation of nature's method of restoring waste of tissue and impoverishment of the blood and nervous force is used when you take an alterative extract of herbs and roots, without the use of alcohol, like Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This vegetable medicine coaxes the digestive functions and helps in the assimilation of food, or rather enables the organs to take from the food just the nutriment the blood requires.

Prof. J. E. Taugusy, of 61 St. Peter Street, Quebec, writes: "I had been ill for some time with La Grippe and did not regain my strength. Within a week after using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, I was able to be around again, and I found that my system was entirely free from any of the bad effects of La Grippe. I now keep a bottle of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' on hand, and, when I catch cold, take a few doses, which keeps me in perfect health. As a builder up of lost strength and vitality I do not believe your 'Discovery' has an equal."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the best laxative for old people. They cure constipation and biliousness.



Sensible 'Xmas. Gifts.

Christmas buyers who are looking for gifts that bear the marks of quality and choice selection will find some things here a little better than elsewhere.

Pocket Knives.

Every kind one can think of, 10 cts. to $1.25.

Table Knives.

The kinds that cut when the meat is tough, 75c. per set up.

Carving Knives.

In pairs or in sets and all good Steel, 75 cts. up. Also a fine line of Carving Sets in Oak Cases.

Razors and Straps.

The Real Safety Razor, only $2.00. The only safety on the market that has the one great thing required of any Razor,—A Full Concaved Blade.

The Real is not a scraper. It is a Razor (Absolutely safe.)

Bokers Razors, 75c. to $1.75 each.

Razor Straps, 25c. to 90 cts.

Also a fine assortment of Genuine Badger Hair Shaving Brushes.

Skates and Hockey Sticks.

A large assortment of patterns and sizes in Henry Boker's celebrated Hockey Skates, 35c. to $2.50 per pair.

Hockey Sticks, 10c. to 50c. each.

Sleds, a good assortment of Sleds, 25c. to $1.25.

Sleigh Bells.

Genuine Swedish Sleigh Bells. Their tone is of exquisite quality. Noted for strength and durability.

Don't buy your Sleigh Bells until you have heard the Genuine Swedish Sleigh Bells.

We also have a full line of Shaft-Gongs, Team Bells, etc.

Food Choppers.

One Russwin Food Choppers are sold with a guarantee and are warranted to give satisfaction. Two sizes.

We have also a full line of Lamps, Burners and Chimneys, Silverware, Heavy Gloves and Mitts, Cross-cut Saws, Axes, etc.

M. W. CONNOR & SON,

Pennoline Brand American Coal Oil is the best illuminating Oil in the world. Try it. Only 25c. per gallon.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Queensboro Cheese Manufacturing Co., will be held in the factory on Saturday, Dec. 3rd, at 1 o'clock, for the transaction of general business. Tenders for cheese-making next season will be received up to 1 o'clock.

THOS. H. MOORE, President.

47-2

THE DOMINION BANK

Capital and Reserve, $6,000,000
Total Assets, - $35,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, — TORONTO
T. G. BRODIE, General Manager.

MADOC BRANCH.

A general banking business transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of $1 and upwards received, and Interest allowed at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly.

F. COTTLE, Manager.

JAMES C. DALE, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Office—J. C. Dale & Co., Bankers.

F. E. O'FLYNN, Barrister and Solicitor. Belleville, - - Ont.

W. J. MOORE, B.C.L., Barrister and Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer. Office—Over the Review Office, Madoc. Money to Loan, Solicitor for the Dominion Bank.

D. E. K. STEWART, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Madoc, Ontario. Money to loan on first mortgages at lowest rates. Solicitor for J. C. Dale & Co., Bankers. Solicitor for Murphy, Gordon & Co., Bankers, Tweed.

WILLIAM CROSS, LL.B., Barrister and Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer. Appraiser at Madoc for The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation. Money to loan at 5 per cent. on good farm security. No commission. No valuation fee. Office—Wood Block, Madoc.

DR. HARRISON, Physician, Surgeon, etc. Graduate of Queen's University. Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Special attention given to Diseases of women and children. Office—Opposite Methodist Church

DR. HARPER, Graduate of Trinity University. Fellow of Trinity Medical College, Licentiate of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Office—Durham street, Dale's Block, Madoc.

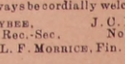
Madoc Lodge, No. 195, A.O.U.W.



The Ancient Order of United Workmen meets every first and third Friday of each month in Moon's new block. Visiting brethren are cordially welcomed.

M. MAYBEE, Master Workman. W. H. MCBAIN, Recorder

Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I.O.O.F.



Meets in Oddfellows' Hall, Wilson Block, every Monday evening at the hour of 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren will always be cordially welcomed.

M. MAYBEE, Rec.-Sec. J. C. DALE, Noble Grand
L. F. MORRICE, Fin. Sec.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

A Londener's Anecdotes

I have told many stories, I have heard many stories all over the world, and many of them are the favorite after-dinner yarns of famous men.

Lord Charles Beresford is one of the most amusing raconteurs of the day. I remember, when staying with him some years ago, he told me an incident one night which greatly amused me. Some twelve or fifteen years ago he received a letter from a railway porter, which ran as follows:

"My Lord,—Last night my wife had twins, and I write to ask your Lordship if you will ask your Lordship Princess of Wales if we may call the little girl 'Princess of Wales Brown,' and may we call the little boy, 'Lord Charles Beresford Brown?'"

Lord Charles obtained the Princess' permission, and gladly consented himself to the man's request.

Three months later came another letter:

"My Lord,—I am 'appy to inform your Lordship that Lord Charles Beresford Brown is well and 'earty, and Princess of Wales Brown died at four o'clock this morning."

I once heard Mr. Robert Yerburgh, M.P., tell this story at a public meeting, during which the question of women's rights had been touched upon.

An old bachelor became engaged to an elderly spinster, and the two were married. Six months after, the newly-wedded couple gave a dinner to an old bachelor friend of the host.

During dinner all went well enough, but when the antique bride had retired to the drawing-room, the two old fellows became merry and confidential over the walnuts and the wine.

"How do you like being married, old chap?" asked the guest.

"Oh, I like it well enough," answered the host. "I put my foot down from the first, and in this house my word is law. I can tell you; in this house I am Julius Caesar!"

Just at this moment the door opened, and a solemn figure, clad in a long dressing gown and carrying a flat candle-stick in its hand appeared and an awful voice was heard.

"Julius Caesar, go to bed!"

And Julius Caesar went!

One of the most marvellous raconteurs of the day is Mr. Robert Ganthony, whose entertainment created so much amusement at the Palace Theatre lately. He once told me a story which, with his permission, I have told in my lectures all over the world.

Wishing to make his man-servant a little Christmas present, he gave him one of those traveling caps with the flaps which tie tight down over the ears, and which so effectually keep off the draught in a railway carriage. To his astonishment the man refused the present.

"No, thank you, Mr. Ganthony, sir," said he. "I 'ad one o' them caps once, and one bitter, cold day I put it on and went out into the street with them flaps tied tight down over my ears, and the very first thing, sir, I met a friend o' mine and 'e insisted me to 'ave a drink and I never 'eard 'im!"

The late Dean Vaughan once had a class of young colored clergymen, to whom he was giving a course of lectures on theology. At the conclusion of the series he asked the whole class to dine with him on the following Wednesday evening. The night arrived, and the Dean stood on his hearth-rug awaiting his dusky guests. Eight o'clock struck, and then the quarter. When the half hour arrived and not a single person had put in an appearance, the Dean rang for his butler.

"Serve dinner, Smith," said he, when that functionary appeared, "it is a remarkable thing that none of these gentlemen have come."

"Yes, Mr. Dean, sir, and what is still more remarkable is that I have done nothing all the evening but turn away Christy minstrels from the door!"

A well-known artist was once engaged upon a sacred picture. A very handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark. Artist and model became great friends, but when the picture was finished they lost sight of one another.

One day, however, the artist, wandering about the Zoological Gardens, came upon his old model, with a broom in his hand, looking very disconsolate.

"Hello, Smith," said he; "you don't look very cheery. What are you doing now?"

"Well, I ain't doin' much, sir, and that's a fact. I'm engaged in these 'ere gardens a clearin' hout the 'elephants' stables; a nice occypation for one o' the twelve apostles, ain't it, sir?"

Talking of elephants reminds me of a ridiculous incident that occurred within my own experience once.

It was aboard a crowded P. & O., and we were lying in Bombay Harbor getting up steam for the voyage to Japan. I was standing talking to the "chief," and watching the people come aboard. Suddenly we noticed two very tall, thin old ladies, obviously twin-sisters, and equally obviously old maids, mounting the gangway. As soon as they reached the deck, one of them marched up to the chief, and, prodding him with her sunshade, remarked:

"Young man, are there any elephants on board this ship?"

Quite unable to reply at the moment, he turned away with shaking shoulders, and walked off.

"Can you tell me, sir?" said she, "for that man's a fool!"

"I fancy he was rather overcome by the complete unexpectedness of such a superb question, madame," I replied; "but may I ask why you wish to know?"

"Certainly," replied the lady. "It is the first question I put when I go on board a ship. My sister and I travel every year. Many years ago we made this voyage, and there was an elephant on board, which did nothing but tramp all over our cabin every day."

The two old ladies were the daughters of a long deceased general officer. They were the joy of that ship, as I am quite certain they must have been of every ship in which they sailed. The last I saw of them was in a narrow street in Yokohama, when they were on opposite sides of the pavement, throwing beer-bottles at one another. They explained to me that it was their birthday!

My friend Forbes Phillips, the Vicar of Gorleston, was at one time assisted by a very young curate. Somehow or other his sermons did not always give satisfaction, and he asked Mr. Phillips' advice as to what he should do.

"Well," replied his Vicar, "I think you should try to be very simple. You fly too high, and your wings are not very strong yet, you know. Take a simple incident, and talk about it in a simple manner."

So, on the following Sunday the young man got up and gave out his text in the orthodox manner:

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? But, my brethren, in another gospel, you are told that five sparrows are sold for two farthings. Now, the higher critics pretend to see in this a discrepancy, and, therefore, they would cast doubt upon Holy Writ. But, my friends, there is no discrepancy. It is all perfectly simple. It is but an instance of God's noble and generous way of dealing with His creatures, in painful contrast to the petty and stinging manner in which we deal with one another. You put down a farthing and you receive two sparrows in exchange. You adventure to put down two farthings, and lo! the Almighty throws a sparrow in!"

The same distinguished cleric told me that he was once travelling in a railway train, and opposite to him sat a gentleman with a writing pad upon his knees, scribbling letters for dear life. At last he folded up his epistles, stamped and addressed them, and handing the bundle to Mr. Phillips, said:

"Well, I am going to jump out here" (the train was going at express speed at the moment). "Will you very kindly post these letters for me?"

Phillips, who at once saw he was travelling with a raving lunatic, and whose quick eye had caught the names of some of the greatest in the land upon the envelopes, with wonderful presence of mind, replied:

"Certainly, I will, but, just a moment before you leave, I want to ask you a great favor. I am building a church; I want help. I see you are acquainted with everybody. May I beg of you to give me a few letters of introduction?"

"My dear sir, I shall be delighted," replied the poor creature. And he sat down and scribbled hard for ten minutes, so hard that he never noticed the train was slowing up, until at last it stopped at a great station. Phillips put out his head and yelled for the guard. He learned that his unfortunate companion was an inmate of a large private asylum in the South of England, who had managed to elude the vigilance of his keepers.

Seated at dinner one evening with a distinguished army man, I learnt that some years ago he held an important position on the West Coast of Africa. It fell to his lot to capture a certain pirate, and to sentence him to death, the warrant being signed by the Governor, who, as he was subsequently discovered, after many such warrants had been signed, had no right to do so. Consequently the documents were all hopelessly illegal; but that is neither here nor there. On the fatal morning my friend, there being no other English official present, went to prepare the man for his death. He found the savage calm and cool.

"I wish you to understand," said the poor fellow in his very broken English, "that my sentence is quite fair. If you did not shoot me, you would never stop the traffic I have been engaged in."

My friend, noticing that the man's iron galled his ankles, offered to put a white rag round the wound.

"No," replied the prisoner, "I wish to die quite black." At the last moment the officer began to tie a handkerchief round his eyes.

"I am not afraid; let me face the soldiers," said his captive.

It was explained to him that when white soldiers were shot they were always bandaged.

"Then bandage me," was the reply; "I cannot die better than as the white man."

He then sat down on the ground, and my friend chalked a circle round his heart, and precipitately retired, for a native shooting squad loses no time in its deadly work. And the man fell fearless to the last.

JAPANESE KNOTS.

The Japanese have no use for buttons, buckles, or hooks and eyes. Cord serves every purpose of fastening, and furnishes artistic possibilities seemingly without end. The Japanese have hundreds of knots. Some are as old as the time when history was recorded by a series of knots, just as it was in China and Peru before writing was invented. There are dozens of knots in common and ceremonial usage, and these every Japanese child can tie.

FORTUNES LOST AND WON

GREAT EVENTS THAT CAME FROM SMALL CAUSES.

How King Edward Lost $22,000,000—Bankruptcy of Rupert Fritz.

One day in 1885 a German chemist named Fahlberg had been working with his chemicals and went to tea ten without washing his hands. He found his bread and butter intensely sweet, and was much puzzled to account for it. Eventually he concluded that the sweetness came from his fingers, and he went back to his lavatory and tasted the contents of every vessel he had used.

Very soon he found the right one, which contained the derivative of coal-tar now everywhere known as "saccharin," the product with 300 times the sweetening power of sugar, and the founder of its discoverer's fortune.

But fortunes are easier lost than won, and trifling indeed are the causes sometimes contributing to bring about the undesired result.

Even more curious were the apparently trivial events leading to the bankruptcy of Rupert Fritz, most noted of New York chefs, who obtained the contract for the luncheon at Shooter's Island on the occasion of the launching of the German Emperor's yacht Meteor.

As 2,000 guests were to be served, the caterer borrowed much of the plate, which included some very valuable silverware. The souvenir fiends, however, carried off everything they could lay their hands on, including the silver mentioned, and the result was that Fritz, being unable to pay for the silver, found himself ruined, and had to assign his goods to his creditors.

But that the apparently trivial act of one of his predecessors on the throne, King Edward would have been a much richer man to-day than he is. King Charles I., with great lack of foresight, exchanged his shares in the New River Company for

A VALUELESS FARM.

The shares were then worth practically nothing, but as King Charles held thirty-six of them, and a single share fetched $664,000 in a recent sale, it is a simple matter of multiplication to see that King Edward is at the present moment poorer by some $22,104,000 than he might have been.

That such a trifle, on the other hand, as an old lady's dream, should lead to an interesting present direct from Queen Alexandra herself, is an instance of quite a different kind. Some little time ago Mrs. Izard, the aged wife of a railway porter in Croydon, dreamt more than once that Her Majesty presented her with a chair, a shawl, and a Bible. The repetition of the dream induced her to write to the Queen. In due time one of Her Majesty's chaplains visited Craydon, and made full inquiries into her circumstances, with the result that the old lady was made happy by the receipt of a beautiful warm shawl and a handsome Bible, with an inscription on the fly-leaf in the Queen's own handwriting.

It was in the Queen's native Denmark, by the way, that a one-time act of kindness had recently an unlooked-for result. During the distress among the Copenhagen workmen, an account of a lock-out in 1857, his public were appealed to for contributions. An old couple named Petersen, having no money, sent in their wedding-rings as their humble contribution for the relief of the starving people. The organization kept the rings as a memento of this kind act. The other day the old couple celebrated their golden wedding under very distressing circumstances. They were actually starving. This came to the knowledge of the Copenhagen workmen. A collection was organized, and in a few days the old couple received $400 in cash and two new wedding-rings.

A WEDDING RING,

too, seems an insignificant trifle to bind some 70,000 couples in the bonds of matrimony. Yet this is the record already held by the ring worn by the Italy-superintendent at the New York immigration depot on Ellis Island. Thousands of girls arrive yearly from Europe without sufficient means, coming for the sole reason that their "young men" have written for them. These girls have the alternative put to them—deportation or marriage on the spot. The men, who, as a rule, have been waiting on the landing-stage, are called in, and the marriage performed. Six thousand marriages are, on the average, performed in a year on this island, and the ring necessary for the function is always lent for the occasion by the lady-superintendent.

A "canard" means in French a duck; in English the word has come to mean a hoax or fabricated newspaper story. It has its origin in an amusing triviality. About fifty years ago a French journalist described how he had managed to eat twenty ducks at a single sitting. He had placed twenty of these voracious birds together, and one of them, having been cut up into very small pieces, was gluttonously gobbled up by the other nineteen. Another bird was then sacrificed for the remainder and so on, until one duck was left, which thus contained in its inside the other nineteen. This the journalist ate himself. The story caught on, and was copied into all the newspapers of Europe. And thus the "canard" became immortalised.

In like curious fashion arose the term "bucket shop," now everywhere applied to fraudulent stockbroking concerns. Some years ago, on the New York Corn Exchange, there used to be shops where buckets containing grain were hung up, and the proprietors announced their willingness to sell grain which in reality

THEY DID NOT POSSESS.

Many financial houses which sold stocks and shares on the same system came to be called "bucket shops."

It was a little thing that recently brought comparative riches to Adolf Schneib, a youth who drives a baker's van in Munich. A little boy darted into the road dragging a toy cart and Schneib nearly ran over him. The boy was not hurt, but he ran off, leaving behind him his "cart," which consisted of a broken violin. Schneib took the violin to a musical instrument maker, who pronounced it a genuine Albani, and offered him $200 for it. Schneib then sought out the boy's parents, who accepted the offer, and generously "went halves" with the baker's youth.

It seems a trifling thing for a rich and childless man to write to a foundling school saying he wishes to adopt one of the children. Yet such a trifle had recently tremendous results. In response to an application of this kind made by an American millionaire couple—a Mr. and Mrs. Lake, who reside in France—the director of the school could not make up his mind which boy or girl to send on approbation. Finally he sent the millionaire twelve boys and twelve girls—who constituted the entire school, a small one—with a request that he should choose himself. The millionaire received the children at lunch. The meal was a veritable banquet. Afterwards house and gardens were explored, and games followed. But, such fresh faces could not make up their minds.

Finally the children were put up for the night, and the millionaire and his wife held a solemn consultation. The matter ended in the director being informed that none of the children would return to the school. To-day Mr. Lake is father to twelve boys and twelve girls.—Pearson's Weekly.

VAGARIES OF VOLCANOES.

Vesuvius Usually Opens Fire Without Any Warning.

Vesuvius, which recently has excited wonder and apprehension by a renewal of activity, is the scene of comparatively frequent demonstrations of this kind. Eruptions have been reported to be in progress there at least half a dozen times since 1872. One occurred only last year, in July. The outbreaks differ in violence, to be sure, but they usually effect a breach in the rim of the crater, and are attended by the explosive phenomena which greatly startle the residents of adjacent cities and villages. Vesuvius, like Pelee, belongs to a class of volcanoes which are conspicuously unlike another of which Mauna Loa is a notable representative. The former makes a tremendous racket, but do not eject much material. The latter have a larger output, but conduct operations far more quietly.

As yet it seems to be impossible to obtain any useful premonition of these great catastrophes, or even of less formidable developments. Predictions are frequently made by men who have no standing in science, and who never appear to be abashed over their repeated failures, but that sort of prophecy does not count. Others who are better qualified to form an opinion occasionally express it, but afterwards have reason for regret. An Italian expert was sure that Vesuvius would be greatly disturbed in 1902. Nothing happened until September of that year and the outbreak was trifling compared with the one in July, 1903. A certain Harvard geologist confidently expected to see Pelee exhibit as much violence in September, 1902, as it did in the preceding May, but he was doomed to disappointment. For two or three weeks before the sudden annihilation of St. Pierre Pelee had been behaving very much as Vesuvius is behaving now. A resumption of activity after an interval of half a century naturally gave rise to much anxiety, yet the shrewdest scientific advisers of the Governor of Martique assured him that flight was unnecessary. To what extent an official warning would have induced the populace to seek safety by running away is not easy to say, but a trustworthy basis for such a proclamation has evidently not been found.

A SURGEON'S KINDNESS.

A poor man from the West had been treated by his club doctor—a busy, overworked, good hearted fellow—for glandular swelling in the neck, says the St. James's Gazette. The merest chance brought the patient to London, and a concatenation of coincidents led to his meeting a St. Thomas's Hospital surgeon. "You come up to the hospital," said the latter. "You've no glandular swelling there." The poor fellow went home, looked him over. That supposititious glandular swelling was a thyroid abscess of a particularly malignant form. The man, seemingly so healthy, was what an insurance actuary would term a ten minutes life.

"Can you come in?" they asked him. He consented, Sir William MacCormac took him in hand. "This is the most delicate of operations," he said. "Will you trust us?" He would. In due course, before quite a gathering of surgical notabilities, Sir William operated. The case was as bad as it possibly could be, and the faintest fraction of error would have meant certain death; but the operation was perfect, one of those performances of which we laymen never dream, but which these inspired giants in life saving at the hospitals are accomplishing every day of their splendid lives. Next morning, before 7 o'clock, the patient was gently roused from sleep. He opened his eyes and saw the strong, kindly face of a man beaming in delight upon him. It was the great and wealthy surgeon, who had left his bed before 6 o'clock that bitter morning to come to see this poor, friendless man from the wilds of the West. The patient is a hale man to-day, and in this part of the world they regard St. Thomas's Hospital as a temple of miracles far more awe inspiring than any holy well.

A bride with a sour disposition is apt to spoil the honeymoon.

NOVEL USES FOR PAPER

KING OF KOREA'S PALACE WILL BE BUILT OF IT.

It Is Used in Russia for Paving the Roads and Streets.

In the rebuilding of the King of Korea's palace, which was recently destroyed by fire, paper-mache will be solely employed. To obtain sufficient quantity for the purpose there has been engaged a staff of 1,000 Koreans possessed of strong teeth for chewing up paper.

At Savinoroska, in Russia, is a paper house. It has been entirely built of blocks of paper-mache, even the foundation and roof being made from that material. So, too, are the chimneys, although the paper used in their construction was first mingled with a fire-proof material. The house, which is of considerable extent, and will, in the opinion of its architect, outlast such as are built of stone and brick, was erected at a cost of over $40,000.

In certain towns of Russia, too, experiment is now being made of utilising paper for paving the roads and streets. In this case also blocks compressed to great solidity are employed, and are said to stand excellently the wear and tear of traffic. The cost, however, is at present too great to permit of anything like their universal adoption. For courtyards of mansions and similar purposes, where expense need not be of such consideration, paper pavement, it is averred,

WILL SOON COME INTO VOGUE.

Some thousands of dollar notes, redeemed by the United States Government at Washington, are in use for perpetrating the memory of the first President. They are made into pulp, from which are modelled busts of George Washington, and these are sold to the public at the various great exhibitions which are held from time to time in the principal towns of the Union. During the process of maceration the greenbacks lose their original hue and become grey, thus giving the bust an appearance of being cut from stone.

Out of the sheets of an Austrian daily paper an ingenious Viennese engineer has lately constructed for his own use a small yacht, 15 feet long, decked all over and provided with a centre-board. In the making of the hull, deck, masts, sails, and rudder, several thousand copies of the journal were used—each plank requiring no fewer than 2,500 leaves—and enormous pressure had to be employed before the necessary solidity could be obtained. The inventor has already made several excursions on the Woerth See, and even in squally weather his boat is said to have behaved admirably.

THE LATE HERR KRUPP

completed, a few months before his death, a number of paper field-pieces. These unique guns, which were made to the order of the German Government, are intended for the exclusive use of the infantry. Their calibre is very small, being, indeed, less than 2 inches, and so light are they that a single soldier can unaided shoulder one with ease. Despite their small weight, however, the resistance is greater than that of a steel field-piece of the same calibre.

Germany, too, can boast itself the pioneer in a dental novelty—viz., in paper teeth, which are constructed from paper pulp instead of from the porcelain or other material usually employed. They are said to have given satisfaction to such as have ventured on their use, for not only do they keep their color well, but, being brittle are much less liable to chip than the ordinary false teeth. They are likewise guaranteed to be very durable.

Another recent and novel use to which paper is being put is in the manufacture of barrels. The wine-growers of Greece, being badly off for wood with which to construct their casks, and the cost of its import being excessive, lately resolved to employ paper in the manufacture of their barrels, which will, it is said, be soon in universal use throughout the country.

HOW A MUSSEL WALKS.

Of all the absurd forms of locomotion practised by the creatures of the deep, the most preposterous is that of the mussel. Squids will startle you by darting backwards, crabs run off sideways at a lively gait, but nothing, save the dull brain of "some kind of clam creature," pondering over the transportation problem in those remote epochs when time was no object, could have evolved so slow and cumbersome a method as that resorted to by the mussel.

You can often see mussels climbing up the pile of a wharf toward high-water mark. Notice the black threads attached to it. They do the business. The mussel shoots out a spray of gelatinous stuff in the direction he wants to go, and this hardens into those black threads. He lets go the old ones, and climbs up by the new. You can trace his progress up the pile or rock by the bunches of old threads which he leaves behind at intervals. It has never been figured out whether he could get a mile in less than a year, but it would be safe to back the mussel in any "slow race."

INTERESTING CONVERSATION.

Nellie—"You seemed much interested to-night in the conversation of Mr. Tomlinson."

Edith—"Yes; his conversation was about sensible matters, such as few of the young men of the day discuss."

Nellie—"What was it?"

Edith—"The superior advantages of married life as compared with bachelordom."

Sayings About Women

Would you hurt a woman most aim at her affections.—Wallace.

The more idle a woman's hand, the more occupied her heart.—Dubay.

Let woman stand upon her female character as upon a foundation.—Lamb.

Women cannot see so far as men can, but what they do see they see quicker.—Buckle.

If men knew all that women think, they would be twenty times more audacious.—Karr.

A woman's hopes are woven as sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them.—George Eliot.

Beauty is worse than wine—it intoxicates both the holder and the beholder.—Zimmerman.

Neither walls, nor goods, nor anything is more difficult to be guarded than woman.—Alexis.

We only demand that a woman should be womanly. That is not being exclusive.—Hunt.

Modesty in a woman is a virtue most deserving, since we do all we can to cure her of it.—Lingree.

Woman are never stronger than when they arm themselves with their own weakness.—Mme. du Defland.

It is no more possible to do without a wife than it is to dispense with eating and drinking.—Luther.

When joyous, a woman's licence is not to be endured; when in terror, she is a plague.—Aeschylus.

If woman did turn man out of Paradise, she has done her best ever since to make it up to him.—Sheldon.

Men always say more evil of a woman than there really is; and there is always more than is known.—Mezergy.

Lovers have in their language an infinite number of words in which each syllable is a caress.—Rochefedre.

A heart which has been domesticated by matrimony and maternity is as tranquil as a tame bullfinch.—Holmes.

A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel, the other a treasure.—Napoleon I.

A man cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one.—Simon Ides.

How wisely it is constituted that tender and genial women shall be our earliest guides, instilling their own spirits.—Channing.

It is generally a feminine eye that first detects the moral deficiencies hidden under the "dear deceit" of beauty.—George Eliot.

To educate a man is to form an individual who leaves nothing behind him; to educate a woman is to form future generations.—Laboulaye.

It is not easy to be a widow. One must resume all the modesty of girlhood without being allowed to feign ignorance.—Mme. de Girardin.

Beloved darlings, who cover over and shadow many malicious purposes with a counterfeit passion of dissimulate sorrow and unquietness —Sir Walter Raleigh.

Is that is it that renders friendship between women so lukewarm and of so short duration?—It is the interests of love and jealousy of conquest.—Rousseau.

To give you nothing and to make you object everything; to dawdle on the threshold of love while the doors are closed—this is all the science of a coquette.—T. Bernard.

Women have a perpetual envy of our vices; they are less vicious than we, not from choice, but because we restrain them; they are the slaves of order and fashion.—Johnson.

I am a strenuous advocate for liberty and property; but when those rights are invaded by a pretty woman, I am neither able to defend my money nor my freedom.—Sinius.

Women speak easily of platonic love; but, while they appear to esteem it highly, there is not a single ribbon of their toilet that does not drive platonism from our hearts.—Ricard.

INVENTIONS WANTED.

A bicycle-lamp that will remain alight.

An angler's scales that will do the lying for the fisherman.

A servant's alarm clock that will not wake up the members of the family.

An automatic apple barrel that will make all the small apples come to the top.

A piano that will sound the same to the girl playing it as it does to the neighbors.

A breakfast food that your children will eat without being forced to do so with a stick.

An adjustable ring that will fit all the girls you become engaged to during the summer.

A policeman who can tell the difference between a drunken man and one with a fractured skull.

CURED BY SUGGESTION.

An interesting case of curing drunkard by suggestion during natural sleep was related by Farez at the annual meeting of French Society of Hynology and Psychology. The man was an habitual drunkard, who spent his whole time in cafes, consuming wine, beer, rum, absinthe, vermouth, etc. Although not usually a "rowdy" alcoholic, he occasionally became very violent, and at times refused any kind of treatment. Finally, suggestion was employed during sleep without the man's knowledge, and after some weeks he had no outbursts of violence and improved steadily. After a year and a half of this treatment he was entirely cured, and only drank a little light beer at his meals.

MAKING THE MOST OF TIME

Work, Think, Love, Worship, Pray, But "Give Attention to Reading" Also.

Text: "Give attendance unto reading."—I. Tim. 4, 13. Paul's advice to Timothy.

Few things are more instructive than the study of the intellectual methods of men who have achieved success. For many days I have been associated with a man who is almost a magician in his skill of manufacturing or using time. With marvelous art he has so laid out his hours as to achieve the impossible. On Tuesday morning he works on his long-delayed novel or short stories. Thursday he gives to the writing of verse, lyrics, odes or drama. Friday is always reserved for a magazine article or a column in a newspaper. On Saturday morning he writes the Sunday morning sermon; Saturday Sunday evening he writes at a four-hour sitting the Sunday evening sermon.

On Monday he starts for the old shops, the auction-rooms, the art galleries. Eight-thirty every morning finds him at his desk, where he remains for five hours, until 1.30. Then come two hours in active exercise, usually out of doors. The evenings are for lectures or public addresses. It is a strenuous programme, but by adhering to it he has achieved some sixteen volumes, essays, poems, novels, lectures, sermons and studies of English literature. It is a marvelous record. His career cannot be explained by saying "the man is a genius. He has unusual gifts." He insists that he would never have accomplished any more than other men if he had used

OTHER MEN'S METHODS.

"Give attention unto reading." Never were the books so many and so inviting, but never were men so tired when night comes. Many an overworked man exclaims, "Once I, too, read books. But not now."

Many a man, also, early in life finds he is losing his intellectual spring, and that the creative touch is going. Is there no mental law of therapeutics? Strangely enough, there is. Could these tired men rest themselves by reading? Beyond all doubt; and gain culture and growth while doing it. The musician knows that pounding the same string will soon wear the chord out. Athletes know that the use of the same muscle brings speedy tire. Artists rest the jaded sense by changing from blue to gold and crimson to purple. Even the bicycler has discovered that he rests soonest, not by sitting quietly, but by "pedaling" with the arms as to throw the blood out of the legs. This law is intellectual also. The mind is not divided into compartments; nevertheless the intellect seems to use different parts of the brain. Consider the habits of my friend. One day furnishes the momentum for the next one that is the secret of his entire career. So we find this man at 50 years of age has grown even stronger, healthier and happier.

And there are multitudes of young men who need above all things else to study the law of mental rest through mental work. By mastering it they would double their intellectual output and recover

THE CREATIVE TOUCH.

But if the change of one's thought by reading and writing brings rest, it also secures mental fertility and productiveness. In the realm of the fields everything depends on fertilization. Here are the clover fields, with red and white. Here are the apple orchards on widely separated hills. But here, too, are the honey bees that flit from field to field and orchard to orchard, carrying pollen, and fertilizing bough and branch. And thoughts must speed from the field of poetry to that of fiction; from fiction to history, to politics; from biography to religion, for so the intellect is fertilized and the imagination fed. For that reason Mr. Gladstone kept three desks—at one desk he worked on politics, statistics; proposed laws; at another desk he worked on his literary task, the Greek or Latin poets, while religious books were piled on the third. The one subject helped the other. When he found something in literature that started his mind going on politics, once the flame was fully kindled, he turned to the new theme at the next desk. What freshness, therefore, in his articles! What variety in his thinking! Stateliness is impossible to a man with such a method. Here is the secret of intellectual fertility.

The mind works in two states. First of all it is quiet, passive and receptive. Then the intellect is like the candle that is unlighted; light is there, only it is latent. In another mood the intellect is fully kindled. Some event, some crisis of sorrow or joy, a great oration or song or sermon or drama has kindled the flame, and the mind glows hour after hour.

EMITTING SPARKS.

Byron understood the law. He read until he found a thought that would rouse his creative power, and then he would seize his pen and write. Ruskin know the law, and used to send his servant out to bring a golden bough for his table to kindle his mind while he was writing on trees and leaves. The book was the match that kindled the candle and released its flame. Some books give the information, are treasure-houses of ideas; their authors have distilled for us the very essence of their genius, their thoughts, their ambitions, their aspirations, their dreams, their passions and their victories. Many a tired youth flings himself down at night to rest in soddenness, when what he needs is to read. Are you depressed? Read books of mirth and laughter. Are you seeking the path to success? Read the biographies of the great. Are you contented, having lost ambition? Open to the story of the inventors, the merchants, the statesmen, the heroes. Are you pessimistic and miserable and conscious of your sin? Read the story of that Divine Teacher who dwelt in Bethlehem and who journeyed over the continents and the centuries like an advancing summer that carries beauty and bounty in its wings. Work, think, love, worship, pray, but "give attention to reading" also.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, DEC. 11.

Golden Text, "The Face of the Lord is against them That Do Evil," 1 Pet. 3, 12.

Verse 6. Hoshea. The last king of Israel. In verse 2 we are told that house and that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, but not as the kings of Israel that were before him. Wherein he differed from them we are not told; but the whole nation was corrupt, and the end could not long be postponed. The king of Assyria, Sargon. Shalmaneser IV had invaded Israel, but during the progress of the siege of Samaria he had died and Laigon had succeeded him. Took Samaria. There are reasons to believe Sargon captured Hoshea the king before capital city surrendered. Carried Israel away into Assyria. Sargon's record of this victory has been discovered. He says that from Samaria he led forth twenty-seven thousand two hundred and ninety captives. Placed them in Halah and in Habor by the river of Gozan ("on the Habor, the river of Gozan"), and in the cities of the Medes. Habor (Khabour) is a branch of the Euphrates which flows southwest through the province of Gozan (Gauzonitis). Therah. Gozan and Halah lay in the remedidphrates valley. The cities of the be carded were much farther east. ment, a. 8. For so it was that ("And it ous the so because"). The national sufYou wou were a penalty for the nation- as ingression. See verse 18. The ch sion of Israel had sinned against the Lord ("Jehovah") the God. This is not a mere statement that the majority of the citizens were sinners, though probably this was true. But as a nation Israel had sinned against Jehovah in two ways: 1. In adulterating the worship of Jehovah, constructing a beautiful ritual (see verse 9) around metal images and mingling the holiest forms of worship with corruptions of idolatry. 2. In turning directly against the God of their fathers and worshiping Baal and other foul creations of the imaginations of their idolatrous neighbors. The consequences were such as might be expected. That self-indulgent vice prevailed to an extreme degree is evident from the books of Amos and Hosea; that the priesthood was debased was a natural result of the action of the earlier Jeroboam in lifting restrictions to eligibility to that office; that the rulers were characteristically bad is a matter of record. Of eighteen of the nineteen kings it is recorded, "He did evil in the sight of the Lord," and the one of whom that record is not made reigned only a month. Which had brought them up out of the land of Egypt. The incidents of the exodus were among the most convincing evidences, and decidedly the most spectacular, of a long series of providential hedgings and deliverances. Feared other gods, and walked in the statutes of the heathens ("nations"). They turned from their own high ideals to imitate the evil practices of their national neighbors, and, strangest of all, those of the native Canaanites whom Jehovah had enabled them to overcome. Of the kings of Israel, which they had made. This "of" refers to the word "statutes." The statutes of Omri especially are alluded to as infamous.

9. And the children of Israel did secretly those (omit "those") things that were not right against the Lord ("Jehovah") their God. The Hebrew word for "did secretly" occurs nowhere else in the Bible. Its derivation suggests covering, and therefore our translators have so rendered the passage as to show that the Israelites had sinned not only publicly but privately. Another meaning however, which may belong to this word is that of covering with decoration, and following this the Septuagint tells us that they decked out those things that were not right against Jehovah, that is, they made their vitiated ritual dignified, beautiful, and impressive. They built them high places in all their cities. Sanctuaries erected on heights, in accordance with an ancient Canaanite custom. From the tower of the watchman to the fenced ("fortified") city. This means everywhere. In lonely agricultural and pastoral regions in Palestine towers were erected for the watch-care of the flocks and gardens.

10. Images and groves. ("Pillars and Asherim.") These were survivals respectively of stone worship and tree worship. Reverence for the simple force of nature in very early centuries became elaborated into idolatrous systems.

11, 12. An elaboration of the preceding verses. Ye shall not do this thing. Compare Exod. 20, 4,5; Deut. 12, 31.

13.—Yet the Lord ("Jehovah") testified against ("unto") Israel, and against ("unto") Judah, by all the prophets ("by every prophet"), and by all the seers ("every seer"). Compare 1 Sam. 9, 9. The rest of the verse contains the gist of the prophetic messages. Turn ye from your evil ways. See, for example, Jer. 7, 3; 18, 11; 25, 5; 26, 13; 35, 15.

14. Necks ("neck"). The nation is considered as one body. Compare Exod. 32, 9; 33, 3; Deut. 10, 16; Acts 7, 51.

15. Three phases of their disobedience and rebellion are specified: The eternal laws of God, written on the human heart, they had broken—they rejected his statutes; the special compact made by their devout ancestor, particularly with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—his covenant that he made with their fathers—they had broken; and the messages of the prophets—his testimonies which he testified against them—they had ignored. They followed vanity, and became vain. They worshipped nothing, and became nothingness. False gods are frequently alluded to by the prophets as vanities.

16. Left. "Forsook." The Lord. "Jehovah." A grove ("an Asherah"). See note on verse 10. As a result of their vicious thinking and behavior they worshipped all the host of heaven, and served Baal. Compare Deut. 4, 19; Jer. 8, 2; 19, 13; Zeph. 1, 5.

17. They caused their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire. That this horrible practice of a vitiated religious impulse existed, even in Judah, is evident from 2 Kings 16, 3 and 2 Chron. 28, 3. That the children were killed before being burned may be implied by Ezek. 16, 21, 23, Inquisition. A practice of seeking supernatural direction by "chance" or lot. Compare Ezek. 21, 21, 22. Enchantments. Omens. Compare Gen. 44, 5. Sold themselves to do evil. Voluntarily became slaves of sin.

18. Therefore the Lord ("Jehovah") was very angry. Because of the persistent folly of the nation. God cannot tolerate sin, and his "language is accommodated to human ideas." Removed them out of his sight. A most impressive figure of speech. There was none left but the tribe of Judah only. The "tribe" here stands for the kingdom of Judah, and it was "left" only a hundred and thirty or thirty-five years longer.

FUN WITH FIGURES.

Frenchman Disports With Sinister Statistics.

Some people console themselves for everything and find an argument to keep others from worrying. Every one has read the account of the slaughter in Manchuria. The losses of the Russians in the eight days' battle south of Mukden are estimated at about 45,000 men. Add the loss of the Japs, approximately—for they have not yet been reported—and you find a tall total.

During the eight months since the commencement of hostilities, the losses on both sides must have been 200,000 men. But that amounts to nothing, or so little that the thing is not worth speaking of. The average life of a man is 39 years on all points of the globe, and a man dies at the rate of one a second or a little over. Now the Russo-Japanese war has lasted eight months, and during these eight months in all the known world we find that the deaths are 60 a minute, 3600 an hour, 86,400 a day and 2,592,000 a month. Therefore, for eight months, the deaths foot up a total of 20,736,000, so that do 200,000 men killed in Manchuria in eight months amount to compared with the 20,736,000 who have died during the same period? The proportion is 1 per cent. It is just as if somebody discovered that in a town in which the mortality is usually 150 a week there died last week 152.

The philosophers who reason in this way leave little room for an answer. Statistics are admirably made for closing people's mouths. The fortune of France is estimated at about 400 milliards, and its population is about 38,000,000. Consequently each one of us is the happy possesser of about 10,500 francs. Nine out of ten will be very much surprised at the good news; and some may ask you to be good enough to mention the name of your madhouse.

THEY WERE MARRIED.

"Put yourself in my place, young man. Would you want your only daughter to marry a penniless youth?"

"Put yourself in my place, sir. Would you want to remain a penniless youth, when there were rich men's daughters to marry?"

"You confess that you'd marry my child simply because of her father's wealth?"

"And you confess that you withhold her from me simply because of my poverty?"

"What other reason could I have?"

"What other reason could influence you?"

"This talk is quite useless!"

"Quite."

"We have nothing to gain by it."

"Absolutely nothing."

"You take it philosophically enough."

"Why shouldn't I? Your daughter and I were married a month ago."

FIRING ON FRIENDS.

That fright or panic have been responsible for many ill-considered acts is a fact which must be taken into consideration. In the Spanish-American War, for instance, a regiment of Americans found themselves fired upon frantically by the Cubans they had come to help, and all because, forsooth, a Cuban sentry had been frightened by a straying horse. —Pearson's Weekly.

Wagstaff—"Good morning, doctor. Are you enjoying good health this morning?" Doctor—"Well—or—that's about the only kind of health a man can enjoy, isn't it? You never know anyone to enjoy bad health, did you?" Wagstaff—"Oh, yes; I've known some doctors to enjoy bad health."

YOUNG FOLKS

TOM WREN AND HIS WIFE JENNY

Jenny Wren was making up her feather-bed, patting it softly with her bill, and murmuring gurgling little love-songs to herself. Jenny was a good housekeeper, and kept everything scrupulously clean and neat about the slit-beam on the inner side of which her nest was placed. No untidy bit of feather or straw was allowed to remain on the premises, and so careful and insistent had she been in this respect that even Tom Wren had become almost as neat and methodical as his wife. But he was not unhappy about it. One of his daily love-songs, in which the notes rippled and tumbled over each other like a miniature cascade bubbling and sparkling in the spring sunshine, would have been a revelation to the most skeptical of hen-pecked husbands, and perhaps have been an insight of a heaven he was perversely consenting to be barred from.

No, Jenny was not a shrew, except perhaps away from her own home—and that was from a sense of duty imposed on—and Tom was anything but cowed. All day long Jenny sang about her housewifely duties of renovating and cleaning, and all day long, when not assisting her, Tom was perched upon the railing of the outside stairs, or upon the clothes-post, singing ecstatically to her and himself and the world around.

Fortunately they were both of a sanguine temperament, as otherwise the surroundings might have checked somewhat the spontaneity of their songs. The kitchen door was not six feet away from the nest, and the outside stairs, still nearer, was the common entrance of the family and the house-animals. Usually there was a cat upon the stairs, and frequently two or three dogs bounding up or down, and many, many times a day some members of the family, young or old, were stamping or talking noisily on the stairs or platform. The nest was out of sight, and so placed on the sill that no cat could jump to it but every time the Wrens went in or out they had to fly down from the beam and across the stairs.

They were not at all timid. An odd fact was that they considered themselves the owners, and all the others the intruders. In scolding and ordering them off Jenny became the shrew and Tom the loud, harsh-voiced wrangler. The cats and dogs especially called out this side of their natures. At sight of a cat Jenny would work herself into a perfect frenzy of passion, and with tail erect and eyes flashing she would pour forth a tirade of vituperation that was endurable only because it was in bird-language On such occasions Tom added his loud, incessant scolding to the uproar, which was not lessened by the fact that the cat was in the habit of moving stealthily toward them with her tail sweeping uneasily to and fro, as though nothing would please her better than that they should approach near enough for a spring.

This morning Jenny had freed her mind to them before the family got up, then had scolded the various members of the family going out and in, and finally had nearly lost her tail-feathers in an effort to share the breakfast of one of the dogs while he was chasing the cat from the yard.

Tom had left her an hour before to get a few more feathers or some bits of down, or even a very soft piece of wool from a sheep's back, to finish the nest.

Another half-hour went by, and then the song began to hush away into expectancy. It was long since time for him to return. The wool could have been found in a few minutes, the down obtained along the river, where ferns abounded, and even the feathers, as a last resort, could have been snatched from the breast of a placidly feeding hen.

The sheep were feeding in one of the fields below, but Tom was nowhere in their vicinity. Further down wound the river, and from there came the voices of many sparrows in noisy altercation. She hoped that Tom had not gotten into any trouble with them. They were such quarrelsome birds, and were in the habit of fighting among themselves, or attacking an outsider a dozen or more at a time, without any sense or notice of fair play. Tom would fight any one or two of three of them even though he knew he would be beaten. But what could he do against a whole flock? They would tear him to pieces.

But Tom's voice could not be distinguished among the others, and though there were many sparrows in sight along the river, she could not see him among them. She was poising her wings for a search in that direction, when there came a sudden whirring of wings, and Tom dropped upon the roof beside her. In his bill were a dozen or more tiny, soft, delicately gray feathers with a brownish tinge, exactly matching their own breasts, Jennie uttered a chirp of delight, and caught the feathers in her own bill. Tom had such an eye for color and harmony. He was a dear fellow, anyway.

It was not until after they had returned to the nest, and the feathers had been arranged for both comfort and effect, that she noticed Tom's appearance. One wing was badly soiled, with its feathers rumpled; a little spot of blood showed on his breast, and near one eye was a fresh scar that looked as though it had been received in a recent pugilistic encounter. Jenny uttered a chirp of pity and reproach. "Oh, Tom!" she cried; "what in the world have you been up to?"

Tom looked disconcerted. "It's nothing worth mentioning," he protested. "Just a lot of those martins and sparrows."

"But what did they do?" Jenny persisted.

"Oh, well, if you must know," said Tom, desperately, "they run me off. The martins think they own that pasture and the sheep. I had a nice lot of wool, and they got after me. I wouldn't give it up until they hurt my wing and were pouncing on me from all sides. After I got away from them I went to the river-bank, and gathering the finest lot of down you ever saw. But a sparrow was watching me, chuckling, I suppose, to think I was doing the work for them," disgustedly. "After I got all I could carry he ordered me to put it down. Of course I wouldn't, and he called a friend, and they pitched into me. I fought them until about forty others joined in, and one of them struck me in the eye, then I got away the best I could, Those sparrows think they own the whole world, especially when a lot of them get together. Well, after that I went to the orchard."

"And had beautiful success," commended Jenny, enthusiastically.

"Oh, I don't know. Most of the feathers were too big or too little, or too much off color. I went from one end of the orchard to the other. Though of course I found these," hastily.

"And they're the finest lot we've found in all our married life," she cooed. "You know that. It's just praise you're fishing for. But what's the matter with you, Tom Wren?" suddenly. "You act as if you'd been stealing—or telling a lie. Oh, I know you. How'd you get that blood on your breast?"

Tom's bill sank. He could not dissemble, though at that moment he wished longingly for some of the sparrows' bravado, so he could meet her glance. As it was, his bill sank lower. Jenny's keen eyes read him through with sudden comprehension.

"Tom Wren!" she cried, sharply, "did you pull those feathers from your own breast?"

Tom tried to shake his head, but couldn't. That would have been too much against his nature. There seemed but one thing for him to do. He flew hurriedly to the rail outside, where he commenced to sing.

HOW ABOUT IT BOYS?

Do you lift your hat when meeting or parting from mother, sister or other women of your acquaintance on the street?

Does that same troublesome head covering come off the instant you enter the house, or when you are acknowledging a favor? It should.

Do you know that it is common politeness to allow a woman to precede you when entering a room unless she requests you to go first?

Do you always remember to wait for women and older people to be seated first?

Straight in the face—is that the way you look at people when they are speaking to you? Remember to do it.

Are you aware that it is improper to play with knife, fork or spoon at the table or to gather your napkin up in a bunch?

Jot those pointers down in your minds, boys. They are the little things that make for good breeding and ease in society of others.

ANGLOPHOBIA IN RUSSIA

BRITAIN HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WAR.

Seed Was Sown and Cultivated by GGerman Press and Statesmen.

For months past "Anglophobia in Russia" has been a favorite subject of discussion wherever Germans do congregate. There is hardly a journalist in the Vaterland but has published articles dealing with the whys and wherefores of the blind, instinctive hatred which, according to him, Russians of every class entertain for England and all things English. Some few Germans, just one here and there, have denounced aloud this Russian Anglophobia as a real misfortune for the whole world, because a source of danger to the peace of Europe. On the other hand, the overwhelming majority of them have rejoiced at it, and still continue to rejoice, holding that it is a source of weakness alike to Russia and to England, and therefore a source of strength to Germany. The one party however, seems to take it for granted, equally with the other, that the national antipathy does really exist, and that it is a political factor that must be reckoned with. As for the German governments they do not take for granted—in public, at any rate—that it does exist, but they go out of their way sometimes to draw attention to its existence. This is a significant fact, one which the behoves English folk to bear well in mind just now: for the kaiser's ministers know well whether their humbler fellow-countrymen know or not, that there is no blind, instinctive hatred of England in Russia; that what hatred of her exists there is the result of much careful sowing of seeds, much careful watering and tending. These ministers know, too, just as Bismarck himself knew years ago, that the only nation for which the Russians, as a nation, entertain instinctive hatred is the German.

IN CERTAIN CIRCLES.

That Anglophobia is rampant in certain circles in Russia it would be absurd, of course, to deny—it is to be met with at every turn just now. In naval and military circles, especially the circle where the influence of the Grand Duke Alexis is paramount, the feeling against England is undoubtedly running high, as well as in Pobiedonostzeff circles where M. Pobiedonostzeff reigns supreme—where he is regarded as a saint, a patron and a far-sighted statesman, the only statesman Russia has who understands what she really needs. It is standis what she really needs. It is running high, too, although not much higher perhaps than usual, among certain sections of the bureaucracy, the Moscow section in particular. On the other hand, there is no trace of it at all in the inner court circle, as apart from the grand ducal circle, nor yet in the ministerial. The middle classes, what there are of them, are always more or less pro-English, and so are the overwhelming majority of the literary class. As for the people, the masses as apart from the classes, such of them as are townworkers, factory hands and the like, have the most unbounded admiration for England, thanks in a great measure to the fact that revolutionary propagandists, for their own purposes, always depict her as a sort of working men's paradise. The peasants cannot fairly be said to be either for or against us, seeing that the overwhelming majority of them do not know that we exist. As a point of fact, if a census could be taken, it would undoubtedly be found that for every Anglophobe among the czar's subjects there are several Anglophiles. And this is the more remarkable, as for years past everything that could be done has been done to promote the spread of Anglophobia in Russia.

THE HATER'S REASONS.

Even in Russian circles where England is most hated, says The London World, there is nothing instinctive in the feeling against her; the haters have or think they have good reason for hating her. If Russian soldiers and sailors, with "the Grand Duke Alexis and the Grand Duke Alexander" at their head, are violently anti-English at the present moment, it is because they are convinced that this disastrous war in which they are now engaged is entirely our handiwork—that we prompted the Japanese to attack them, and are now actually fighting against them secretly, side by side with their open foe. They are firmly convinced, too, thanks in a great measure to their German newspapers, that we are quite wild with delight with the misfortunes that have befallen them in this war, and that we rend the very firmament with our rejoicings and our shouts of triumph every time we hear they are defeated. Even before this struggle began they had, of course, their grievances against us, owing to the part we played in 1878 in robbing them, as they called it, of the fruits of their war with Turkey. Were it not for England, the Russian flag would be flying over Constantinople to-day; this is a point concerning which they have never a doubt, nor yet has any Panslav. This fact accounts surely for any enmity Russian soldiers, sailors or Panslavs may cherish against the English nation.

REASON OF IT ALL.

Then M. Pobiedonostzeff and his followers have also good reason for their Anglophobia. In their eyes, England is the personification of constitutionalism, religious toleration, freedom of the press and everything else that their souls most abhor; just as, in the eyes of the bureaucrats, she is the personification of everything that entails on them trouble, annoyance and anxiety. The one party regards her as a danger to Russia, morally and spiritually; the other, as a danger socially and politically. "English ideas are poison to Russians," is the burden of M. Pobiedonostzeff's complaint. "Every Russian who falls under their influence is demoralized." "English ideas are poison for Russians," officialdom cries, day in, day out. "Every Russian who falls under their influence straightway begins to dream of a constitution and to plot against the state." This being the case, it is, of course, the most natural thing in the world that the clergy and the officials should unite in fighting tooth and nail against the spread of English ideas in Russia. And the way they fight is by trying to excite hatred of England, trying to stir up against her national ill-feeling. This is their regular plan of campaign; and, while carrying it out, they can always count on the cordial support of the army, the navy and the whole Pan-Slav section of society. The anti-English propoganda is no new thing in Russia; it was started years ago, and was already in full swing in the black faming year. Of this we have proof; for, when plague followed the famine, there were found going about among the peasants, telling them that it was all the fault of the money sent through the English relief fund. The English Queen was jealous of the czar because he had more subjects than she had, these emissaries declared. She had, therefore, pretended to be sorry when she heard that his crops had failed; and had sent money to buy corn for the poor. This money, however, she had smeared with poison before she sent it, that it might infect the Russians with the plague and cause them to die, so that she might have more than the czar had. From that day to this, this story and many more of the same kind have been deliberately spread abroad among the uneducated classes in Russia. Yet, in spite of it all, there is infinitely less anglophobia in Russia than there is in Germany—strong proof, surely, that between the Russian nation and the English there must be much innate friendly sympathy.

NEW BRITISH SUBMARINE.

The latest British submarine has been launched with great secrecy at the Barrow works of Messrs. Vickers Sons, and Maxim. Lady Cavendish, daughter of Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., performed the simple ceremony Little is known about the new craft save that it will have greater speed and diving power than its predecessors. It will be called B11, and has an additional length of fifty feet and girth of twenty feet compared with submarine A1.

"PLEASE, SIR."

The winter winds
Will shortly roar,
Get out your sign;
"Please shut the door."

HEAVY BLOW TO RUSSIANS

Port Arthur Fleet at the Mercy of Siege Guns.

BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: The War Office here is not yet prepared to accept the report that the Japanese before Port Arthur have taken 203-Metre Hill, but if it is subsequently officially confirmed the War Office admits that it will be a desperate blow for the gallant defenders of the fortress. The position commands the harbor, and if the Japanese can mount siege guns on its summit they can force out the Russian squadron or destroy it at its anchorage. Those familiar with the supporting plans of the forts think it is by no means certain that, even though the Russians are forced to retire from 203-Metre Hill, the Japanese can place in position heavy guns against the fire which the other forts can bring to bear on it. Still the War Office officials reluctantly agree that such a breach in the chain renders the position extremely critical, and though the garrison might be able to hold out in the Golden Hill, Tiger's Tail, and Liati forts for some time it may mark the beginning of the end. The War Office is convinced that with the approach of the Russian second Pacific squadron the Japanese considered that the elimination of the Port Arthur squadron as a fighting factor was absolutely vital, thus accounting for the reckless sacrifice of life in order to secure a position directly commanding the harbor.

HOT SKIRMISH.

A despatch from Mukden says: There was another small skirmish on Gen. Rennenkampf's front on Wednesday, but otherwise everything remains quiet here. The weather is warmer and more agreeable.

Chinese report that in consequence of the inability of the Russian Red Cross Society to obtain supplies offered in the United States and China, those supplies would be handed over to the Japanese for the benefit of an international hospital at Yinkow.

A decidedly hot skirmish took place on Tuesday on the Russian right, between the Villages of Chiantan and Syao'chen, the latter place being occupied by Russian troops. Several companies of Japanese, with cavalry, taking advantage of night, tried to cut the Russian communication in this direction, but border scouts enclosed the Japanese on two sides and routed them, capturing ten rifles and several horses. The Russian loss was five killed or wounded. The Japanese loss is supposed to have been much heavier.

CAPTURED TWO FORTS.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says :—The Russian Consul at Chefoo telegraphs that the Japanese captured two forts in the storming operations against Port Arthur on Nov. 29, but the news is not confirmed from any other quarter. The Consul says the Japanese losses were enormous, and that 5,000 men were sacrificed in two hours.

JAPS FALLING BACK.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says :—Official and private despatches received here on Wednesday night indicate that the Japanese are falling back below Sintsintin, where for several days they had apparently been attempting a turning movement. After four days of severe but unsuccessful fighting they are now retiring with the Russians in pursuit. It is impossible as yet to tell whether either movement has real strategic significance.

MANY WOUNDED.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says :—Gen. Kouropatkin, under date of Thursday, reports that the Japanese force which evacuated Tsinkhetchen (near Da Pass) took a fresh position near the Village of Suidun, about seven and a half miles southeast of that place. They carried off many wounded. The Russian infantry on the morning of Thursday resumed the offensive, advancing in the direction of Suidun, under cover of artillery fire. Elsewhere all is quiet.

SANK TORPEDO BOAT.

A despatch received in London from Seoul states that in the middle of October a Russian torpedo boat left Vladivostock to make a reconnaissance. The garrison in the forts thought she was a Japanese vessel and fired upon and sank her.

MIKADO OPENS DIET.

Believes That Japan Will Attain Ultimate Object.

A despatch from Tokio says :—The Emperor formally opened the second war Diet on Wednesday. He rode through the crowded streets in a state coach escorted by a troop of lancers and accompanied by the Crown Prince, his staff, and some members of the Imperial Household, to the House of Parliament where both Houses were assembled in the Chamber of Representatives. The Diplomatic Corps and many prominent Government officials were present.

The Emperor ascended the dais, from which he read the following address :—

"We hereby perform the ceremony of opening the Imperial Diet and announce to the members of the House of Peers and House of Representatives that, to our profound delight, our relations with all the neutral powers are continually growing more amicable.

"We have directed our Ministers of State to submit to you a scheme for meeting the extraordinary expenditures necessitated by the war, together with the budget for the thirty-eighth year of Meiji, besides other projects. That our expeditionary forces have been victorious in every battle; have repeatedly shown fresh proofs of their loyalty and bravery so that the progress of the war has been so (instantly to our advantage, that we expect by the loyal devotion of our subjects to attain our ultimate object, and we call upon you to discharge your duties by harmonious co-operation, thereby promoting our wishes and ends."

PRINCIPAL CAVEN DEAD.

Noted Theologian and Head of Knox College Passes Away.

A Toronto despatch says :—Canada and, indeed, the whole religious world, will be grieved to learn of the death of Principal Caven, which occurred at 8 o'clock on Thursday evening. On Friday of last week he was at Knox College, and attended to his various duties, apparently in his usual health. On Saturday he was attacked with a complication of grippe and pneumonia and hah to take to his bed. From that date he grew gradually weaker until the end came. He passed peacefully away at his late residence, 76 Spadina Road, surrounded by all the members of his family, with the exception of his daughter, Mrs. (Rev.) Wilson, who is in India with her husband.

Had Principal Caven lived until the 26th of this month he would have been seventy-four years of age. About the end of last year he was critically ill for a time, but his wonderful vitality came to his rescue, and in June last he was so far restored to health and vigor as to attend the great conference in the Old Country, taking a very prominent part in the deliberations of that assembly.

On his return to Toronto Principal Caven was complimented on all hands on his improved physical condition, and applied himself to his many duties with renewed energy and vigor. His sudden death will come in the nature of a shock to his host of friends, who were of the opinion that he was only suffering from a slight indisposition.

Principal Caven married Margaret, daughter of the late John Goldie, of Ayr, the distinguished naturalist, in July, 1856. His widow, three sons, Dr. John Caven, Dr. James G. Caven, and Dr. W. P. Caven, practising physicians, Toronto, and three daughters, Mrs. (Rev.) W. A. Wilson, a missionary in India, and the Misses Caven, at home, survive.

ERROR OF COMPASS.

An Expert Says It Is Caused By Sun Spots.

A despatch from London says :—In a lecture before the Royal Astronomical Society, E. W. Maunder, superintendent of the solar department of the Greenwich Observatory, announced as the result of prolonged investigations his belief that the familiar magnetic disturbances which derange the mariner's compass are directly related to sun spots. He thinks the mysterious force which agitates the earth is a stream of attenuated matter, like a comet's tail or electrically charged particles, shot out from the sun spots. The rotary motion of the sun causes this stream to assume the form of a spiral, like a watch spring. When it reaches the earth it takes on the same motion as the earth. His observations pointed to the conclusion that the sun is a definite, permanent structure, and not merely a churning mass of fire. It can be deducted, possibly, that the earth is continually renewing its structure at the sun's expense. It is recalled that Lord Kelvin years ago declared there was no causal relation between sun spots and magnetic disturbances.

TO LICENSE FACTORIES.

In Order to Secure Uniform Excellence in Cheese Output.

A despatch from Toronto says :—It is probable that before long the Ontario Department of Agriculture will repuire every cheese factory in the Province to secure a license. By this means the Government would be enabled to control the factories, and if a factory was turning out an inferior product, not only to its own disadvantage, but to the disadvantage of the whole Province, the Government would have authority to find out the reason why.

IRISH FAMINE.

Prince of Wales to Visit Starving Irish Counties.

A despatch from London says :—It was learned on Thursday night from an absolutely trustworthy source that the Prince of Wales will personally make a tour of the Provinces of Connaught and investigate the reports of distress and impending famine, giving up his annual shooting trip on the preserves of Lord Ardilaun, in County Galway, in the heart of the starvation-threatened country.

CHAPTER ON WEED SEEDS

A KNOWLEDGE OF THEM IS VERY IMPORTANT.

Dominion Department of Agriculture Makes Some Experiments.

All weeds are disseminated by means of their seeds, while a considerable number also multiply through the medium of underground root stems. Among the latter we have Couch grass, Canada thistle, Perennial sow-thistle, bindweed, sheep sorrel, and some others. When a new weed is discovered, it is a good plan to examine into its habits of growth and means of reproduction and dissemination. A knowledge of these is more important to the farmer than the mere name of the weed.

Weeds that depend for reproduction upon their seed alone produce them in large numbers. A single plant of false flax will mature from twenty-five to thirty thousand seeds, and although we sometimes have reason to doubt the vitality of the seed of corn or mangels that we buy, we need have no misgivings as to the vitality of these weed seeds. The seed of those weeds that mature in our grain crops, even though it shells out on the field, is with difficulty induced to germinate at a time when it can be destroyed. Some of it can be persuaded to grow by stirring the surface soil directly after harvest, but most of it will not germinate until it gets ready. This Nature provides for the perpetuation of the species.

In the Seed Laboratory at Ottawa, one hundred fresh seeds of wild mustard were planted in good soil in a box, and under the most favorable conditions

ONLY THIRTY-FIVE OF THEM

could be induced to grow. The box was then placed in the open air for a week with the thermometer below zero. When again put in the germinator, seventeen more of the seeds produced plants. The soil was then allowed to become thoroughly dry and again put out to freeze, after which twelve more of the hundred seeds germinated. This operation was repeated several times, until finally every seed demonstrated that the mother plant had not lived in vain.

As a rule the seeds of the more noxious weeds that grow from the seed alone retain their vitality for several years when embedded in the soil. It is highly important, then, to prevent the formation of seed. It is quite evident that many fields throughout Canada have now a sufficient stock of seeds to produce luxuriant crops of weeds for several years, but by adopting a suitable rotation it is possible to prevent most of the plants from these seeds coming to maturity.

All will agree that most districts have their full share of weeds. Like the poor they are always with us. How do we get them? Many farmers can doubtless remember when the Canada thistle was a new weed. Perennial sow-thistle, ribgrass, ragweed, bindweed and some others are of more recent introduction. There are many more to come, and some of them are even more noxious than those that are now common. For instance, there is devil's paint brush or orange hawkweed that is already well distributed over the Eastern Townships of Quebec and part of New Brunswick. Where this weed has become well established, land that was worth forty dollars an acre five years ago could not be sold for five dollars an acre to-day.

There is also a number of weeds that have been recently introduced into Western Canada and which have proved to be exceedingly dangerous. Most of them were brought in by immigrants. Among them are tumbling mustard, hare's-ear mustard and field pennycress or stinkweed. A few plants of each of these have been found in different parts of Ontario during the past season, and the East will know more about them later. One thing seems clear, and that is that the weed pests are

NOW GAINING HEADWAY

at a much more rapid rate than they did twenty-five years ago. How can we account for this?

The investigations of the Seed Division have shown that the seedsmen are to blame to a considerable extent, but there are many other means by which weeds become disseminated and which are worthy of consideration. Any farmer who has land that is annually flooded by freshets knows the difficulty of keeping such land free from weeds. Transportation companies, particularly the railway companies, have much to do, with the introduction of new weeds. Most of our noxious weeds are introduced from Europe. Their seeds are often brought in with material that is used for packing articles of commerce. This packing material is scattered about on the ground and the seeds soon germinate. In three or four years the new weed may be found on a large number of farms. That is the way most of our weeds come to us.

The wind and animals of various kinds do much to spread weed seeds in a local way. Seeds of many weeds are provided with special facilities, some like small parachutes as in the Dandelion and Canada thistle, by the aid of which the seeds are carried long distances by the wind. Nature provided seeds of other weeds, such as burs, with the means of clinging to the wool of sheep or to other animals in order to insure their distribution. In any case it is the seed that comes first; the weed curse follows.

POISONED BRANDY.

Twenty Inhabitants of Kieff Who Drank It Are Dead.

A despatch from Berlin says: A despatch to the Lokal Anzeiger from Kieff, Russia, announces that 20 persons have lost their lives there through drinking poisoned brandy.

THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese, and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

Toronto, Dec. 6.—Wheat—The market is weaker for Ontario grades, with sales reported of No. 2 white and red Winter at $1.01 outside. No. 2 goose quoted at 89 to 90c east, and No. 2 Spring at 95c east. Manitoba wheat is steady. No. 1 Northern at 104½c, and No. 3 Northern at 91½c, Georgian Bay ports. Grinding in transit prices are 6c above those quoted.

Oats—No. 2 white is quoted at 32½c low freights, and 32c north and west; No. 1 white is steady at 33c east.

Barley—No. 2 quoted at 45 to 46c middle freights; No. 3 extra, 43c, and No. 3 at 41c middle freights.

Peas—The market is firm with prices unchanged at 67 to 68c outside.

Corn—The market is quiet, with new Canadian 42 to 43c west. New American yellow, 52c on track, Toronto, and new mixed, 54c, Toronto. Old American No. 3 yellow, 66c, and old No. 3 mixed, 64c, Toronto.

Rye—The market is quiet, with No. 2 quoted at 75 to 76c outside.

Buckwheat—The market is nominal at 55 to 56c at outside points.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents are quoted at $4.85 to $4.40 in buyers' sacks, east or west. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade, in bbls., $4.75 to $5. Manitoba flours unchanged. No. 1 patents, $5.70; No. 2 patents, $5.40, and strong bakers', $5.30 on track, Toronto.

Millfeed—At outside points bran is quoted at $14.50 to $15, and shorts at $17.50 to $18. Manitoba bran in sacks, $19 and shorts at $21.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Beans—Trade is fair, and prices firm. Prime beans are quoted at $1.25 to $1.40, and hand-picked at $1.45 to $1.50.

Cranberries—The market is unchanged at $7.75 to $8 per barrel.

Hops—The market is unchanged at 32 to 35c, according to quality.

Honey—The market is quiet, at 7½ to 8c per lb. Comb honey, $1.50 to $2 per dozen.

Hay—The receipts are fair, and prices unchanged. Car lots are quoted at $8 to $8.50 on track, Toronto, the latter for No. 1 timothy.

Straw—The market is firm on light offerings. Car lots are quoted at $6 on track, Toronto.

Potatoes—The market is firmer on light offerings. Car lots are quoted at 75 to 80c perbag on track. Small lots at 85c to $1.

Poultry—The receipts are moderate and prices steady. Spring chickens, 9 to 10c; hens, 6 to 7c per lb.; ducks 9c per lb.; geese, 8 to 8½c per lb.; turkeys, dry plucked, 13 to 14c; do. scalded, 10 to 11c per lb.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The receipts are moderate, with prices unchanged. There is a good demand for choice grades. We quote :—Pined 1st rolls, 17 to 18c; ordinary to choice large rolls, 15 to 17c; low to medium grades, 13 to 14c; creamery prints, 21 to 22c; solids, 19½c to 20½c.

Eggs—The receipts are moderate, and prices are steady. Case lots of new laid are selling at 25c per doz., fresh at 22c, and pickled at 20c.

Cheese—The market is unchanged, with largo cheese quoted at 10½ to 10¾c and twins at 10¾c per lb.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are unchanged, with offerings moderate. Car lots are quoted at $6.40 to $6.50. Cured meats are in good demand at unchanged prices. We quote :—Bacon, long clear, 8½ to 8¾c per lb. In case lots; mess pork, $14.50 to $15; do short cut, $18.

Smoked meats—Hams, light to medium, 12½ to 13c; do. heavy, 12c; rolls, 9½ to 10c; shoulders, 9 to 9½c, backs, 14½ to 15c; breakfast bacon, 13c.

Lard—The demand is fair, with prices unchanged. We quote :—Tierces, 8c; tubs, 8¼c; pails, 8½c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Dec. 6.—Grain—Oats, 40 to 40¾c for No. 2 in store here; No. 3, 39 to 39½c; American yellow corn, No. 2, nominal at 56; No. 3, 55½ to 56c; No. 2 white, 60 to 61c; new No. 3 yellow, 57½c on track; buckwheat, 54½ to 55c. Flour—Manitoba patents, $5.80; strong bakers', $5.50; high Ontario blended patents, $5.75 to $5.80 in wood, choice 90 per cent. patents, $5.50 to $5.60 in wood, and 25c per bbl less in shippers' new bags; straight rollers, $2.45 to $2.55, and 25 to 30c extra in wood. Rolled oats—$2.12½ to $2.13 per bag, $4.50 to $4.85 in barrels. Feed—Ontario bran, in bulk, $17 to $17.50; shorts, $19 to $20; Manitoba, bran, in bags, $17 to $18; shorts, $21. Beans—Choice primes, $1.40 to $1.45 per bushel; $1.35 to $1.37½ in car lots. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, $16.50 to $17.50; light short cut, $16.50 to $17; American clear fat backs, $20; compound lard, 6½ to 7¼c; kettle rendered, 8½ to 9½c; hams, 12 to 13c; bacon, 12 to 13c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, $7 to $7.25; heavy fat hogs, $4.50; mixed lots $4.50 to $5; select, $5 to $5.12½ off cars. Cheese—Ontario Fall white, 10 to 10½c; colored, 10½ to 10¾c; Quebec, 9½ to 10c. Butter—Finest grades, 20½ to 20½c; ordinary finest, 19½ to 20c; medium grades, 13 to 19½c; Western dairy, 15 to 15½c. Eggs—Select new laid, 23½ to 24c; straight gathered, candled, 20 to 21c; No. 2, 15½ to 16c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Buffalo, Dec. 6.—Flour—Quiet. Wheat—Spring dull; No. 1 Northern, $1.16; Winter dull; No. 2 red, in store, $1.20. Corn—Only steady; No. 3 yellow, 53c; No. 3 corn, 51 to 51½c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white, 35 to 35½c; No. 2 mixed, 33½c. Barley—45 to 58c. Rye—No. 1, 86c.

Minneapolis, Dec. 6.—Wheat—December, $1.07½; May, $1.11½; July, $1.10½; September, 94½c; No. 1 hard $1.10; No. 1 Northern, $1.09; No. 2 Northern, $1.04. Flour—First patents, $6 to $6.10; second patents, $5.85 to $5.95; first clears, $4.35 to $4.45; second clears, $2.75 to $2.85. Bran—In bulk, $14.50.

Milwaukee, Dec. 6.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, $1.12; No. 2 Northern, $1.07 to $1.09; May, $1.08½ to $1.08½ bid. Rye—No. 1, 80 to 81c. Barley—No. 2, 55c; sample, 37 to 51c. Corn—No. 3 old, 52 to 53c; May, 45½ to 45¾c bid.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, Dec. 6.—There was a good run at the City Cattle Market today. The feeling all round is that the worst of the season is now about over, and that in business from this out until the usual Christmas trade sets in, there will be a steady improvement. There are not many export cattle offering just now, but an occasional pretty good lot comes in. A consignment of rough heavy North-West cattle was received by the firm of Maybee and Wilson, a class of cattle for which apparently there is no market. They are too rough for export, and no good for feeding. They were left unsold up to a late hour.

The day's run was 123 cars, with 1,750 head of cattle, 4,850 sheep and lambs, 2,400 hogs, and 82 calves.

Export—Fair demand for a good class of cattle. Poorly finished cattle not wanted.

Butcher—Slight improvement in the demand for good butcher cattle. Prices steady to firm for the best. Rough butcher and common canners still away down. Choice butcher heifers are firm at $4.25 to $4.40, but very few of the latter available.

Feeders—There is practically no demand for feeders, except for good short-keep

Stockers—Demand is not very active and prices are easier, at $8.25 to $3.50 for the choicest quality.

Sheep and Lambs—The run was unusually heavy to-day, but the market continued steady, with everything sold. Lambs were quoted 10c highter, at $5.10.

Hogs—The market is steady, with no change in the quotations since last week. Selects, $4.80; lights and fats, $4.60.

WILL GARRISON HALIFAX

Prominent Military Authority Makes Statement.

An Ottawa despatch says: The most interesting topic in military circles is that regarding the proposed withdrawal of the British troops from Halifax and Esquimalt, in which case the work of garrisoning these two fortifications will be left in the hands of the Canadian militia. In a semi-formal way, the subject has been discussed in the newly-formed Military Council. A prominent military officer says: "It will be remembered that at the conference of the colonial Premiers in 1901 one gentleman brought up this phase of Imperial defence, and the offer was made that if Great Britain withdrew her troops from the two garrisons mentioned, the Canadian Government would undertake the work. Well, the position has not since changed. Canadians are loyal enough to undertake the duty, and are ready." At the coming session of Parliament the subject will likely be thoroughly discussed.

THE DEAD NOT BURIED.

Starvation and Malaria in Northern Mexico.

A Mazatlan, Mexico, despatch says: Fearful conditions exist in the northern part of this State, the number of deaths ranging from 25 to 40 per day, owing to starvation and malaria. In many instances the dead are not given burial, it is said, but are thrown into open ditches and canals. The authorities cannot cope with the situation. Provisions have been scarce in north Silao for some time, owing to the destruction of crops by torrential rains. The epidemic of malaria is due to these rains. Deaths from starvation and malaria are reported from the towns of Ahome, Mirador, Mochihui, Los Mochis, San Miguel and Higuera de Sargosa.

Money to provide food, medicine and medical attention is being raised.

RUSSIA FEARS BRITISH.

Watching Reorganization of the Indian Army.

A St. Petersburg despatch says: The statement that Russia is concentrating troops on the Afghan frontier is denied. Nevertheless it is undoubtedly true that Russia is watching with some misgivings the British plans for the reorganization and increase of the Indian army, as well as the despatch of a deputation to Persia. Coming on the heels of the Tibetan expedition, these moves naturally create the suspicion that Great Britain is taking advantage of Russia's preoccupation in the Far East to strengthen her position on the Indian frontier of Persia. Russia seems keenly alive to the situation, but no open movement has yet been made, and the authorities are not disposed to admit that any is in contemplation as a counter-move in Persia.

DEATH OF MRS WHALEN

Wife of the Assassin of D'Arcy McGee Dies at Montreal.

A Montreal despatch says :—The assassination of D'Arcy McGee at Ottawa in 1868 was recalled on Thursday by the death at 19 Alexander street in this city of Bridget Whalen, widow of Patrick James Whalen, the assassin, who paid the death penalty. Mrs. Whalen was 70 years old.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

HAPPENINGS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

Telegraphic Briefs From Our Own and Other Countries of Recent Events.

CANADA.

Henry S. Harwood has been appointed postmaster of Montreal.

Principal W. D. Eckert of the London Art School staff is resigning after 31 years' service.

A syndicate of western American capitalists have taken out a license to mine on Hunter's Island, in the Rainy River district.

The statue which Nova Scotia is erecting to Hon. Joseph Howe at Halifax will be unveiled on December 18, the centenary of Mr. Howe's birth.

A special force of officers will be appointed by the Manitoba Government to check the depredations of American horse thieves along the border.

St. Catharines will require $3,000 more to finish their library and will ask Andrew Carnegie for that amount, in addition to the $20,000 he has already granted.

For tampering with a fire alarm box and calling out the brigade a youth was yesterday sentenced in London to two years in the penitentiary.

Ottawa City Council will consider a motion to establish a Board of Control of eight members and reduce the aldermanic representation to sixteen, two from each ward.

The Fire and Police Committee of Hamilton have recommended a grant of $125 to the family of the late Constable Barron, murdered while performing his duty.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Lord Strathcona spoke at Liverpool of the worth of Scotch regiments.

The Colonial Secretary has formally thanked Lord Minto for his services in Canada.

The Lancashire Cotton Association have been invited to visit the southern States.

The Times' British trade report show continuance of recent favorable conditions.

It is reported in London that Speyer & Co., of New York may finance the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Sir Edward Clarke protested in London against the United States assumption of control over the continent.

UNITED STATES.

James O'Brien of Toledo is dead, as the result of treatment by X-rays for a growth upon his lip.

Magistrate Whitman, in the Jefferson market Police Court, New York, declared that property lying unguarded on the street, whether it be in front of express office or store, was "lost property," and anybody taking it is not a thief.

The rail and steel mills of the Illinois Steel Co., a branch of the United States Steel Corporation were ordered closed Saturday for indefinite period, throwing 3,000 men out of work. The cause for the shutdown is declared to be lack of business.

Police Inspector Shippey, of Philadelphia, has scored a signal failure in a grusomely melodramatic attempt to force four suspects to confess. He confronted the prisoners with the body of the victim, the latter seated in the cemetery vault, with an accusing finger extended. The men showed signs of terror, but no confession was obtained.

GENERAL.

The son of Don Carlos was decorated by the Czar for gallantry in Manchuria.

Official returns show that 23,168 persons were killed by reptiles in India this year.

Forty-four persons were killed during the disturbances in Rio Janeiro last week.

The editor of The Novoe Vremya declares that national representation is bound to come in Russia.

The appropriation of $12,800 at the expense of the emissary at the Vatican was stricken out of the French foreign budget, without opposition or debate. This, following the recall of M. Nisard, continues indefinitely the severance of diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican.

The Russian public were startled over Kuropatkin's official report of losses for twelve days prior to Dec. 21.

MORE BUTTER LESS C

Shipments From Montreal During Past Season.

A despatch from Montreal says: The total value of the exports of butter and cheese shipped during the season of navigation just closed is estimated at $19,167,304.30 to the factorymen in the country, or at $19,672,983.60 laid down here. Of the latter amount $14,284,399 is on account of cheese, the remainder, $388,583.80, being on account of butter, as compared with last, of about $600, and an increase on the cheese, of about $1,888,583. Those figures do not represent the total value of the shipments for the season of navigation.

"SOO" RAILS SATISFACTORY

20,000 Tons for Federal Government Inspected.

An Ottawa despatch says :—The 20,000 tons of steel rails made for the Canadian Government in the Algoma works have been inspected, and over half of them shipped to Montreal. They are of the 80-pound class, and are to replace some 56-pound rails on the Intercolonial Railway. The rails were inspected as to shape, strength, and weight, and were found to be up to the requirements.

The Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR

A SECRET REVEALED

CHAPTER II.

And now I should like to be able to say that he made them a nice speech about temperance and plain living, and with a "Bless you, my worthy friends," went home. This is what the ordinary heroes of romance invariably do. But the young man, though strong as a lion and light-hearted as a lark, was not, alas! prudent or wise. He allowed himself to be led—carried rather—by the crowd to the nearest drinking booth, where he stood treat many times and oft; and drank as well as paid for drink.

An hour later, flushed and hot, he remembered the girl whose beautiful face had been upturned to his with such anxiety; and with a half-defined idea of finding her and assuring her that he was not hurt, he got away from the crowd and went out to look for her.

The sun had nearly set by this time; a faint breeze, harbinger of the cool eventide, stole through the heat and dust.

He wandered about looking everywhere as he went, but though he saw several red-shawled faces, he could not find the one he sought.

Presently a clock—it was the one in the turret of Monk Towers—struck eight. He pulled up short and put his hand to his head—it was burning hot—as if he were trying to remember something; then he whistled half remorsefully, half comically, and strode out of the fair and onto the common, his face set in the direction of Monk Towers.

A lane led from the common, and stepping briskly along it he came to a bridge over a brook. Here he took off his coat, waistcoat, and collar, bared his broad chest and the Antinous neck, and bathed his head in the clear, cool water. Springing to his feet with renewed freshness and strength, "That's better!" he said with a long breath. "What with Long Bill's hugs and the liquor I felt stiff and seedy; all right now." He put on his things quickly—there were bruises on his arms and chest, great bands of red that would be black and blue in an hour or two—and went on his way.

The lane led to a hill, beneath which in a slight hollow were the iron gates of the avenue to Monk Towers.

He passed through the gates and up the avenue, seeing no one; the lodge-keeper had stolen off to the fair. The elm-lined road wound and round like a yellow serpent; but presently the long front of the great mansion loomed white-ly before him.

His handsome face grew rather grave as he looked up at the house but the seriousness did not last long, and he was humming again presently as cheerful and careless as before.

A moat, dry now, surrounded the house; he crossed the time-worn bridge and ran up the broad stone steps to the hall door. But there he paused. Perhaps the view of the interior, the polished oak, the spotless floor of white and black marble, the plush hangings, the lines of pictures in their heavy gilt frames, awoke in him a sense of his dusty and disordered condition. He looked down at his clothes, at his boots —the water of the brook had turned the dust on them to mud—and shook his head; and as he heard the sound of a servant's footsteps coming from the back of the hall he turned quickly and went down the steps again.

"I'll get in at the back and get a wash," he said to himself. "Madame hates this kind of thing," and he looked down at himself ruefully.

He passed along the side of the house and had nearly turned the corner when he heard, through an open casement, a voice singing.

It was a girl's voice, fresh and sweet. She was evidently singing to herself, for the voice was low and broke off now and then, and then went on again as if the singer were singing unconsciously.

He stepped up to the window cautiously and looked in.

The room was a small one, paneled in dark, shining oak. The floor was of walnut, the pictures were old, in tarnished frames, the hangings of silk damask were of a dull, faded gray; the only spot of light in the dusky room was the white dress of a young girl, who stood on an antique chair reaching down some books from an ebony cabinet.

If the young man had been an artist he would have felt his soul swell and throb with delight at the picture his eyes rested on, as it was, the dusky room, the air of quiet and repose, the slight figure of the girl—all in white—touched him with a vague pleasure.

The dress was made in the old—it is now, however, the new—fashion; the skirt in plain folds, the sleeves full. Only a girl with a graceful figure can wear this dress successfully; this girl made hers bewitching. Her back was turned to him; a mass of yellow, waving hair, caught by a ribbon, fell on the white, soft cashmere.

All unconscious of a spectator, she blew the dust from a book, opened it, and, resting the edge against the bookshelf, turned the pages, singing to herself all the while in the low, sweet voice.

The young man watched her with a smile on his mobile lips, and suddenly, as if she had become conscious of the burden of his eyes, as if she felt them on her back, she turned her head.

She did not cry out, but she dropped the book and stood still for a moment, the color coming and going on her face. It was a pure oval, very fair; the eyes, wide open with surprise, gradually growing into pleasure, were of a violet blue—a lovely, girlish face that matched the golden girlish hair, and the slight, almost frail, figure.

The young man seemed startled in some way, but as he stepped in he recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to take off his cap.

"Royce!" cried the girl in a voice as low and soft as the one in which she had sung. "Royce, is it you?"

"Yes. It's me, Irene!" he said with the beautiful disregard for grammar which distinguishes the public-school boy.

She dropped lightly as a feather from the chair; and he made as if to take her in his arms; then stopped and grew red and awkward. But there was no awkwardness on her part, now that the first moments of surprise had passed.

"Oh, Royce, I am so glad! When did you come—how?" and she took him by the hand and swung it up and down, almost drawing him into the room.

"Just now," he said, "Walked most of the way. But I say, Irene —"

"Well!" she said, looking up at him with welcoming eyes. "What is the matter? Why do you stare at me so? Come and sit down or I shall go and fetch the countess?"

"Hold on!" he said, holding her hand lightly. "Wait a minute. I'm staring because—I say, how you've grown—altered!"

She blushed and laughed and her eyes fell—but only for a moment—before his fixed and wondering regard.

"Have I? I suppose I have! You didn't expect to find me just the same after all this time, Royce?"

"Yes, I did," he said. "I was looking forward to seeing a little girl in short frocks and a pigtail. I meant to pick you up and give you a jump."

She drew away from him an inch or two, laughing still, but a little shyly.

"Why shouldn't I grow like the rest of the world? Why, you've grown yourself." She seemed to recognize the fact for the first time, and her look became still more shy. But it was only momentarily. "Why, Royce, you are quite—a man."

He laughed and got hold of her other hand and swung them together in boyish, light-hearted fashion.

"Have I? Well, then I'll forgive your. But you've grown in other ways, Irene. By George, I can scarcely believe that this lively young lady is the little kid who used to climb the old apple tree——"

The blood stained her face again and she burst out quickly, as if to stop him.

"But how tired you must be! How far have you walked? Let me go and tell the countess, Royce."

"Not yet," he said. "How far? Oh, nearly twenty miles, more or less."

"Oh! How tired you must be!" she exclaimed.

"Not a bit, but I'm as hungry as a wolf. And I think I'd better put myself to rights before I see the mater, you know how particular she is—eh, Renie? I was stealing around to the back entrance, meaning to get a wash; when I heard you piping up like a linnett——"

"And so came into the cage," she said. "But you are so hungry! Sit down here, Royce," she pointed a slim finger to an easy chair, "and I will go and get you something to eat——"

"And drink, please; I am thirsty, too."

"And drink. I sha'n't be gone long; you shall see how quick I can be. And then, when you have had your supper, I will tell the countess."

"Yes, I shall want strengthening for that ordeal—oh, Renie?"

She rose, seeming scarcely to touch the floor, so light and airy was the movement; and Royce Landon leaned back and looked around the room.

His eyes rested on two portraits hanging side by side over the ancient fireplace. One was that of his father, the late Earl of Landon, in a general's uniform, the other that of his mother, the countess, in a dress of black satin and broad Honiton. His face grew grave as it lingered on the latter. Irene came in after a few minutes interval, carrying a small tray with a pie, some bread, a dish of strawberries, and claret.

"There," she said triumphantly. "Now come and be fed."

"Bravo," he said as he sat down. "Help me yourself, Renie. A good big piece to begin with. I will show you the pattern of the bottom of that pie shortly; and then I shall eat the dish itself!"

Laughing she helped him and sat by, leaning her elbows on the table, and her chin on her hands, regarding him smilingly while he ate.

Having satisfied his appetite, he leaned back in his chair and asked:

"Now, what's the news?"

"News? there is no news. Everything at the Towers goes on the same year after year; just the same. I've got a new pony—you must see him, Royce! Such a perfectly lovely little dear!"

"And my brother, Seymour?"

"The earl is very well," she said, quietly.

"And what's his last fad?" asked Royce.

"I don't quite know; we do not see very much of him; but I think it is in some way connected with Timbuctoo. But tell me all about yourself, Royce," she went on quickly. "How did you get leave so soon again? I thought you had only just gone back to the regiment."

His face clouded, and grew grave and embarrassed, and he kept his eyes fixed on the claret jug as he replied:

"Yes—so I had, but— Oh, I'll tell you all about it, presently."

"Oh, Royce," she faltered. "You —you haven't been getting into another scrape, have you?"

He laughed uneasily, his brows knit together, and his face grew hot and fierce.

"Let's talk of something else," he said. "We shall have plenty of time, for I'm going to stay home a bit. But look here—I must go and put myself straight."

"Yes," she said, "Where is your luggage? Have you had it sent on? Perhaps it is in your room."

"I haven't any luggage—that is—there, I'd better tell you right out, I suppose. The—the fact is, Renie, I have been getting into another scrape, as you call it. And this time it's the worst scrape of all— What's that?" he broke off, looking toward the door.

She listened for a moment, then sprang up, her face paling a little.

"It is the countess; I know the step. Go, Royce! Let me break it to her that you are here. Go, quick!" And she pointed to the window.

He rose and went a pace or two, then stopped, and facing around, threw back his head.

"No!" he said. "No use running away, after all. I'll face it!"

(To be Continued.)

THE SALE OF WIVES.

Is Growing in Russia at Their Own Desire.

In the Kharkoff, Poltava, and Ekaterinoslav Provinces of Russia, says the Novoe Vremya, there is a rapidly growing trade in the sale of wives, frequently at thtir own desire.

The usual cause is the extreme poverty of the husband, who can no longer keep his wife, though it is often because the wife desires to be free from a cruel, drunken partner. The trade has become so common that few markets are without these transactions, which are considered so binding that no husband has been known of who demanded his wife back.

Their market value varies from $10 to $75. More is never paid. The women are required to be good housewives and field workers. The dealers or agents are Jews, who get 10 to 15 per cent. on the purchase price.

"What did you say to your wife when you got home late last night?" "My dear." "Is that all?" "Yes. She began talking then!"

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

APPLYING LIME.

Lime may be applied to the land in three different conditions, either as the ground, fresh-burned lime, hydrated or dry-water-slaked lime, and the air-slaked lime. The effect of lime in the soil may also be considered as of two general classes: First, in correcting acidity of the soil, and second in bringing about certain chemical and physical changes that are desirable, such as stimulating the decomposition of organic matter and aiding in the granulation of flocculation of the soil.

Suppose we start with one ton of freshly burned lump lime. In one case we grind this so that it may be applied to the land by means of a drill or sown broadcast like any other fertilizer. In another case we water-slake it. For agricultural purposes the best method of doing this is to scrape back the surface of the soil in the field and throw down about a barrel of fresh lime in a place at convenient intervals. If the soil is quite dry, throw a pail of water over this lime and cover it with soil. The lime will begin to slake by the absorption of water from the soil, and as it slakes it will swell and cause cracks to appear in the covering earth. These should occasionally be filled to exclude the atmosphere. After three or four days the lime will have fallen to a fine powder and may be distributed over the land. The earth with which it was covered, mixing with the lime, aids in its distribution. This is what we call the hydrated lime. In the next case we simply expose the lime to the action of the atmosphere. Sometimes it is thrown in piles on the ground where it receives rain and dews, and absorbs some water from the soil, but most of the change that takes place in it is the result of the action of the atmosphere, the lime absorbing carbon dioxide as well as water. If this action is allowed to progress long enough, or if the lime is protected from rains, the mass will become, after a time

THOROUGHLY AIR-SLAKED.

If we were to weigh the resulting product after these actions have taken place, we would find that the 2000 pounds with which we started had been increased to about 2640 or 2650 pounds in the case of the hydrated lime, and to 3600 pounds in the case of the thoroughly air-slaked lime. However, as lime is usually prepared for agricultural uses, we have a mixture of hydrated and air-slaked lime rather than either of them separate.

As to the effect of using these various forms, so far as neutralizing acidity in the soil is concerned, there is little difference. The 2640 pounds of hydrated or the 3600 of air-slaked lime produce practically the same effect as the 2000 pounds of ground, fresh-burned lime. So far as its stimulation of the decomposition of organic matter in the soil or of the flocculation of the clay and the bringing about of a granular condition of the soil, 2640 pounds of pure hydrated lime produce practically the same effect as the 2000 pounds of ground lime. But the 3600 pounds of thoroughly-air-slaked lime would probably produce only about 70 p.c. of the effect of the ground lime.

If, then, the object of applying lime to the land is simply to neutralize the acidity of the soil, it will make little difference whether the lime is spread upon the frozen ground and allowed to lie there until spring, when it will be worked into the oil, or whether it be applied at the time the soil is worked, in either of the three forms. If the soil is a heavy one and needs to have its physical condition improved, or if the object is to stimulate decomposition of organic matter in the soil and to assist in liberating plant food the 3600 pounds of air-slaked lime is not nearly so effective as the 2000 pounds of fresh-ground lime or the 2640 pounds of hydrated lime. The so-called agricultural lime that is usually offered in the market is not only air-slaked to a considerable degree, but frequently has mixed with it a good deal of the refuse material, as ashes and the more impure portions of the lime. It is, therefore, probable that a dressing of 1000 pounds of freshly burned, ground lime of good quality would be at least equal to a dressing of 2000 pounds of agricultural lime.

SHEEP IN WINTER.

A cheap shelter will do very nicely for sheep if it has a tight roof, which will not leak every time it rains or the snow melts on it. Have the shed well boarded and battened on the north, west and east. It may be left open on the south. Nail a board across the front to keep the cows and calves out, writes a correspondent.

The clean snow or ground is a good place to feed sheep corn fodder, bean pods or hay. I am not so sure that sheep lack sense. They are pretty good timekeepers for one thing. They know when it is time to be fed, and what they like to eat, and there is no peace until they get it. And if one finds a good thing it will call all the flock. I do not agree about the snow for drink instead of water. My sheep go to a stream of spring water to drink. In winter it gets slippery at the edge and some are afraid to drink there, so I dip the water into a pail or tub. I have known them to travel to the stream half a dozen times or stand around and wait until I dipped in the water. And they had plenty of snow, too.

I have three fine lambs, at the present, February 10; one tipped the scale at 12 pounds. When the lambs come so early and the weather is cold, I feed them a little warm milk, sometimes before they are on their feet, using a bottle with a rubber nipple. If they seem chilled, I roll them up in a blanket and put in a basket by the kitchen stove until they are warm and lively.

RETARDING GROWTH.

Digging deep holes for setting peach trees has many years ago passed the experimental stage with me, says John M. Stubbs. It is not a theory but a well established fact, that the deeper the holes are made for trees, in reason, especially if the subsoil is stiff clay, the more certain are they protected against early blooming in the spring, as well as against excessive drouth in the bearing period. The results obtained from deep holes and strong manures on the bottom thereof, and around the outer rim of the hole, is a root system deeply established and reaching down into the cold clay, where it retards the upflowing of the sap in the spring, and consequently the blooming period. The warmth of the sun that comes with too much force sometimes in February, and starts the sap in motion, does not warm up the earth down into the clay, but only on the surface, and consequently does not start the tree. Another not much less important result is that the root system, being deeply established, is not affected nearly so readily by drouth in summer or autumn. Some years ago I set a peach orchard of about 16,000 trees, adhering strictly to the deep hole system, and when orchards all over the state failed I have had good crops. In a recent exceptional year, in which a great many orchards had a large number of trees killed by frost, I did not lose a tree. I attribute this to the deep hole system and deep cultivation following, during the first two of three years.

THE KIANG OF TIBET.

The prospective opening up of mysterious Tibet, as a result of the recent British military expedition to Lahassa, has awakened the interest of naturalists in the Tibetan animals, a number of which are peculiar to that lofty region. Among these one of the most remarkable is the kiang, an animal intermediate between the wild horse and the wild ass. Doctor Lydekker describes it as standing about 13 hands high at the shoulder, its color a bright red bay, the muzzle, under parts and legs dazzling white. It is confined to the central desert of Tibet, where in the winter it develops a coat "as thick and rough as a door-mat."

SPORTS VS. SPELLING.

Young Australia is a good deal stronger in cricket and athletics than in spelling. The Public Service Commissioners of the Commonwealth have been holding an examination of 300 aspirants to appointments in the Federal Government Departments. They report that a considerable number came to grief over the most ordinary words, no less than 177 writing "whether" in the familiar phrase "weather prophecies." The candidates came from all the States of the Commonwealth, and the Commissioners make some severe comments on "the lack of general education" disclosed by the competition.

Do You Choose

Your Medicine with Care and Insist on Having

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

You cannot be too particular in buying medicine.

It may be a question of life or death.

There are so many cough and cold remedies that there is a tendency to be careless in the selection of treatment, and yet what is more dangerous than a cold?

You would not think of taking any medicine that might be offered for heart trouble or kidney disease, and yet far more people die from the results of neglected colds than from these ailments.

INSIST ON HAVING A MEDICINE OF RELIABILITY AND REPUTATION, SUCH AS DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

This great family medicine has stood the test of years, and never disappointed those who put their trust in it as a cure for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma, coughs, colds, and throat troubles.

Do not be satisfied with substitutes and imitations, for they lack the curative powers which have given Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine its world-wide reputation.

MRS. GEO. GOOD, Tichborne, Addington Co., Ont., writes:— It is with pleasure that I certify to the wonderful success of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a cure for colds. It is the best and surest treatment for coughs and colds that we have ever been able to find.—Mrs Geo. Good, Tichborne, Addington Co., Ont."

MRS. A. A. VAN BUSKIRK, Robinson street, Moncton, N. B., writes: "For years I have used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for my children when they have colds in the winter. I first used it with my daughter, who suffered from a severe form of asthma. The least exposure to cold would lay her up and she would nearly suffocate for want of breath. I must say I found it to be a most satisfactory treatment, and it has entirely cured her. It seems to go direct to the diseased parts and bring the desired relief."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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CEYLON UNCOLORED GREEN tea to Japans. What we claim is true. You can prove it speedily by a tea pot infusion. Will you do so? See that you do. Sold in the same form as the famous "SALADA" Black tea. 25c and 40c per lb. By all grocers.

SELF-RELIANT SHEEP.

An Object Lesson for Parents of Children.

Mr. Owen Wister says that in pursuing the Rocky Mountain sheep, with a gun and a camera, he once witnessed an incident full of discipline, encouragement and instruction. A sheep and lamb were grazing along one of three well-marked terraces which were rimmed with walls of rock.

After a proper period of relaxation, the mother judged it time to go on. She mounted the hill right toward me, not fast but steadily, waiting now and then, precisely as other parents wait, for her toddling child to come up with her. Here and there were bushes of some close, still leaf, which she walked through easily, but which were too many for the struggling child.

The lamb would sometimes get into the middle of one of these and find itself unable to push through; after one or two little efforts, it would back out and go round some other way and then I saw it making haste to where its mother stood waiting. Upon one of these occasions the mother received it with a manner that seemed almost to say, "Good gracious! At your age I found no trouble with a thing of that kind."

While I was wondering what on earth they would do when they found themselves stepping upon the terrace into my lap, the ewe found a way she liked better, but it was severe work for the lamb. The mother got to the wall where she could make one leap of it. It was done in a flash.

Meanwhile, the poor little lamb was vainly springing at the walls; the jump was too high for it. Its front hoofs just grazed the edge, and back it tumbled to try again. Finally it blated; but the mother deemed this not a moment for indulgence. She gave not the slightest attention to the cry for assistance. There was nothing dangerous about the place, no unreasonable hardship in getting the best of the wall; and by her own processes, thought or instinct, she left her child to meet one of the natural difficulties of life, and so gain self-reliance.

The mother did undoubtedly not use the words "self-reliance" or "natural difficulties," but if she had not her sheep equivalent for what these words impart, her species would long ago have perished off the earth. The mountain-sheep is a master at the art of self-preservation. The maternal instinct of this ewe made her force the young one to climb for itself.

WORLD'S COAL PRODUCTION

India the Largest Producer Among British Possessions.

A British Parliamentary report on the world's coal production in 1902 shows that although the United States turns out more fuel than any other country, yet on a basis of population the United Kingdom still leads the way.

The total known production of the world (exclusive of Lignite) is now about 790 million tons (2,240lb.) per annum, of which the United Kingdom contributes rather less and the United States rather more than one-third. In 1903 Germany produced only about half, and France and Belgium together about a quarter of the total outturn of this country.

The production per head of population is 5.5 tons in the United Kingdom, rather less than 4 tons in the United States, 2½ tons in Belgium, about 2 tons in Germany and under a ton per head in France. These figures, of course, illustrate the relative importance of the industry in the various countries. Further tables emphasize this point by showing that far more persons are employed in and about the mines in the United Kingdom than anywhere else. The number for 1903 is given at 822,000, against 518,197 in the United States for 1902.

In 1902 the production of coal in the British colonies and possessions was as follows:—India, 7,424,000 tons; Australian Commonwealth, 6,860,000; New Zealand, 1,363,000; Canada, 6,422,000; Transvaal, 1,420,000; the Cape, 166,000; Natal, 593,000.

Of the British self-governing colonies, only the Cape of Good Hope is dependent on the United Kingdom, two-thirds of its consumption having consisted in 1902 of imported coal, nearly the whole of which was derived from the United Kingdom. Nearly the whole consumption of each of the Australian States consists of the produce of that state supplemented by imports from New South Wales. The imports into New Zealand are entirely derived from other British possessions, mainly New South Wales. In Canada the native production is largely supplemented from the United States, about half the consumption of the Dominion being derived from that source.

He who courts and runs away,
May live to court another day;
But he who weds, and courts girls still
May get in court against His will.

Mother and Babe

Sick mother—sick child! That's the way it works when a mother is nursing her infant.

Scott's Emulsion is an ideal medicine for nursing mothers. It has a direct effect on the milk. Sometimes the mother is weak; her thin milk does not make the baby grow.

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changes all that. The rich cod-liver oil in Scott's Emulsion feeds the mother and gives a flow of rich, nourishing milk for the baby.

The medicine in Scott's Emulsion not only strengthens the mother but goes naturally through the milk and strengthens the child.

Nothing to harm—all for good—Scott's Emulsion.

We'll send you a little to try if you like.
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Ayer's

For hard colds, bronchitis, asthma, and coughs of all kinds, you cannot take anything better than Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral

Cherry Pectoral. Ask your own doctor if this is not so. He uses it. He understands why it soothes and heals.

"I had a terrible cough for weeks. Then I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and only one bottle completely cured me."
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25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for

Coughs, Colds

You will hasten recovery by taking one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime.

The North Hastings Review.

MADOC, DECEMBER 8, 1904.

Toronto News:—When the ballots ave been purified by fire and the allot boxes by water, who can say that electoral reform is not making headway.

—

The Dominion Parliament meets on January 11. With one exception—1896—this is the earliest date in the new year that Parliament has ever been summoned.

—

Toronto Mail and Empire:—It seems that Mr. Phil. Lott, who gave away the ballot box conspiracy, was induced to do so by an uneasy conscience and a wife who would not permit him to be a party to a crime. This gives us all an additional reason why we should remember Lott's wife.

—

The people of Ontario will watch with a good deal of interest the proposed extensions of the Canadian Pacific Railway in different parts of this Province, in rivalry with the Grand Trunk Railway. The more branches it constructs the better for the districts served, however, it may be for the railway.

—

Principal Cavan, for many years at the head of Knox College, Toronto, and probably the leading Presbyterian divine in Canada, died suddenly at his home in Toronto on Thursday night last. He was not only a great preacher, a great Presbyterian, but he was also a great Canadian. His death will be a distinct loss to the country.

—

A fine buffalo fur coat, purchased in Ottawa by Lord Aya, who died from wounds during the siege of Ladysmith, is in the custody of Mr. R. J. Devlin, Ottawa, and awaits Lord Grey's arrival. Sewed under a flap on the inside lining is the following inscription:—"This coat, which belonged to Lord Aya, was sent to Canada after his death by the Marquis of Dufferin, to be for use of each successive Governor-General of Canada. (Signed) Minto.

—

General Nogi, the Japanese leader, is daily getting a firmer grip on the forts around Port Arthur. The losses of the besiegers have been very great, but Gene l Nogi is a man of iron nerve, who when a regiment fails to return after a charge orders up another. Nogi seems to have more of Grant's method of fighting, by sheer wearing out of his opponent, than any other Japanese leader in the field. It is estimated that the operations around Port Arthur have already costs 60,000 killed and wounded.

—

There are now ten vacant seats, in the Legislature, nine of which were held by Liberals and two by Conservatives. They are: North Perth, North York and North Norfolk, and Sault Ste. Marie, members unseated by the courts; South Norfolk, North Grey and Brockville vacated by acceptance of office; Port Arthur and Rainy River, members resigned. These were held by Liberals. On the Conservative side are Dufferin and North Rentrew, members resigned. This leaves 88 seats, of which 45 are Opposition and 43 Ministerial, leaving the Government in a minority.

Be Quick.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all druggists.

Sufferers from sciatica should not hesitate to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The prompt relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. Sold by all druggists.

Drunkenness Increasing.

The criminal statistics, just issued by the Dominion Government, show that drunkeness is on the increase. This applies only to the male population. The record indicates a growth of temperance among the women of Canada. The convictions by Provinces were as follows:—

Provinces.	1901.	1902.
Prince Edward Island	241	274
Nova Scotia	1,387	2,720
New Brunswick	1,299	1,458
Quebec	2,973	2,931
Ontario	2,900	5,043
Manitoba	824	1,466
British Columbia	1,232	1,356
Northwest Territories	491	941
Yukon	370	337
Totals	12,727	16,532

☞ Bargains in Xmas goods at Hudgin's.

Mr. George H. Pope, of Belleville, Dominion cattle inspector, and his wife, will sail for Europe in a few days.

New Advertisements.

Property For Sale.

Formerly known as the Volume residence. Modern brick house, good barn, good well and over an acre of land.
W. J. ATKINS.

Dog Lost.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 1, 4th con. of Madoc, on the 2nd inst., a Hound. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take it away.
49-8 JOHN LEWIS.

Lost.

On Sunday last, between residence and St. Peter's Church, Madoc, a Mink Fur Boa. The finder will be suitably rewarded.
MRS. JNO. CASKEY.

Estray.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 5, in the 8th concession of Huntingdon, on or about the middle of July, a two-year-old Bull. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take it away.
S. RAY.
Ivanhoe, Dec. 2nd, 1904. 48-3

Domestic Wanted,

for general housework. Apply to
MRS. MACKAY.
St. Peter's Manse, Madoc.

Stray Cattle.

Two Yearlings have strayed on lot 25, concession 6, in the township of Madoc. Owner may have same upon payment of charges.
HENRY J. MILLS.

Estray.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 16, in the 5th con. of Madoc, a Yearling Bull. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take it away.
CHAS. COMERFORD.
Eldorado, Nov. 29, 1904. 48-3

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the building known as Oak Leaf Cheese Factory, situated on lot 24, con. 10, Madoc Township, will be sold by Public Auction to the highest bidder on Saturday, Dec. 10th, at 1 o'clock p.m.
H. M. BLAIR,
President.

Township Taxes.

Notice is hereby given that all Taxes due the Township of Madoc must be paid before the 15th Dec., as County and School monies are required by that date. Costs may be added after 15th.
48-2 A. THOMPSON,
Collector.

Creditors' Notice.

Insolvent Estate.

Take notice that Allen Dafoe, of the Township of Huntingdon, in the County of Hastings, Yeoman, has this day made an assignment of his Estate to me, the undersigned, for the benefit of his Creditors pursuant to the directions of Chapter 147, Revised Statutes of Ontario.

And take notice that the Creditors of the said Estate will meet at the Law Office of A. A. McDonald, Solicitor, Madoc, on Tuesday, the 6th day of December, A. D., 1904, to make necessary arrangements respecting the said Estate. All Creditors will file on or before the said date, their several claims duly verified with the said Assignee.

A. A. McDONALD,
Assignee.

Dated this 25th day of Nov., 1904.

Insolvent Estate
Notice to Creditors!

Notice is hereby given that Miles Reed, of the township of Huntingdon, Yeoman, has made an assignment to the undersigned for the benefit of his creditors, pursuant to Chapter 147, Revised Statutes of Ontario. A meeting of his said Creditors will take place at the Law Office of A. A. McDonald, Solicitor and Assignee of the Estate, Madoc, on Tuesday, the 29th inst., at the hour of 10 a.m., for the purpose of making necessary arrangements respecting the said Estate. Creditors will file on or before the day appointed for said meeting, their several claims, duly verified with the Assignee at Madoc, Ontario, as aforesaid.

A. A. McDONALD,
Assignee.

Dated this 22nd day of Nov. 1904.

Teacher Wanted.

Female teacher wanted for S. S. No. 17, Madoc township. Duties to commence 3rd of January. Apply to
GEO. W. ROOK.
Secretary.
Madoc, Nov. 21st, 1904. 47-3

Estray Calves.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 11, in 8th concession of Huntingdon, on or about October 1st last, four calves—two white and red, one red, and one red roan bull calf. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away.
JNO. EMERSON.
Crookston, Nov. 23rd 1904. 47-3

Notice to Creditors!

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the statutes in that behalf that all creditors and other persons having claims against the estate of Wm. H. Diamond, farmer, who died at the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, on or about the thirtieth of September, 1904, are required to send to the undersigned Solicitor for the Executors of the estate of the said Wm. H. Diamond, full particulars in writing of their claims and of their securities, if any, held therefor, duly verified by affidavit, on or before the 16th day of December, 1904, after which date the Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among those entitled thereto, having regard only to such claims of which they shall then have had notice.

D. E. K. STEWART,
Solicitor for Executors,
Madoc, Ont.

Dated this 23rd day of November, A.D., 1904.

How about Painting.

No matter where you live or what you want painted we will gladly attend to it. We go anywhere for business. We will not overcharge and you will be pleased in every way. We keep Oils, Leads and Colors in large quantities and sell to our customers for whom we are doing work at wholesale prices.

The Reason we can do our work more cheaply than some painters is because we buy our lead, oils, etc., in tremendous quantities, securing the very lowest wholesale prices, and we handle nothing but the best in painters' materials.

We have in our employ only the best of workmen and expert mechanics.

WALL PAPERS.

As to wall papers everyone knows we have the best papers made and that our prices are always lower than elsewhere for commoner goods. Our August sale of wall papers at half price is a boom to home-makers.

Our Decorating. Our paperhanging, etc., is pleasing everybody both in style and low cost.

C. B. Scanlebury,
Decorator, Belleville.
Wall Papers, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, etc, wholesale and retail.
Write for samples and quotations.

Get Busy

CHRISTMAS IS DRAWING NEAR

We are showing a splendid stock for the Holiday Trade. Fine Silverware, Odd pieces of Flatware for the table in Sterling Silver and Plate. A case full of Stirling Silver Novelties of beautiful designs, such as Nail Jibs, Button-Hooks, Letter-Openers, Paper Knives, Glove Buttonors, &c. To see is to know what we have, a glance at our window display will convince you we have the goods to please. Of Fine Jewelery we have plenty to supply the wante of 'Xmas buyers. From 14K Pearl Brooches, Crescents and Pendants, Gold Lockets and Neck Chains, &c. Now is the time to buy. Don't wait until the last day and then find what you want is gone. Call to-day.

How about a dozen Disc Records to help the fun and good cheer of 'Xmas.

Geo. F. Maybee, Agent for Edison & Columbia Phonograph Company

McILROY'S STORE

is the place where you can get your Christmas orders filled with everything you want in

The Grocery Line

He carrys a full stock of the freshest and best goods in town and his prices are always right. There is where to buy your

Lake of the Woods Flour

It will speak for itself.

A car of Salt, both coarse and fine, by the barrel at $1.50.

Fearman's & Co. Sugar-Cured Breakfast Bacon and Hams and all kinds of Fish.

He will pay the highest market price for Butter and Eggs, and Poultry.

JOHN McILROY

FINE NECKWEAR

—FOR—

The Christmas Trade

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Gloves, Underwear, etc.

—CALL AND SEE OUR—

Visor Hood and Muffler,

Keeps the head, ears, face and neck protected from the cold, or can be worn as muffler only, for men, women or children,

FOOTE & ROSS.

Butter and Eggs taken.

McINTOSH BROS.

WILL HOLD A GREAT SALE THIS WEEK IN

PURITAN QUILTS

PURITAN WOOL BLANKETS
INDIAN WOOL BLANKETS
SCOTCH WOOL BLANKETS

All lines of Union Sheets to be sold cheap. This is the last sale we will advertise before we turn our attention to Christmas Goods, so look out for Bargains this week at

McINTOSH BROS.

STRICTLY CASH

A 1 Farm for Sale.

100 acres, known as the Arthur Mullett homestead, lot 14, 1st con. Huntingdon, Hastings county, double frame house, drive-house, stone hog-pen, double barn, good orchard, 3 living wells. Can be had with or without implements, stock, crop, etc. Particulars on the premises. 32

Albert College

Belleville, Ont.
Business School Founded 1877.

Practical and thorough. Five complete courses. Many graduates occupying important places as book-keepers and shorthand reporters. $37.50 pays board, room, tuition, electric light, use of gymnasium and baths, all but books and laundry, etc., for 10 weeks—longer time at same rate. Special reduction to ministers, or to two or more entering at the same time from same family or place. A specialist in Book-keeping, who is also an expert penman and specialist in Shorthand in constant attendance. The teachers in the literary department also assist in the work. The high character of the College is a guarantee of thoroughness.

Catalogue with specimen of penmanship, FREE.

Students may enter at any time.

Address, PRINCIPAL DYER, D.D., Belleville, Ont.

Farm for Sale.

A valuable 100-acre farm, 1½ miles from Trenton, on the Wooler gravel road. It is 80 rods wide, good roads on both sides of it, has a never-failing spring creek running through it five rods from barn. The soil is clay loam. Has a brick residence of 22x33, frame kitchen 40x20, and a good cistern in kitchen. The barn is 30x55, has a 9-foot stone basement, with stabling for 10 cows and 6 horses underneath. Buildings are all in first-class repair. There is a bearing orchard of 400 apple trees, besides pear and plum trees, and berries. There is also atenement house on the farm. No encumbrance on place. Immediate possession given and purchaser may buy stock on hand consisting of horses, cows and farm implements. Owner is desirous of selling owing to indifferent health. Terms easy.
85 J. G. WILLIAMS, Owner, Box 7. Trenton, Ont.

ALEX. BELAIR,
Merchant Tailor,

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - - MADOC

My stock consists of Canadian, English and Scotch Tweeds and Suitings, Blue and Black Serges, fine Black Venetians, Overcoatings and Pantings. All new Goods.

Your patronage respectfully solicited

DR. PERRY G. GOLDSMITH

OF BELLEVILLE, will be in

Madoc 2nd Monday each month

at St. Lawrence Hall, for consultation on diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat.

Miss Veda Campbell, A.L.C.M.,

TEACHER OF PIANO,

Having taken an Honor Specialist Course at the London Conservatory of Music, is

Prepared to receive a limited number of Pupils

For terms, etc., apply at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Moore.

Removal Notice.

W. C. MIKEL, B. C. L.,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Solicitor the city of Belleville.

Office removed to the City Hall, where he will continue a general practice of Law except as against the corporation of the city of Belleville.

Money to loan at 4, 5, or 6 per cent. according to quality of security.
Telephone No. 195 44

P. WALTER O'FLYNN,

BARRISTER,

MADOC, - - ONT.

Corporation and Private Funds for Investment. Collections promptly made.

OFFICE—North St. Lawrence street, next door west of T. L. Nickle's warerooms.

Merchant Tailoring!

ROBT. McGHEE,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

I have just opened my

New Spring Stock of carefully Selected Goods

so that all classes may find satisfaction. Work guaranteed.

R. McGHEE, Merchant Tailor,
Wood Block
Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Wright

MILNE'S HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT

Buy your 'Xmas Gifts from Milne

WHY ?

Because he has the Largest Assortment

Just arrived a Large Assortment of

Ladies' Hkfs.
Ladies' Fancy Collars
New Ribbons
New Blousings
New Kid Gloves

Great Sale this week of

LADIES' BLOUSING

A table of Blousing at Thirty Cents, goods up to $1.25 per yd.

ALEX MILNE.

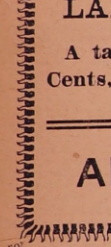
A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN AND INSURANCE AGENCY

Agent for "London, Liverpool & Globe," "Equity," and "Metropolitan" Fire Insurance Companies. Lowest rates in Tariff and Non-tariff Companies, and risks absolutely safe.

Madoc Pump Works

ALL KINDS OF FIRST-CLASS



Wood and Iron Pumps, Wind Mills, Grain Grinders, gasoline Engines, Steam Engines and Boilers.

Sole Agents for the Anderson Force Pump, of Aylmer.

Custom Saw and Shingle Mills on the premises.

we have made arrangements with a first-class Shingle Sawyer to handle this department.

CASH PAID FOR SHINGLE BOLTS

HART BROS., Proprietors.

Choice Groceries

—AND—

Provisions, Crockery and glassware,

—TRY—

GEO. WRIGHT'S.

Ontario Business College

is the most widely attended in America, and its famous bookkeeping text book, "The Canadian Accountant," is sold throughout the English speaking world. Send for illustrated Catalogues of each to the Principal and author,

J. W. JOHNSON, F.C.A., Belleville, Ont.

Notice.

I again forbid any person of cutting or removing any timber of any kind off of lots 26 and 27 in the 3rd concession of Tudor. No excuses will be taken.

JAMES N. CLARKE.

Dorset, Sept. 27, 1904.

Cheesemaker Wanted.

Cheesemaker wanted for The Ridge Cheese Company, Limited, for the season of 1905. Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to January 3rd, 1905. Output last season about 40,000 lbs.

GEO. PATTISON, President

Coe Hill, Nov. 11th, 1904.

Estray Hound.

Came to the premises of the undersigned, during the hunting season, a Hound. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take him away.

JOHN D. NICKLE.

Malone, Nov. 20, 1904. 47-3

Notice to Creditors !

Notice is hereby given that Andrew Eager, of the Village of Actinolite, Yeoman, has made to me, the undersigned, an assignment of his real and personal Estate for the benefit of Creditors, pursuant to Chapter 147, of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, respecting Insolvent persons, on the 28th day of November, A.D., 1904.

A meeting of the said Creditors will take place at the Law Office of A. A. McDonald, Solicitor, Madoc, Ontario, on Wednesday, the 7th day of Dec., 1904, at the hour of 10 a.m., for the purpose of making necessary arrangements respecting the said Estate. Creditors will file on or before the day appointed for said meeting, their several claims duly verified with me, the said Assignee, or the said A. A. McDonald at Madoc, Ontario.

A. A. McDONALD, R. E. MOORE, Sol. for said Assignee. Assignee.

Dated Nov. 29th, 1904.

—Model School examinations commence next week.

—We expect to issue the REVIEW "Christmas Number" next week.

☞ Call and see a choice selection of lovely Calendars just received at The Corner Drug Store.

—Remember the tea and "sale table" at St. John's Rectory this (Thursday) evening. Admission 10c.

☞ Biscuits, 5c a lb. at Hudgin's.

—Don't fail to hear Trooper Mulloy relate his experiences in South Africa, in St. Peter's Church, next Tuesday evening.

—John McIlroy is booming the Christmas trade, and has a large new advt. in THE REVIEW this week.

☞ Five pounds good cleaned currants for 25c at Hudgin's.

—A concert will be held at O'Hara's school on Friday evening, Dec. 16th. Proceeds to be used for a Public School Library. Admission 20c. and 10 cents.

—Mr. Harrison C. Halle has recently sung in Toronto and Kingston, and his talents have been much applauded. Madoc, Thursday, Dec. 15th, 1904.

☞ Three packages of selected raisins for 25c at Hudgin's.

—Nearly $5,000 of the $7,000 due the village for taxes have already been paid in. Collector Casement expect to have it all in by next week.

—Do not forget the concert in Masonic Hall, Madoc, on Thursday, Dec. 15th, 1904, when Mr. Harrison C. Halle, of Cincinnati, Ohio., will sing classical and other selections.

☞ Hen Feathers, 15c. per lb., suitable for customers. F. G. LYNDE.

—The Methodist Church S. S. will this year hold a Christmas Concert in their rooms on the evening of Dec. 22nd. A choice programme of songs, drills, recitations, etc., is being prepared.

☞ Three pounds choice cleaned raisins for 25c at Hudgin's.

—The Methodist Church Anniversary will be held on Sunday, 18th inst. The sermons will be preached by a former pastor, Rev. J. P. Wilson, of Belleville, President of the Conference.

—Santa Claus seems very much in evidence at the Beehive. Mr. MacGregor had on exhibition last week the finest display of dolls ever seen in Madoc. All kinds of Christmas goods are daily arriving.

—Mr. W. E. Connor this week shipped a consignment of his fancy poultry for competition at the Winter Fair held at Guelph. His birds are prize winners, and we hope he will have the usual success again this time.

☞ Finest quality Oranges, Lemons, Cranberries, Grapes, Onions, &c., at Hudgin's sold cheap.

—The REVIEW learns that a forged cheque for a sum of money passed through one of our local banks last week. The principals in the affair are prominent business men. The matter has been arranged without the aid of Government detectives.

☞ That guarantee of ours for good Butter still holds good, and we have just received six cases, pound prints, equal to any in this Canada of ours. F. G. LYNDE.

Madoc High School.

The following is the result of the examination in Form II.

ALGEBRA.—J. Devolin 98, E. McCarthy 96, M. Foley 91, T. Thompson 83, H. Bailey 80, B. Guffin 77, M. Fargey 76, I. Trotter 75, E. Rose 74, H. Doorley 70, A. Whytock 61, N. O'Flynn 60, G. Tuffs 60, L. Richmond 52, R. Dale 49, W. Diamond 49, A. McCaffrey 48, M. Tufts 45, I. Rollins 44, F. Thompson 43, C. Fitzpatrick 41, F. Cornel 38, A. Thompson 34, A. Huff 28, W. Wellington 18. Absentees, T. White, L. Rollins.

Election of Officers.

The following Officers were elected on the 2nd inst., for the L. O. L. No. 1133, Hazard's Corners, for the ensuing year:—

W. M.—James Anderson.
Dep. M.—James Burris.
Chap.—John Adams.
Rec.-Sec.—George Keene.
Fin.-Sec.—Fred Keene.
Treas.—John Trotter.
D. of C.—Wm. Farrell.
Lec.—Geo. Donahoe.
1st Com.—John Keene.
2nd Com.—John N. Moore.
3rd Com.—Wesely Huffman.
4th Com.—Foster Broad.
5th Com.—Geo. Burnside.

Village Council.

The regular meeting of the Council was held on Monday evening.

Present—the Reeve and Councillors Harrison, Harper and Weir.

Minutes of Nov. 7th, 10th, and 25th, read and confirmed.

On motion of Councillors Harper and Weir, the following accounts were ordered to be paid:—

B. O'Hara, Salary	$85 00
" Stationery	55
" Postage	6 33
W. Milligan, salary	10 00
R. Gray, "	40 00
W. Hill, "	14 00
J. White, "	10 00
J. Whytock, Rent	150 00
For Electric Light	
R. R. Casement, 25 poles	25 00
Montreal Star, Advertising	11 25
D. E. K. Stewart	7 40
P. J. M. Anderson	2 00

On motion of Couns. Weir and Harrison, the firemen were voted the usual grant of $75.00.

On motion of Couns. Harper and Harrison, the Reeve and Councillor Weir were appointed a Committee of Council to act with a Committee of Fireman to distribute the grant.

A By-law was introduced to appoint polling places and returning officer for municipal elections for 1904 as follows:—

Sub. Div. No. 1, Town Hall, B. O'Hara, Returning Officer.
Sub. Division, No. 2 " W. R. Gray, Deputy Bowen's Block, Returning officer.

Council adjourned to 15th.

Gamey Coming !

The Man From Manitoulin Will Address the East Hastings Electors.

The East Hastings Liberal-Conservative Association have called their annual meeting for Wednesday next, December 14th inst., to be held in the Opera House, Tweed, commencing at 1 o'clock p.m. The usual business meeting will first be held, election of officers, etc., after which a grand open rally in the interest of Mr. Richardson, the candidate for East Hastings in the Provincial Legislature, will be held, at which the following among other eminent gentlemen will speak: R. R. Gamey, M.P.P., for Manitoulin; Harry Corby, ex-M.P.P., Sir Mackenzie Bowell, W. B. Northrup, M.P., A. W. Carscallen, ex-M.P., J. W. Pearce, M.P.P., M. B. Morrison, M. P. P., E. Guss Porter, M. P., the candidate and others.

The posters calling the meeting are signed by W. J. Allen, President, and W. J. Moore, Secretary of the Association.

Rawdon Conservatives.

The following is a list of Rawdon Conservatives who attended the big convention at Toronto last week:—Messrs. George Snare, John Bailey, W. J. Moore and James Moore. All were from the vicinity of Springbrook.

A Painful Bite.

While killing hogs this week Mr. Henry O'Hara had a painful experience. One of the animals made a sudden snap at his hand, tearing off the nail and nearly the whole top of one of his thumbs. The injury is very painful.

County Council.

The last session of the County Council for this year opened at Belleville on Tuesday. Fixing the location of the County House of Refuge, and appointment of a new Treasurer are matters of importance that will likely be dealt with.

Surrogate Court.

Estate of N. S. Seaver, late of the township of Hungerford, farmer, deceased. Probate granted to James Brown and Arnold Harrison, Executors. D. E. K. Stewart, Solicitor.

Estate of Mark Sandford, late of the township of Madoc, in the County of Hast[illegible], farmer. Probate granted to Mary Winnifred Sandford, widow, and Wm. E. Sandford, Executors. Estate $4426.00. D. E. K. Stewart, Solicitor.

Death of an Old Resident.

The not unexpected death of Mrs. Vallier occurred at Buffalo on Sunday last. The deceased lady was an old resident and well-known and highly-respected in Madoc years ago. For some years past she has been residing with her daughter, Miss Susan Vallier, in Buffalo, and has been seriously ill for months. She was nearly 85 years of age. Mrs. H. S. O'Hara is a daughter, besides six other children are left.

White School Concert.

The proceeds at the White Lake entertainment would have been much larger had the crowd from Madoc made proper connections, however, some of the party had seen better days for travelling and decided to wait until the moon was higher, and later in the evening made up to them for kindness received. The concert was excellent and those who attended hope Mr. Shillabeer will hold another in the near future.

Trooper Mulloy Coming.

Among the many attractive entertainments which has favored Madoc, what should prove the most interesting will undoubtedly be the visit of Trooper Lorne Mulloy, who will lecture on his experience in South Africa, in St. Peter's Church next Tuesday evening, Dec. 13th inst. Trooper Mulloy is a genuine hero; a young college student of Winchester, Ont., he left his books at the first call for Canadian mounted troops and gave his best services for Queen and Empire in South Africa during those dark days of '99-'00. He participated in many of those hot engagements that brought such credit and honor on the Canadian forces in that struggle. He came out of South Africa with his life, but he gave his eyesight for his country. In one of the engagements a Boer bullet completely destroying the sight of both eyes. Since his return to Canada he has been studying to qualify himself for the ministry, and is a student at Kingston College, putting himself through by lecturing throughout the country during vacation. The blind trooper-student is a particularly able speaker, and despite his great affliction gives his hearers only the bright and humorous, with the thrilling experiences of a Canadian soldier in that great struggle. The Ladies' Aid of St. Peter's have secured him for his Madoc lecture, and we hope to see the church crowded as it should be.

☞ Tomatoes, Peas, Corn, choice goods, all 10c a can at Hudgin's.

WANTED a quantity of White Oak, White Birch, Rock Elm, and White Ash. W. J. ATKINS.

☞ Try John Sager for 25c. Black or Green tea. Our stock of confectionery for the Christmas trade is complete. Leave your orders for Christmas fruit cake early.

☞ McIlroy will sell you all kinds of Fish. Just received a shipment of Fresh Water Herrings, Salmon Trout, White Fish and Ciscoes, at rock bottom price. Also a full line of Fresh Groceries. Lake of the Woods Flour a specialty.

☞ Stoves, Stoves, Stoves at Whites.

☞ Try W. J. Reid for Painting.

☞ Cutters and Sleighs painted by W. J. Reid.

☞ A BARGAIN—First-class Farmers' Cook Stove, price $30.00, at G. A. Rollins'.

Personal

Mr. David Farrell, of Madoc township, is still very low.

Mr. Robt. Rollins left on Saturday to spend the winter at Coe Hill.

Mr. E. M. Gladney, B.A., of Marmora, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. R. Devlin, of Marmora, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. E. Connor.

Rev. E. W. Mackay attended the funeral of Principal Caven at Toronto on Monday.

Miss Mary Foley left last week for Buffalo, after spending the summer with friends in Madoc.

Col. Saunders, President of the Medina Gold Mining Co. of Syracuse, spent a few days in town this week.

Miss Nellie Connor attended the Annual Conversazione at Victoria University on Friday evening, Dec. 2.

Master Linn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rollins, of this village, has been dangerously ill with fever for the past couple of weeks.

Mr. John Conner left last week for Ottawa to accept a position with the firm of Blyth & Watt, Hardware Merchants, of that place.

Misses Llewella Jackson and Beatrice Kavanagh, of Bancroft, spent a few days in town last week, the guests of Mrs. D. O. Allport.

We understand Mr. R. R. Casement intends going to Cuba again in a few weeks. Mr. Arthur W. Coe also expects to visit that sunny island before the winter is over.

The friends of Mrs. Chas. G. Gream will be pleased to learn that she is quite convalescent after her recent illness. She is not able to be out of the house at present.

Mrs. Wm. Craig, a resident of Madoc about 25 years ago, but who with her husband has been residing at Albion, New York, returned to this village a couple of weeks ago and will remain here for the present.

Mr. James E. Harrison, mining broker, of this village, leaves this week to spend the winter months prospecting in Cuba. He will be accompanied by his son William, engineer, and Mr. Will Coe, of this place.

The Rev. W. W. Burton, so well-known in Madoc, is this week visiting English Church families in Bannockburn and Millbridge as Missionary Agent of the Diocese of Ontario. An ordained Clergyman is shortly to be sent there.

A. F. Wood, Esq., J.P., of Madoc, was taken seriously ill at Belleville last week while sitting on the ballot box case, and had to adjourn the court. He has now recovered and will continue the investigation this week.

Auction Sale.

The farm stock and implements of Thos. C. Broad will be offered for sale on east half lot 20, 9th concession of Madoc, on Tuesday Dec. 20. Sale at 1 o'clock sharp. Nine months' credit. Jacob Huff, auctioneer.



Chocolates !

GANONG'S

"The finest in the land." The name "Ganong" in Chocolates corresponds to the Stirling mark on silver—it is a guarantee of goodness. We have a splendid assortment.

DELIGHTFUL

in flavor, attractive in appearance and moderate in price

G. B. Chocolates
G. B. Mixture
G. B. Chocolate Burnt Almonds
G. B. Chocolate Marshmallows
G. B. Chocolate Maple Cream

The Corner Drug Store,

ALEXANDER

Druggist Stationer Optician

For Sale.

First-class Clover Mill, with Self-feeder and Wind Stacker. Thoroughly rebuilt, and in every respect as good as new. Will be sold at a bargain. Reason for selling—Too much occupied with other affairs. Apply to

THOS. H. TUMELTY or to W. I. TUMELTY, Madoc.

47-8

NEW PAINT SHOP.

The undersigned, having fitted up a new Paint Shop, is now prepared to do all kinds of

Painting on Buggies, Carriages, etc

—IN—

FIRST-CLASS STYLE.

Durable work given. Fifteen years' experience. Charges moderate. Shop next door to his residence.

W. J. REED.

Madoc, Nov. 15, 1904.

3 WEEKS MORE

Left to select your 'Xmas gifts. Don't wait until the choicest are gone and then you have to take any old thing. I have full and complete lines of Children's Picture Books. Tin Toys from 5c up. Games all kinds at half price.

HYMN BOOKS & BIBLES.

Just received a brand new assortment of Methodist Hymn Books with tunes. Presbyterian Hymn Books with tunes. English Prayer and Hymn Books. Catholic Prayer Books. They were all bought at reduced prices and you will get a bargain on any of them.

'XMAS PERFUMES.

All kinds of Fancy Packages from 10c to $2.50.

FANCY NOTE PAPER.

Best Assortment. All Prices, 10c. to $2.00.

Don't fail to see our stock of Mouth Organs. All new goods. Prices from 10c to $1.00

DON'T FORGET

That Horehound and Cherry Cough Syrup will cure that cold and make you enjoy your 'Xmas far better.

HARRY H. JONES, Phm. B.

The N. H. Review

Christmas ...Number !

will be a beauty this year.

See that your subscription is paid ahead so that you will be entitled to a free copy.

About the ....House

HINTS FOR HOME LIFE.

If onions are strong change the water several times while they are boiling.

To keep milk sweet for several days add a teaspoonful of fine salt to each quart of new milk.

Alcohol in its purest state is itself a poison and makes war on the tissues of the brain and bones.

In using a gas stove the oven will at times become very hot. To cool quickly, place a dish of cold water in it.

Never hang-to the oven door when baking pastry, as the shock causes the dough to settle down and the pastry becomes heavy.

Bananas should not be eaten till the skin becomes blackened, as they are more wholesome, besides having a better flavor than when green.

Creaking shoes, rustling of garments, the rattling of dishes, and kindred noises are often the occasion of positive suffering to an invalid.

To clean light wall papers rub the soiled spots with dry plaster of Paris. When all traces of dirt have been removed, dust off the powder with a soft cloth.

The open-air treatment which has been found so beneficial in consumption, is now being recommended strongly by German physicians in cases of nervous diseases.

To make good toast is quite an art. The bread should be cut one-third of an inch thick, dried slowly over the stove or at a distance from the fire; then browned quickly and served hot.

To keep tortoise-shell combs bright rub them, after each wearing, with soft leather. When they become dim, clean with rotten-stone and oil applied with chamois leather.

A blind with a shiny surface can, over and over again, be cleaned with breadcrumbs, and made to look as good as new. Lay the blind on a deal table and rub lightly, changing the bread as it gets dirty.

To remove spots from silk or cashmere, make a paste of fuller's earth and cold water, and lay it on the spot. Leave it some hours, then brush off. If this does not remove the marks, sponge them with chloroform.

Tomato rice. Place some plain boiled rice in a sauce-pan, add to it a teaspoonful of butter, and sufficient tomato sauce to make it a pretty color. Stir all together till hot, then add a tablespoonful of grated cheese. Serve the rice piled on a dish.

The best cure for hard skin on the feet is to rub the affected parts nightly with vaseline or pure olive oil. Continue doing this and in time the hard skin will fall off like powder. On no account cut the skin, as that only makes the hardness increase.

Cleaning galvanized vessels. The simplest plan is to scour these with a strong solution of hot water and common washing soda. All stains can be scoured off with paraffin and coal ash. Be sure to scour the exterior as well as interior of the zinc vessels.

Pound cold boiled fish to a paste, moisten it with a little mayonnaise sauce; add some hard boiled eggs if you have it. Spread on bread and butter, lay a lettuce leaf on it and cover with a second slice of bread and butter. Stamp into dainty shapes and serve.

A floor should never be swept in a room where there is a contagious patient. It should be washed with a cloth dipped in borax water, so that no dust annoys the patient and no assortment of germs are flung up in the air, to drift out of the window en route to fresh victims.

Almond paste for a cake is made thus: Beat the whites of three eggs to stiff paste, grind one pound of fresh almonds very fine, moisten them with rose-water. Mix with the eggs, and add one pound of caster sugar. Lay the paste evenly over the cake, and set in a very slow oven.

To renovate black silk, rub the silk all over on the right side with a solution of ammonia and water (two teaspoonfuls of powdered ammonia to a quarter of a pint of warm water), and smooth it on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron, and the silk will regain a bright black appearance.

Make half a pint of good melted butter sauce. Stir while it boils up, remove the pan to the side of the stove, add the beaten yolks of two eggs and the strained juice of a lemon. Season with salt and cayenne pepper. Serve with the boiled fish.

Put one ounce of butter in a saucepan, and when it has melted stir in two eggs, a tablespoon of anchovy essence, half a teaspoonful of chopped capers, and a pinch of red pepper. Stir till the mixture begins to set, then spread on hot buttered toast. Garnish with chopped parsley and lemon rind. This, like all savouries, must be served very hot.

Render cloth waterproof as follows: Take of powdered alum and sugar of lead each half an ounce, and stir them into a gallon of rainwater, when the mixture is clear, pour off the upper liquid. Immerse the cloth in this for twenty-four hours, then dry in the air and press it. The cloth tgus waterproofed will stand any amount of rain to which you are likely to be exposed.

Iron and steel goods of all descriptions are kept free from rust in the following manner:—Dissolve ½ oz. of camphor in 1 lb. of hog's lard, take off the scum, and mix as much blacklead as will give the mixture an iron color. Iron and steel goods of all kinds, rub over with this mixture, and left with it on for twenty-four hours, and then rubbed with a linen cloth, will keep clean for months.

Chilblains, which generally attack the fingers, toes and heels, are caused by the stoppage of the blood in the part affected through extreme cold. The best preventives are the wearing of woollen stockings and gloves, active exercise, and care not to expose the hands or feet suddenly to the fire when they are cold. A good remedy for chilblains is iodine ointment, which should be rubbed over them.

For pickled pork, cut the meat into convenient sized joints and remove the principal bones; rub on both sides thoroughly with saltpetre. Then take two parts of bay salt and one part common salt. Pack all in a clean vessel—a wooden tub is often used—with plenty of salt around the sides and quite covering the top. Great care must be taken of the pork tub in hot weather, or the meat will soon spoil. It needs constant attention and fresh salts.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Oysters with Brown Butter.—Pick over, rinse, and drain fifty nice oysters. Put them in a saucepan with one-quarter of a cupful of their liquor, strained, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of white pepper. Heat, shaking frequently, until they are plump, and the gills ruffled. In the meantime cook two tablespoonfuls of butter in another saucepan until it is nicely browned. Throw in three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and bring to the boiling point. Pour over the oysters, and serve at once on thin slices of hot buttered toast.

Ebony Jelly—Soak three pounds of prunes over night. Put in a double boiler or large kettle, and cook very slowly until plump and tender. Drain off the juice. When partly cooled, cut each prune in several pieces. Put pits and juice into a saucepan and boil until reduced—when strained—to three cupfuls. Add one pint of sugar, stir until dissolved, add one package, and a half of gelatine, which has been soaked in one cupful and a half of cold water. Take from the fire, stir until this is dissolved, mix with the prunes, and set aside until beginning to chill. Add three teaspoonfuls of vanilla, one pint of sherry, and sufficient caramel to make very dark. Turn into wetted molds.

Pickled Chicken.—Boil until the meat falls from the bones, pick the meat and put into a jar, and pour over it a liquor made with vinegar, to which has been added one-half of the quantity of the water in which the chickens were cooked.

Chicken Pie.—Stew chicken till tender, season with one-quarter of pound of butter, salt, and pepper; line the sides of a pie-dish with a rich crust, pour in the stewed chicken, and cover loosely with a crust, first cutting a hole in the center. Have ready a can of oysters, heat the liquor, thicken with a little flour and water, and season with salt; pepper and butter the size of an egg; when it comes to a boil pour it over the oysters, and about twenty minutes before the pie is done lift the top crust and put them in.

Pressed Chicken.—Boil two chickens tender, take out the bones, and chop the meat fine, add a small handful of bread crumbs, season to taste, with butter, pepper, salt, and a little sage; pour in enough of the liquor to make it moist; mold in any shape you choose, and when cold cut in slices.

Scrambled Mutton.—Three cups of cold boiled mutton chopped fine, three tablespoonfuls of hot water, one-fourth of a cup of butter; put on the stove, and when hot break in four eggs, and stir constantly until thick. Season with pepper and salt.

Boiled Mutton.—Select a leg of mutton, wash it, and put salt into every part; boil until tender in water slightly salted. Make a sauce of one pint of hot milk, thickened with flour and seasoned with pepper and butter.

Beefsteak Chowder.—Cut a generous pound of round steak into strips an inch and a half long and half an inch thick and wide. Cut a two-inch cube of fat salt pork into tiny bits, and cook in a hot frying pan with an onion sliced very thin. When the fat is fried out of the pork and the onion is browned add to it a pint of boiling water. Let simmer five minutes, then pour the whole over the pieces of steak. Bring the contents of the saucepan quickly to the boiling point; let boil five minutes, then simmer until the meat is tender. Have ready four or five potatoes, pared, cut in slices, scalded in boiling water, drained, and rinsed in cold water. Add the potatoes with a teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of white pepper to the stock. And when all is cooked, boiling water to cover the potatoes. Cook until the potatoes are tender, then add a cup and a half of rich milk. Split half a dozen crackers and dispose them in a soup tureen. Pour over them the chowder and serve at once.

Wild Duck.—To roast put a dozen cranberries inside, and cook the duck in a hot oven eighteen or twenty minutes. While these are cooking set into the sauté-pan slices of choice mild-cured bacon, rolled and fastened with toothpicks, turn these as needed until they become crisp and browned throughout. Serve around the duck on rounds of cooked hominy, egged, crumbed and dried. Some housewives chop a small piece of salt pork fine and put it in the duck. It is supposed to remove the strong taste from wild duck.

Time-Saving in Pie Crust.—One good heaping cup of lard—cold; three cups (round) full of flour; one even teaspoonful salt. Rub together till thoroughly mixed; set away in a cold place till you wish to make a pie. It will keep any length of time cold and dry. When you wish to make a pie, take one cup of the mixture, and as little cold water as you can possibly get it together with, hardly more than a teaspoonful of water. Add a few drops of water at a time, roll out, and on the top crust sift or sprinkle a little of the dry mixture to make it flaky. Very good, and always the same, and ready for instant use.

Love's Double

I.

It was grandmamma's birthday, and, as became dutiful grandchildren we sat around her, on her trim lawn, and waited reverently for her to tell us the story which, for ten years past, she had never failed to do. Alice, my youngest sister, stood behind her chair, and smoothed her beautiful silver hair; and Dora, my wife, whispered to me that it was wonderful how the old lady preserved her complexion, just as she had done when we were courting and grandmamma's story was comparatively new.

"Dear, dear!" said grandmamma, looking round. "And you are all young men and women! Dear, dear, how wonderful it is!"

Her bright old eyes took on a keener light as she peered around the little group.

"I've nursed you all on my knees," she said, "and I've watched you grow up; and when none of you have been in trouble, your old grandmother has been the first to hear about it. But I notice few of you come to me with your love-stories. I suppose the times are changing, even in that. When I was young, we always chose an elderly, sensible person"—grandmamma always described herself as an "elderly, sensible person"—"to confide in. Perhaps there's another reason though —you may not have had any to tell; but you'll have your romances, my dears, never fear. Life may seem dull and prosy to you sometimes; but there is always romance in store for you while you are young. It is only the old whose story is told and over. But I had my romance, my dears, even I. Shall I tell it you?"

The old lady's intellect was as clear as that of anyone in the group. She knew we had all heard the story time and again, but on her birthdays she allowed herself to become a trifle garrulous.

"Yes, please, grandma dear," said Alice, softly pressing a kiss on the ear which was still a delicate pink.

"It was more than sixty years ago," said grandmamma—"sixty years, children! I was a girl, then, and very much like you, Alice; but I wore my hair in a sensible fashion. And I was in love then—yes, in love."

I could have sworn, as I looked, that a faint flush mantled the wrinkled old cheek at the recollection.

Grandmamma caught my eye; saw that I had seen, and fixed her gaze on me, as I thought, a trifle defiantly.

"His name was Cecil Hardinge," she continued, "and, oh, he was so tall and dashing! In stock, surtout, and Wellingtons, he looked every inch a prince, and they tell me he cut a pretty figure at Almack's. We met at a croquet-party —there was no tennis in my day— and in the evening we were partners in the quadrille. And when, a month after, he proposed to me (a reception it was, my dears, and I was introduced to the great Sir Robert Peel the same evening). I had hard work to keep myself from dropping into his arms. That, however, was not considered lady-like in those days. You had to refuse a man at least once, or lose your reputation, no matter how you loved him.

"I really think I was the happiest girl in Kensington then. Cecil was an ideal lover. We rode in the Park together, played and sang, and once he took me to Vauxhall Gardens. Oh, my dears, I was a very happy girl then."

Suddenly the old lady's tune changed.

"Maude," she said sharply to my second eldest sister, "I caught you giggling. At what, pray, miss? Because these seem such simple things to treasure the memory of; because we didn't tear the country to pieces with abominable motorcars; because we didn't play bridge till three in the morning; because when we told one man we loved him we didn't straightway proceed to flirt with a dozen others? Was that giggle for any of these reasons, miss?"

Maude went scarlet. Truly grandmamma is a terrible person when her blood is up.

"No, grandmamma. I was laughing at Fido," she faltered.

"Because, miss," continued grandmamma, ignoring the explanation, "if so, it would be well for you to learn that the simple things of life are the best in the end. But, as I was saying, my dears"—turning to the rest of us—"at that time I was perfectly happy. After a while, however, I must confess Cecil grew somewhat remiss. He was a clerk in a banking-house, and business was no exacting that it often kept him from me. Still, he always sent his brother George, who was so remarkably like him that, if he had been one half as dashing, would have passed almost for his very self—to make his excuses in his stead, and really George was remarkably genteel and gallant.

II.

"But there came a shadow over my romance, my dears, and one terrible day they told me, as I sat waiting for him at my mother's harpsichord, that he had been arrested for embezzlement from his banking-house. I fell from my chair in a swoon, from which I did not waken for three days, and for weeks and months after I grew worse and worse, and fretted for my lover, till all who knew me feared I was going into a decline.

"Then one day, when I was near, indeed, to death's door, they brought me wonderful news. My lover, for whom I had cried night and day, had been honorably acquitted, and was even then waiting and willing to marry me, if I willed it so.

"Of course, I did will it so, and life, which had seemed to me to be so hard that a young broken-hearted maid could not support it, suddenly became all rose-color. It was worth the living after all, it felt, and they told me afterwards that from that moment I took the turn to health and recovery. And with the new life which joy had awakened in me, I waited till a clergyman came, and with him my dashing Cecil.

"By my bedside we were united, and from that day I began to recover, till at last they consented to bring my husband to me. The door opened, and someone entered; but it was not Cecil—'twas the sober George.

"'Where is my husband?' I said.

"And he hung his head.

"'I am he,' he answered. 'Forgive me, Mary. They told me 'twas the only way to save your life, and, oh, dearie, I have always loved you so!'

"Well, my dears, of course, I was terribly angry at the trick which had been played me. I learned then that my life had been despaired of—that only a sudden joy could give me the chance of living. Almost beside themselves with anxiety, my parents knew not what to do, till George heard of the dilemma, and offered himself as a substitute for Cecil. He was, as I have said, remarkably like his dashing brother, and in his clothes in the darkened room, it was easy, even for a love-sick girl, to fall into error. Time, however, brings us to our senses I noted several sterling qualities in the sober George which had been absent in the dashing Cecil (who had really been sentenced to transportation beyond the seas), and we came together; and, though 'tis twenty years since I laid him to rest, now thinks I miss him more every day."

Such was my dear old grandmother's story. May she live to tell it for many years yet! When I hear it it seems to bring the scent of dead roses and lavender to me, and in those days of rush roses and lavender are such restful things.—London Answers.

FATTENED FOR SLAUGHTER.

A Sailor Tells How He Escaped From Cannibals.

To be captured by a horde of wild cannibals, fed until he presented a most appetizing spectacle to his captors, and to have a dangerously near view of a large, rough gridiron, where he was to be toasted until properly browned, was the recent experience of Thomas Ellis, a member of the crew of the steamer Astrakan, which arrived at Philadelphia the other day. The story of how Ellis escape this fate and thus disappointed the expectant palates of the savages was told by him.

At the time of his experience Ellis was a member of the crew of the sailing ship Aigburth. Under the command of Captain John H. Reed and with a crew of seven men, the ship left New South Wales for Java, where it was to take a cargo of sugar for Philadelphia. On July 10, when off the northeast coast of New Guinea, the ship met a storm.

The sails were carried away first, and the mast soon followed. The second day land was sighted, and it was determined to make a trial at reaching shore. When still some distance away the boat was swamped, and the eight men, already exhausted, had to swim to shore.

One of the men had brought a rifle with him, and he managed to keep this dry, knowing it to be their only hope of getting food.

Wet and weakened, the party made their way inland for several hundred yards, when they were attacked by a band of naked savages. With the aid of the rifle, which kept their pursuers at bay, Captain Reed and three of his men succeeded in escaping, but Ellis and the others were captured.

To the wonder of the men, the savages took great trouble to capture them alive, and seemed to express glee rather than hatred in their glances. Still more surprised were they when they were placed in a warm, dry hut and given plenty of vegetable food.

No meat was given them, and this omission at first due, they afterward found out, to the prevalence of tetse, a fly pest, which had exterminated most of the animals in that section of the country. It was not until the end of this time that they began to realize the fate in store for them.

Good living and idleness had its usual effect, and they began to fatten. It was when they noticed that this increase of flesh was appreciated by their captors that they realized that, having been long without animal food or flesh of any kind, the savages intended to have a gala feast with them as the principal dish.

In the meantime the other sailors had also been captured, but by another and more friendly tribe. This tribe had many dealings with traders. When they learned that the rest of the party had been captured by the cannibals, they offered to rescue them, as it gave them a chance to wreak vengeance on a tribe with which they had several scores to settle.

When they reached the enemy's country they attacked the cannibals on the day that had been set for the feast. The captors were taken by surprise, and soon gave way, running in all directions. The captives were forgotten in the general rcute.

Ellis and his three companions were found lying, bound, beside a huge fire, on which had been placed a crude gridiron. With the aid of friendly natives a port was soon reached, and the men were able to set sail for Java.

He worked with one eye on the clock The whole long workday through. Now he can watch it with both eyes; He's nothing else to do.

WRITTEN WHILE ASLEEP

MEN WHO EARN MONEY IN THEIR SLUMBERS.

Credible Stories of Authors Who Compose Articles While Soundly Sleeping.

If there is anything more agreeable than earning substantial cheques in one's waking hours, it must surely be waking up to find that you have been coining money in your sleep. This is the pleasant experience of Signor Victor Caetani, a young Italian, who is amassing his countrymen by dashing off brilliant articles and poems when, to all appearance, he is wrapped in slumber.

There are some critics who are unkind enough to suggest that the signor sleeps with one eye open, and who scoff loudly at the possibility of anyone doing intelligent work in his sleep, but even if there be any ground for suspicion in this particular case, their scepticism on the latter point is quite unjustifiable.

Is it not part of literary history that one of the most exquisite poems in our language—"Kubla Khan"—came, in ordered sequence, with all its gorgeous Eastern colors, to Coleridge during his hours of sleep; and when he awoke it remained so vividly in his memory that he was able to sit down and commit nearly the whole of it to paper before an interruption chased the remaining lines from his mind?

Tennyson used to declare that the most beautiful of all his poetry came to him when he was sleeping, but, alas! few when he awoke. In fact, of all his thousands of lines of "dreamverse," as he called it, only four survived his waking, and were written before his Muse was fledged—at the age of ten.

A VERY REMARKABLE STORY

is told by one of our most popular novelists of how he once earned a cheque without knowing it. He was astonished one morning at receiving a cheque for an article in a London evening newspaper. He had no recollection whatever of having written any such article, and promptly returned the cheque with a letter to the editor explaining that it must have been sent to him by mistake. Back came the cheque, however, with a message that he had earned it and must keep it; and it was not until the author saw in print the article which he had posted to him that the explanation of the mystery flashed on him. He then recalled that in a dream the idea of writing such an article had occurred to him and that he had sat down and written it. The whole incident, however, had been completely effaced from his memory; only to be revived when he actually saw in print the very article he had evidently written and dispatched in his sleep.

A few years ago a student at a theological college was credited with writing excellent sermons and composing music in his sleep. There was, perhaps, not unnaturally, a great deal of incredulity; and to test the matter the young man was carefully watched for several nights. He was seen to rise from his bed and to sit down at a table and rapidly fill sheet after sheet with writing. On finishing each sheet he read it aloud and made any necessary corrections. Even when a sheet of cardboard was interposed between his eyes and the paper he continued to write with equal ease; and if a blank sheet of paper were substituted when he was revising he would make the corrections in the exact part of the empty sheet where they would have come on his manuscript.

AN EQUALLY CREDIBLE STORY.

is told of a doctor who was watching all night at the bedside of a patient and, overcome with fatigue, fell asleep. Before doing so he had asked the nurse to awaken him if certain changes occurred, when he would change the treatment. When he awoke some hours later he was gratified to find his patient better, but astonished to discover that the medicine had been changed. When he asked the nurse how this had happened, she said that during the night she had called him as requested, he had carefully examined the patient, changed the medicine, and ordered a different treatment. Of all this he had no recollection whatever. "I had carried on the proper course of reasoning," he said, "and had met every emergency of the case, and yet I was sound asleep all the while."

To give but two more examples: Goethe often declared that much of his work had really been done in his sleep. "The objects," he said, "Which had occupied my attention during the day often reappeared at night in connected dreams. On awakening, a new composition or a portion of one I had already commenced presented itself to my mind. In the morning I was accustomed to record my ideas on paper." And Tartini's famous "Devil's Sonata" he always declared, an exact reproduction of a melody which had been played to him during his sleep.

PAPER KETTLES.

Preparations are being made to furnish the soldiers of the German army with paper kettles. It is understood that the new devices are the invention of a Japanese. Although the utensils are made of pliable paper, they hold water readily. By pouring water over them they can be hung over the fire without burning for a length of time sufficient to boil the water. One kettle can be used about eight times, and the cost is only two cents. The chief advantage in favor of the unique receptacles is that they are much lighter to carry than anything else yet devised.

"There are some songs that will never die," said the musical enthusiast. "I guess that's right," answered Mr. Cumrox. "My daughter sits down at the piano and tries to kill a few of 'em every evening. But it's no use."

NEW TELEGRAPH PROCESS

ANY ONE CAN NOW TRANSMIT MESSAGES.

The New System only Requires a Fair Knowledge of Typewriting.

A remarkable high-speed telegraph instrument has been invented by a Mr. Donald Murray, who claims that it is as great an advance upon the Morse instrument as the Morse was upon its predecessor the single needle.

For twelve months the British Postoffice have had the instrument working for experimental purposes between London and Edinburgh, apparently with promising results, and they have now decided to test it by a perfected instrument that has been devised by Mr. Murray during that period.

If the Murray transmitter ever becomes universally adopted, it will mean that telegraph clerks will never have to put pen or pencil to a telegram, beyond perhaps marking upon it the time of handing in.

The system is in some respects similar to the Wheatstone, but differs inasmuch as paper tape, instead of being hand punched, is perforated by an instrument. Also the tape at the other end of the wire is similarly perforated instead of being marked by dots and dashes; and, above all, this tape can be placed upon another machine, which converts the perforations into printed words on to telegraph forms at the rate of about 120 to 150 words a minute.

INGENIOUS OPERATIONS.

The system is four or five times as fast as the Morse, and consists of three stages:—

First, the telegram is copied on a machine resembling a typewriter. Paper tape runs through this, and it perforated as each letter is struck.

Secondly, the message, as it appears on the tape, is run at a very rapid rate through a transmitter, and an exact fac simile of the tape is produced at the other end of the wire.

The third process consists in putting this tape through a typewriter, with automatic mechanism driven by a small electric motor, and the message appears neatly printed, lined, and spaced.

This last stage may be described as being similar in effect to the placing of paper rolls of music in an automatic piano. Whereas in that case the perforations are the cause of the notes being struck and the music being produced, so in the case of this instrument the perforated paper is the cause of the typewriter keys going down and the hammers containing the letters striking the telegraph form and producing letters and words.

One of the effects of the use of this instrument to come up to expectations—would be a great saving of time, as a wire would be capable of carrying four or five times the number of words as at present, and fewer persons would consequently be required to perform the work.

Any person able to operate a typewriter can transmit messages by the Murray system.

JAPANESE FUR RAID.

Secured Big Booty on the Russian Grounds.

Deeply laden and with their scrapers awash, the schooners that left Hakodate and other ports in Northern Japan last May are now returning from their raid on the Russian fishing stations in Kamschatka and the seal and sea-otter rookeries on the islands in the Okhotsk Sea and the Commander Islands.

The furs have been carefully packed and sent to London, where the quantity that will be offered for sale this year will be larger than for many years past, and also for many years to come, for the rookeries have been practically destroyed by the raiding vessels, and after this year sealskins will rank among other rare furs and will be extremely hard to obtain.

Three of the vessels which raid Kamschatka were attacked by 400 Russians, and captured after three days' fight, half of the crew being killed and the remainder made prisoners. Seven other ships manned by over 250 man had better luck. They were also attacked by the Russians, who were dispersed after a fierce engagement, in which about fifty men were killed.

The crews of seven vessels landed on Robben Island, south-east of Saghalien, and finding it unprotected, secured over 10,000 sealskins.

On August 10th the British warship Algerine arrived off the islands and warned all the vessels found there that no hunting would be permitted inside the three-mile limit. The presence of the ship also frustrated an attempt that was to have been made on the warehouse of the Kamschatka Commercial Industry Company at Petropaulovski, where skins to the value of $1,500,000 were stored.

A moderate estimate of the value of the fish and furs taken by the raiders is about $1,100,000, while the actual damage inflicted amounts to millions.

WOULD HEED THE WARNING.

"Susie," cautioned the mother, "if that young Mr. Lovum called on me as he does on you, and asked me to kiss him, as he does you, I should show him the door instantly."

"Yes, mamma," replied the dutiful daughter.

After the young man's next call the mother asked Susie:

"Did you follow my advice with regard to Mr. Lovum?"

"Yes, mamma. I told him you said if he asked you to kiss him you would show him the door."

"Ah! and what did he say to that?"

"He said he wouldn't ask you."

STRANGE WEDDING GIFTS

DISCARDED LOVERS ARE NOT USUALLY GENEROUS.

How Some Young Men Got Even With Their Old Sweethearts.

It sometimes happens that when a young man is jilted by the girl he had hoped would become his bride, and who adds insult to injury by promptly marrying another man, the discarded lover seizes the opportunity to send her a wedding gift which is by no means calculated to add to her happiness.

Three years ago a young couple were almost on the eve of being married when the would-be bridegroom offended his fiancee so deeply that she gave him his dismissal, and requested that all her letters be returned. The young man declared that she should have them on the day she married—not before—and on the morning of her wedding he would himself deliver them at her house. The young woman allowed the matter to rest there, and as time went on managed so far to put all thought of her former lover away from her as to become engaged to another man.

The wedding day was fixed and the morning of the great event arrived, when a parcel was left at the house of the bride addressed to her and marked "With great care," the messenger begging that it might be delivered to Miss So-and-so at once. Forthwith it was taken to her room, where friends were helping her to dress for the ceremony, and guessing that it was another present the bride quickly untied the black ribbon which fastened the package, and disclosed to view a small urn similar to those in which it is usual to place the ashes of

THE CREMATED DEAD.

Together with this strange and gruesome present was a short note informing the bride that "Mr.—— begged to return to her all the letters she had written to him in the days when they were lovers. He had cremated and placed them in the urn in order that she might be spared the painful pleasure of re-reading the endearing messages she had sent him long ago." The bride made no comment, but simply handed the urn into safe keeping of her maid and went on with her dressing. It is more than probable, however, that the cruel manner in which the letters were returned cast a cloud over her day's happiness.

A somewhat similar present to the above was recently forwarded to a young lady in Philadelphia by a well-known clubman whom she had jilted. Instead of an urn, however, the revengeful lover chose a coffin, perfect in every detail, which contained all the letters she had written to him during their engagement. The casket was 10in. long and 6in. deep, so the number of letters received must have run into fair figures. On the lid of the coffin was a silver plate bearing the following inscription :—

Love.
Born August 5th, 1900.
Died July 1st, 1904.

Four years ago the young man had met the lady in a Western city and had promptly fallen in love with her. The girl was very beautiful, returned his affection, and after two years their engagement was announced. In July last they

QUARRELLED AND PARTED,

and hence the origin of the strange wedding gift. It is stated that when she received the coffin the bride simply laughed, said, "How like dear old Jack!" put the letters away in safe keeping, and now uses the coffin as a glove-box.

In Spain, where the quality of love is supposed to be of an extra strong brand and more volcanic than in this country, instances are on record in which the wedding gift from a discarded "Don" has been not only in bad taste, but distinctly objectionable. In the land of the bull-ring, as is well known, lovers do not take their dismissal very pleasantly, but probably have, in fact, a nasty habit of visiting their displeasure on their supplanted rival in a way which calls for the coroner's inquest. Sometimes, however, a Spaniard becomes morbid, and then he not infrequently takes his own life and leaves his late fiancee a legacy in the form of a "bitter curse."

In a case of spurned affection, reported from Madrid, some two years ago, however, a certain rich Don, who had been engaged for some time to a beautiful Cuban, and whose love she had afterwards rejected, took a curious way of having revenge. A few days before the girl who had jilted him was to be married he committed suicide, leaving a remarkable will, in which he bequeathed all his property to her on condition that she married him on her wedding day. There was only one thing wanting to complete the gift—room to remind her of the fact that through her it had been broken.

THE SPANISH LADY

would probably have declined accepting a legacy, however valuable, under such circumstances, but her husband, who was not so particular, persuaded her to give her consent, and the heart of the suicide was embalmed, placed in a metal box, and enclosed in a solid oak chest, which was then hidden in the darkest corner of the sleeping apartment. Apparently it did not disturb the young couple's rest, and they have now become so used to seeing the chest in their room that they probably never give a thought to the gruesome thing it hides.

Occasionally the discarded lover is not altogether ungenerous or spiteful in recognizing the marriage of the girl he had hoped to annex, although in the gift there may be some little reminder of the happiness he has missed. A case of this kind which came under the writer's personal notice some three years ago may be quoted. In this instance the young man had not ceased to love the girl who had jilted him, and so when she was about to be married to his rival he sent her a valuable diamond heart pierced by a ruby arrow, a bit of sentiment which the bride probably appreciated, considering it was valued at $5,000.—London Tit-Bits.

GRUESOME FOOD.

Man From the U. S. Claims to be Poison-Proof.

Some 40 gentlemen, including several belonging to the medical profession, were invited to the Queen's Hotel, in Leicester square, London, recently to assist at "a scientific demonstration setting at variance the laws of nature." When they entered the room they saw a table laid with eight or ten covers and wondered what was to happen. Presently a gentleman was introduced as "Captain Vetrio," and, speaking with a strong American accent, he proceeded to declare that he had discovered that his digestive powers were such that he could assimilate poisons in quantities which would kill any ordinary being; in fact, that "he defied death." One's memory flew back to the history of olden time, to Mithridates, who had gradually inured his system to all poisons, so that when he wished to "shuffle off this mortal coil" in a hurry he had to have recourse to cold steel. "Captain Vetrio:" proceeded to lift the napkins placed over each plate, and on each was seen a quantity of powder, yellow, green, white or blue, while the "sauce" bottles were shown to contain phosphorus in water—to prevent ignition—and others strychnine. He explained that while he could not deal with acid poisons he could digest alkalis or salts, and went so far as to claim that he had within the presence of doctors braved even atropine, a small quantity of which is fatal to the ordinary mortal. He averred that he took no antidotes, that he did not prepare himself for his ordeal, nor did he employ a stomach pump after going through his demonstration, adding as a proof that a the medical college in Detroit had been under observation for one hours before and seven hours after the experiment. He admitted that some poisons with a strong flavor prevented him for some days from relishing ordinary food; for instance phosphorus made meat taste putrid, while after copperas he could scarcely relish his cigar. Then the proceedings began. First "Captain Vetrio" took a quantity of what he called "Paris green," a copperas, mixing the powder in water; then he took a dose of strychinine. A doctor present was dissatisfied, and tasting the liquid to which water had been added, objected that it was weak. The demonstrator brought over the bottle, in which about a grain was left, and the doctor was satisfied with the strength of that preparation, whereupon "Captain Vetrio" emptied the bottle down his throat. Next he swallowed some blue indigo powder, dissolved in water, and he wound up by biting a small piece of phosphorus, saw four or five grains off a stick preserved in water, the odor of which was unmistakable, chewing it and swallowing it—all this, be it said, without any visible ill-effects, though the demonstration lasted over half an hour. If not fatal, the dose of any one of those four poisons would have sufficed to make an ordinary man violently ill. The demonstration was gruesome—but it may have some scientific object if properly performed in medical schools. Asked how he had discovered that he was thus "poison proof," the "captain" said that a baker once mixed arsenical rat poison in his bread by mistake, and whereas every one else was ill he felt no effects and therefore experimented on himself. The demonstration seemed to be performed in all good faith, but it was sufficiently gruesome even to those with only a slight knowledge of the toxic effects of the matters swallowed.

POWDERS FOR BAD TEMPER.

Take One When You Feel The Fit Coming On.

Good temper is a matter of easy achievement, according to that eminent medical authority, Sir Lauder Brunton. Sir Lauder believes that good digestion is a considerable factor in securing amiability, but in special cases he recommends the administration of "temper powders."

Gouty persons, he says, become temporarily irritable shortly before an attack, and for such persons he recommends twenty grains of bicarbonate of potash, with ten or twenty-one grains of bromide of potassium, to be taken when the feeling of irritability comes on. This remedy frequently soothes it, and has the further effect of lessening the worry even in those who are not irritable.

"If this 'temper powder,' as I am accustomed to call it," says Sir Lauder, "be taken when some irritating occurrence takes place, or some depressing news is heard, it appears to take away the sting of either, so that in place of being worried and unable to turn the attention to other things, a person feels as if he had slept over the bad news or worry, and is able to obtain relief by turning his attention to something else.

"In irritability of temper caused by any cardiac disease, the precursor of which is a headache, I have found on a few doses of bromide of potassium and salicylate of soda will give relief and improve the temper.

"Constant explosions of temper on the part of a member of the family may affect the health of other members who have their appetites spoiled, their digestion impaired, nerves shattered, and their pleasure in life destroyed by the mental suffering produced by the irritable temper of the other.

"For these patients the best treatment is to administer temper powders to the offending person, and the distressing symptoms of the other members of the family will be relieved."

NEW USES FOR LIQUID AIR

THE COST HAS BEEN MUCH REDUCED.

Has Taken Its Place as Aid in Surgery—Also as a Motive Power.

The radium wonder has been followed by a liquid air boom. No music hall programme is now complete without its "demon" kettle, which "boils" on a block of ice. But this phenomenon is, of course, only one of the many curious effects obtained with liquid air, and the new power has a more serious future before it than merely for exhibition purposes.

Of the many scientists who have been experimenting since Professor Dewar startled the world nearly eight years ago with some extraordinary facts and prophecies, Dr. Maxim Boyd has been one of the most indefatigable. Dr. Boyd, who is now demonstrating at the Hippodrome the remarkable results he has obtained in his laboratory, has given a representative of the St. James' Gazette some interesting facts about the manufacture and power of liquid air. By a system Dr. Boyd has perfected, the price of liquid air has been greatly decreased

COST MUCH LOWER.

The production of the first pint cost £800, but now it is possible to produce that quantity for about ninepence. Purified air is first subjected to a pressure of 2,500 pounds per square inch, and it is then suddenly released and allowed to expand, passing through a number of coils and tubes until the gas, which was very hot while under compression, becomes so cold that it liquefies. It is then drawn off by means of a tap.

The phenomena produced by liquid air, he explained, all arise from the fact that the air when in a liquid condition evaporates very rapidly, and being extremely cold freezes everything it meets.

But while liquid air is so cold that it will freeze, it is so hot that it will burn. The percentage of oxygen in it is so great that it will consume steel in a brilliant flame, the metal quickly melting into little globules.

USED IN SURGERY.

As to the future of liquid air, Dr. Boyd thinks its greatest sphere of usefulness will be in the medical world. In Germany, France and America operations have already been carried out by its aid. In cases of amputation the limb is treated with liquid air, which chills it so that there is no pain. The after-effects of chloroform and ether are thus avoided. Liquid air has also been used in cold storage being passed along pipes.

Many think that as a motive power it will be utilized in the future. Dr. Boyd has made experiments in this direction, but finds that there are some great obstacles to overcome. He thinks, however, that some day the difficulties will be removed.

NOBLE BOY?

Being nine years old, he was a small boy; and, being an only son, he was mother's innocent, guileless boy. His mother was sure of that, even though his father had doubts as to his innocence and guilelessness. But the boy proved it. Whilst playing football the ball went through a coloured pane of glass in the library. When his mother discovered it, in her sternest voice she asked :

"Who did that?"

"I did, but I didn't do it on purpose. The ball slipped."

"You did! Well, what will your father say when he knows of it?"

"He knows it now. I told him."

"You told him! Oh, you brave, manly little boy! How noble of you! So as soon as you did it, you went all the way down to his office and told him?"

"No, I didn't go to the office. I called him up on the telephone."

Mr. Popinjay (falling on his knees) —"Miss Perkins, I can no longer resist the passionate impulse to appeal to you on the momentous subject that is fraught for me with the issues of life and death. And yet I am overawed at my presumption when I take into consideration the celestial glamour of your personal charms, the dazzling lustre of your intellectual attainments, the exquisite, the adorable——" Miss Perkins—"Excuse me, Mr. Popinjay, but there are times when eloquence is rather out of place. If you wish to pop the question, pop it, and be done with it." This was duly done.

Mrs. de Firn—"I tremble to think of our daughter marrying that young man. Why, he orders his mother and sister about as if they were slaves. Mr. de Firn—"Don't worry, my dear. I've don't order our daughter about more than once. She takes after you."

CONSOLATION.

Mr. Hackett had not been so successful as he was honest, and there were times when he felt depressed over the failures he had made. At such times Mrs. Hackett was, with the best intentions, a dubious comforter.

"I don't like to hear you speak of things in that doleful way, Cyrus," said that excellent woman on one occasion, "and I don't like you speaking as if you thought I ever really regretted our marriage. Is it likely I would? Didn't I have three other offers? Offers from men who were handsome and interesting and attractive to a young girl in many ways? And yet—I chose you, Cyrus, after all, in spite of everything everybody said! Now you let your mind dwell on that!"

One cannot always be a hero, but one may always be a man.

The Belgians are the greatest potato eaters in the world, and the Irish come second.

THE BALLOON CURE.

It Is Much Ahead of High-Altitude Sanitariums.

Dr. Albert Robin, the noted French authority on pulmonary diseases, after many experiments, announces that it is better to treat consumptives in balloons than to send them to high sanitariums. In an interview Dr. Robin said :

"The balloon offers a new instrument to the physicians. My experiments, covering a considerable period and a wide range of cases, have demonstrated the value of balloon ascensions in the treatment of pulmonary, nervous and other diseases.

"A few hours in the clouds per balloon will be found much cheaper also than the spending of months in sanitariums. Mountain illness, caused by the rapid exhaustion of oxygen in the blood, will be avoided. Balloons can regulate the altitude to suit the respective requirements of the patients.

"The benefit derived from ballooning arises from the stimulation of the respiratory exchanges or the consumption of oxygen in the system and the production and exhalation of carbonic acid gas. The results were first demonstrated in a series of scientific balloon ascensions made under my supervision by my pupil, Dr. Dagonnier, who several times ascended to a height of 4,649 yards, breathing at stated intervals into rubber balloons, the contents of which were afterwards analyzed in my laboratory.

"Later on a series of experiments was carried on with consumptive patients. In one case a patient was taken to a mountain sanitarium and observations made, and soon afterward the same patient was put under observation in a balloon and about the same altitude. My theory was corroborated.

"I recommended that hospital authorities all over the world provide the balloon cure for rich and poor patients, in accordance with directions which I will gladly furnish."

LONDON BEGGARS TRICKS

THE STORY OF A CRIPPLED MATCHSELLER.

At End of Day Diseases Vanish And He Retired to a Suburban Villa.

A wealthy beggar was recently sentenced to three months hard labor in a London (England) court as a rogue and vagabond.

For many months the prisoner has been a familiar figure in the neighborhood of Bishopsgate. With head hanging on one side, one foot dragging behind him, and his limbs shaking, he presented a pitiable spectacle. Very few people bought the matches he carried, but coins were dropped into his box by city merchants, clerks, and even poverty-stricken charwomen, and the police calculated that he collected $30 a week on the average. The paralysis, it was alleged, was assumed, and on his way home to his villa at Norwood the accused became much better, running up the station steps two at a time. He lived in comparative comfort, and his wife only knew that he was "something in the city."

Mr. F. G. Brown, surgeon to the city police, said he thoroughly examined the accused. Smith told him that a few weeks before Christmas, 1901, he was thrown from a trap and injured at the back of the neck.

SETTING UP PARALYSIS.

Witness found the accused could grip fairly well with either hand, and the pupils of his eyes were quite normal. He knew of no instance of paralysis on record consistent with prisoner's symptoms.

The prisoner, whose demeanour had quite changed since his last appearance, said he wished to withdraw his plea of not guilty. His desire now was to plead guilty, and "by God's help" to tell the whole truth. But first he would like to say a few words to exonerate others.

The prisoner defended incidents of his life in London, declaring that he had been a respected member of society. He had served in the Royal Artillery until returned medically unfit. He then spoke of his accident and sufferings. Coming to his stay at Hastings, he continued :—"And, gentlemen, it is at this point that the chief trouble commences. I became associated with bad company, and was obliged to put money on horses. It was the first time I had made a bet in my life. I ventured small sums at first, and became elated with success, till I put on larger sums and lost. I gave various men my I. O. U.'s, but I became heavily involved, and, being unable to pay these so-called friends who had led me on, they threatened me with exposure. I duresay some of them are in court now, laughing at my downfall. I began to think of my wife and little girl, and what this exposure would mean to them, and the thought crushed me, and I decided to do the things for which I am now brought here.

WILL REFORM.

The prisoner begged the court to remember the time when he was a better man. "When I have served my sentence," he said, "whether long or short, every friend will have turned his back upon me, and every door will be closed—probably that also of my own home. With the help of a higher power I intend to start again with a clean sheet, and twelve months from the time I am a free man I will come back and prove to you that at any rate I have tried to do better."

Competition works both ways. It is either the life or death of trade.

Mamma—Here comes nurse to bathe you and put you to bed. Now be good and go quickly. Little Girl—Oh, dear, mummie, I wish I was a night-dress! Mamma—Why, dear? Little Girl—Then I should only have to go to the wash once a week!

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

It is stated that in Warminster, where a woman has just given birth to her twentieth child, families numbering from twelve to twenty are common.

The Bible Society has sent a grant of 200 Wenli New Testaments to his Excellency, Chou Fu, the Governor of Shan-tung province, China, who rules over 36,000 people.

The number of sealskins deliverable in the London market this year is about 23,000, made up as follows :—Victoria, 11,400; Japan, 7,000; Falkland Islands, etc., 4,600.

Mr. J. Price Rogers has acquired 22,000 acres of land in Portuguese East Africa for the purpose of cultivating cotton.

A typewriting 30,096 words in seven hours, Mr. J. Wright, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, claims to have made a world's record.

General Booth has opened a shelter for the destitute in Manchester to accommodate 150 residents and 50 casuals.

General Sir John French, who lately visited Turkey, declares the Ottoman soldier to be the finest fighting material the world can produce.

When a Seaforth Highlander unearthed some brass ornaments at Caesar's Camp, Aldershot, he thought he had discovered buried treasure, but it was found that they had been stolen some weeks ago from All Saints' Garrison church.

During a two months' cycling tour Thomas Price, sentenced to six years' penal servitude at Northampton, stole seventeen bicycles. He stole a machine at Exeter, sold it at Weston-super-Mare, and so on was arrested at Leicester riding a cycle stolen from Northampton.

On a roughly scribbled note affixed to a post hunger was pleaded as the excuse for killing and stealing a fat sheep from a meadow at Enfield Highway, where the distress is becoming acute.

Miss Mary Vickerman, of Hull, who celebrated her 100th birthday, still attends church regularly, and can sing and recite very well. Her twin sister died at eighty-four.

Arrangements are being completed by the City of London International Commercial Association dance in December, at which a thousand guests from the various trading centres of Europe will be present.

The extraordinary scene was witnessed in the South Foreshore road, Scarborough, of a number of corporation workmen removing certain obstructions from before the Fishermen's Institute while the proprietor drenched them with a hose pipe from a balcony. He had fastened the door, and the police looked on powerless to the amusement of the crowd. The proprietor, Tudor James, has been ordered by the Recorder to remove the obstructions, but had only taken down a boarding, and the corporation workmen were sent to complete the work.

The Worcester motor fire-engine has had another mishap. On the way to a country farm fire at Alfrick a tube in the motor burst, and the engine's means of propulsion failing, it stopped in the road three miles short of the fire. The brigade hurried home on borrowed horses to fetch a manual engine, and in the meantime the farm fire burnt itself out. The motor-engine has played the brigade many tricks of this kind, but its first was the worst. On that occasion it emitted so many sparks that it fired a passing load of straw in a city thoroughfare and ignited two wayside ricks en route to the first outbreak.

THE JAPAEESE IN FORMOSA.

They Have Done Wonders in That Country.

The account of Japanese administration in Formosa published in the London "Times" is probably a little too favorable, but it is worth study, for the Japanese will, if they are victorious, unquestionably try to colonize new dependencies. According to this account they have done wonders. After a year or two of extreme difficulty they have succeeded in taming the peculiarly savage tribes of the island, which was a kind of Alsatia for Chinese bandits and Mayal pirates, and have thus relieved the peaceful section of the people of all internal terrors.

They have built 1,000 miles of road and 120 miles of light railway, have sunk an immense number of artesian wells—800 in one district alone—have established a complete postal service, which includes a system of savings banks, already popular with the people, and have set themselves to teach methods of agriculture, forestry and mining, all of which have succeeded. The production of camphor, for instance, has more than doubled, and that of camphor oil increased fourfold, while the gold, silver, and coal output has increased sevenfold.

The general revenue has been enlarged from £275,000 to £1,270,000, and the local rates from £74,000 to £195,000. Great attention is paid to sanitary improvements; hospitals have been set up everywhere and two hundred Japanese doctors are now practising in the island; while the use of opium is discouraged, both by taxation and strict police supervision, the idea being to prevent the addition of any new victims to the habit. Finally, the Japanese educational system has been introduced, and eighteen thousand natives are being regularly instructed. The consequence of all this increased work and of the absence of disorder has been an increase of the population to 3,082,000, partly, no doubt, from a considerable Chinese immigration. The Japanese, in fact, are able even among savage populations, to introduce a pax Japonica which allows of the accumulation of wealth.

THE GREATEST LANDLORD

JOHN JACOB ASTOR HAS 30,000 TENANTS.

And They Pay Him the Immense Sum of $7,500,000 a Year.

John Jacob Astor, cousin of William Waldorf Astor, is the Monte Cristo of real estate owners. He owns £20,000,000 worth of buildings alone in the United States, chiefly in the form of ten huge hotels, twenty sky-scraping office and apartment buildings, and fifty blocks of dwellings and flats in the heart of New York. These structures are occupied by 30,000 tenants. Thus Astor, unquestionably the greatest landlord on this planet, owns a city within a city—a city with a population equal to that of the City of London within municipal and Parliamentary limits says London Tit-Bits.

Outside of New York he owns a chain of estates across the United States, including various summer and winter palaces and fishing and hunting parks, from Florida, where he owns a river from mouth to source, to Oregon, where he has a ranch of 100,000 cres.

Altogether his tenants pay him £120,000 a month, or nearly £1,500,000 a year—enough to pay the annuities of any Royal family in Europe

EXCEPT THAT OF RUSSIA.

This vast estate is managed from a central office in New York, Mr. Astor personally directs the business, which is divided into many departments. There is a repair department, employing an army of plumbers, carpenters, electricians, and other mechanics. The managers of this department are called "doctors" and houses in need of repair are called "patients." Each such "doctor" has his own particular "patients," and his day and night emergency calls, just like a practitioner of medicine. Not a penny of fire insurance is placed on the Astor buildings, because it costs less to suffer the total loss of one or two buildings a year than to pay for insurance on all the buildings. The law department attends to the innumerable ninety-nine-year leaseholds, the Astor tradition being, to buy real estate for improvement and rental only, never to sell. Thus the present Astor's holdings, most of which he inherited, represent the accumulation of four generations, he being the fourth John Jacob in direct descent from the original Jacob, who went to America from Germany a penniless furrier.

The rule for tenants in arrears of rent is thirty days' notice of eviction—a rule not always enforced. In one Astor house a widow took in boarders and paid the rent regularly for three years. Then she fell ill, was obliged to dismiss her boarders, and

COULD NOT PAY THE RENT.

The collector made perfunctory calls, but at the end of six months, as the widow was still unable to pay, she received a receipt in full for all arrears, signed by Mr. Astor himself.

This real estate king is not yet forty, is the father of three children, colonel of a volunteer regiment, author of four scientific books, and inventor of a bicycle-brake, a grooved track for tram-cars, and more than a dozen electrical appliances.

During an interview with Mr. Astor I asked him what he would have done for a living if he had been born poor.

"I think," he replied, "I should have been a locomotive engineer. I always had a mechanical turn of mind, and am now developing an apparatus by which, I will run one of my yachts by electricity."

He then alluded with pride to the time when he took his place at the throttle of a locomotive on a Canadian railway and ran the train from Ottawa to Montreal, about 150 miles, making all stops. On another occasion, clad in an engineer's cap and jacket he acted as driver of an engine drawing a private carriage

FILLED WITH MILLIONAIRES.

He accomplished the journey of ninety miles, in the State of Kentucky, at the rate of sixty-two miles an hour. At the end of the run he returned the cap and jacket to their owner, and then rejoined his millionaire friends in the private carriage.

"But suppose again, Mr. Astor," I said, "that you had been born poor. Would you have any ambition to become rich?"

"Decidedly," he answered. "Everybody should. I cannot believe that anybody is content to remain poor.

He is a great traveller, and speaks with delight of his interview with the Sultan of Turkey during the Spanish-American War this great landlord went to Cuba at the head of a company of his tenants, slept in the trenches, offered his health and his life to his country, and out of his abundance gave to the nation a mountain battery fully equipped.

Once a phrenologist, to whom he was not known personally, said—"Your head is large above the ears, so you will never suffer for want of a roof." The Brazilians are more roofs than any other man in the world smiled grimly.

FOREST DENUDATION.

A report from Rio de Janeiro points out the warning afforded by Brazil, concerning the effects of forest denudation. Through the destruction of trees in northern Brazil, the report says, large states have been brought to the verge of ruin. In Rio Grande do Norte and Ceara chronic droughts occur, causing famine and depopulation in regions which were once richly timbered and well watered. The Brazilians are beginning to call for the scientific replanting of their devastated forests.

It is the little worries of life that make a man grow old.

An agreeable person is one who talks to you about yourself.

BUILDING AGAINST TIME

INSTANCES OF RAPID WORK BY BRITISH WORKMEN.

Build Great Works as Expeditiously as the Much-vaunted Americans.

It is popularly imagined that our cousins across the Atlantic hold all the records for speed in construction of dwelling houses, bridges, and most other things, says London Tit-Bits. But this is not altogether the case. British workmen, when thoroughly on their mettle, can equal the feats of any other nation, Americans included. An instance in point is the spinning mill which was completed a couple of years ago for the Bolton Textile Company at Moses Gate. This immense building is 260 feet long and five storeys high, and contains no fewer than 98,000 spindles. From the day it was begun to its absolute completion, the time occupied was less than a year. This stands as a record in quick erection for a mill of this magnitude.

Another fine achievement was the building of the huge chimney-stack at the Neasden Power Station for the Metropolitan Railway. The two men completed this gigantic task in fifty days. Considering that the stack is 200 feet high with an inside diameter of 15 feet, this is a very remarkable piece of work.

Aids to speed were the hydraulic lifts of their ordinary beds, and the soft nature of the mortar, which enabled the men to place each brick in position with a single tap of the trowel. The same contractor built the Mersey Tunnel Power Station at Birkenhead, and upon this work the men averaged 1,976 bricks a day, as against the 300 to 400 which used to be the regular day's work of the old-fashioned.

GO-EASY BRICKLAYER.

The Americans are fond of boasting of their building of the bridge over the Atbara River in the Soudan, and there is no denying that this was a very fine piece of work. It was the Pencoyd Bridge Works of Philadelphia who obtained the contract. On January 24th the specifications and order were received, and on the following February 11th all the material had been ordered. For a week—February 13th to 20th the works were closed on account of a blizzard, yet on March 7th the whole structure was shipped. On April 21st the erection crew left New York, and they began work on the spot two months later. By August 19th the bridge was completed and ready for railway traffic, making a total time from receiving order to completion of six months twenty-six days.

British bridge-builders, spurred to emulate this achievement, have more recently accomplished a similar piece of work, which is claimed to outrival the American record on the Atbara. A span of Hopetown Bridge in Cape Colony was blown up by our forces during the war for strategical reasons. A Millwall firm of engineers and contractors, Rans, received an order by telegraph to replace the broken span, had the whole thing ready for shipment within eighteen days, and but for a delay in railway transit of material it would have been completed four days earlier. Considering that the span is 108 feet long, this must be acknowledged to be

WORK OF THE SMARTEST.

Another similar feat must be credited to the Widnes Foundry Company. The Crown Agents having given them an order for a new steel bridge to carry the Lagos and Coomassie Railway across a river, with injunctions to have the work done as soon as possible, in the incredibly short space of nine weeks every span and girder was ready. This bridge is of six spans, 250 feet long in all, and carries a foot-bridge on each side of the rails.

When a railway bridge on a busy line is found to need replacing, then is the time to see what brains, muscle, and machinery combined are capable of. About two years ago the great steel bridge which carries the Pennsylvania Railway across the Raritan was found to need replacing. Though it weighs 1,836 tons, it was moved a distance of over 14 feet in just under three minutes, in order to make room for the stone bridge which was to replace it. The traffic on the railway, which is notably heavy, was not delayed for a second.

At Stowmarket, on the Great Eastern Railway, a smart piece of railway bridge-building was seen two years ago last Good Friday. A wooden bridge which had been used for passengers to cross the line was replaced within two hours by a steel erection. Two huge cranes lent by the company to the contractors were employed to swing the bridge into position, and here again traffic was not inconvenienced. A similar feat was performed at Wickham Market Station, also on the G.E.R., where an iron bridge weighing fifty tons was

ERECTED IN ONE DAY.

In this case the bridge was not lying ready completed at the side of the line. Two girders were first thrown across by the aid of large cranes, and then the rest of the bridge was put together.

The contractors who have in hand the great harbor works at Dover have been pushing along all through at a very rapid pace, and have on several occasions been forced by prospect of bad weather to extraordinary efforts. Not long ago they beat all records for deep-sea block-laying by depositing in one day on the Admiralty Pier forty blocks, not one of which weighed less than forty tons!

Here is another building record which is interesting, because it proves that in one direction at least British workmen can beat the world. At Devonport, the first-class battleship Bulwark, of 15,000 tons, was completed for launching within seven months of the time she was begun. In that short period 5,500 tons of armor were built into the ship. This is a feat which the Americans will find some difficulty in equalling.

In the matter of wood-working Britain cannot, however, produce a rival to the achievement of an American carpenter named Yankirk, of Paterson, New Jersey. For a bet of £200 he succeeded in building a workshop of two storeys, 80 feet long by 50 feet wide, in the extraordinary time of 200 min. Of course, everything was cut and prepared beforehand, and he employed seventy-five men to help him. At one o'clock he shouted "Go!" and by twenty minutes past four the place was ready for occupation.

OLD RECTORY GHOST.

English Village Has a Peculiar Visitor on Hallow Eve.

For several centuries there has been a tradition in Cheadle, a village in Cheshire, England, that the rectory is haunted, and, according to the Rev. F. A. Macdona, the present rector, weird noises have been heard from time to time for which there is no possible explanation, except by the admission of the presence of the supernatural.

According to the legend which the rector informed a representative of the Daily Mail he believed to be true, the disquieted spirit is that of the Abbess of Godstow, who, when expelled from her nunnery near Oxford by Henry VIII., went with her nuns to Cheadle rectory. She made many unsuccessful attempts to obtain permission to return, and a letter written by her to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, is still extant. Her appeals were in vain, and in 1559 she died of a broken heart and was buried in the chancel of the church which she had built three years previously.

The rector, during his twenty-one years' incumbency, has not himself been favored with a visitation, but members of his family and his domestics have heard the rustling of a silk gown and other sounds consistent with the dignity and gentleness of an abbess. Whenever the spectre has been seen it has usually been on the eve of All Hallows' Day.

The story, however, does not rest on such slender evidence alone. During the time that the living was held by the present rector's brother the maid of a lady visitor from London saw the apparition several times In form it was that of a lady attired in black, and the first occasion she saw it was while waiting for her mistress to come upstairs to bed. The door of the room was open and the light revealed a figure standing on the landing, which, however, vanished on the maid, who thought it another servant, opening a conversation.

On another occasion, while in her mistress' bedroom, the spirit of a man in his shirt sleeves roamed into the apartment, and having adjusted his necktie before the looking-glass, retired without parley.

ELETRIC ENGINE'S SUCCESS.

Great Speed Attained Safely—Will be Adopted.

The official trial of the electric locomotive built for the New York Central Railroad by the General Electric Company and the American Locomotive Works took place at Schenectady recently. Pulling a four-car train, the locomotive reached a speed at times of not far from 70 miles an hour. Along with from thirty to fifty others of the same type to be used to haul express trains from Croton to New York.

Although it wasn't on the cards, the prominent railroad men who gathered to watch the trial saw the locomotive beat No. 3, the Fast Mail, in a race of nearly six miles. The train drawn by electric power so outdistanced its rival that when the end of the six-mile stretch was reached the Fast Mail could hardly be seen in the distance.

Vice-President Wilgus, of the York Central, said that electrically equipped express trains will run into the Grand Central station, New York, in the fall of 1906. The electrical equipment could be completed before that time, but it must wait on the work of excavation. The new locomotive will meanwhile be tested in all sorts of weather, and under every possible condition, and the remaining locomotives will not be completed until the railroad officers are entirely satisfied with their first purchase.

The experts who saw the tests agreed that the advantages of electrically equipped express trains between Croton and New York are many. Although some time will be lost in changing locomotives at Croton, this will be more than made up by the speed of the new type. The average speed of the electric locomotive, when drawing a four-car train, is 8 miles per second, said to be about 50 per cent. greater than a steam locomotive. Besides getting under headway more rapidly, the trains will be able to stop quicker than those drawn by steam. The New York Central's suburban traffic into New York will be operated by electricity on the multiple unit system, or the same as that on the elevated and subway.

He was feeling his way. "If I were to tell you, Editha," he said, in a low, earnest tone, "that I am about to start on a long journey, even across the sea, and that it may be months, and possibly years, are I return, what would you say?" If the girl drooped it wasn't perceptible. "I would say, Mr. Swanbill," she replied, "ta, ta."

Young Lady—"You are a wonderful master of the piano, I hear." Professor Von Spieler (hired for the occasion)—"I play eggcompaniments zomedimes." "Accompaniments to singing?" "Argcompaniments to gonversations."

A woman cares nothing about a man's first love if she is sure of being his last.

TRAGEDIES OF THE DEEP

MANY SHIPS THAT HAVE NEVER RETURNED.

Almost Every Week a Ship of Some Nationality Disappears.

There is something deeply tragic in the remembrance of the many thousands of noble ships which have mysteriously disappeared without leaving so much as a last message.

The case of H. M. S. "Condor," a small vessel doing duty for the British Government at Esquimault, is still fresh in the mind. She was a 1-gun, or "gunboat" as the sailors say—little ship of 980 tons, and on December 2nd, 1901, she left Esquimault, after a pleasant stay, for Honolulu, where, in all probability, a festive time was to be spent at Christmas. When several days overdue, the public mind in this country became uneasy as to the safety of the vessel. Bad weather had prevailed, and ships which had passed over the same course as the "Condor" should have taken made no reports as to sighting the vessel.

THE MISSING "CONDOR."

Hope eventually gave place to despair, and in course of time the "Condor" was reported by Lloyd's as "missing," and was added to the melancholy list of ships which disappeared.

A search crew of 130 went down in the vessel, but where the ship lies on the bed of the ocean is still a mystery.

A few days after the departure of the "Condor" from Esquimault, the "Basuto," a large vessel of 1,764 tons, and carrying a crew of fifty-seven, sailed from Manchester. The actual date of her departure was December 11th. She was seen off Anglesey, and cheery messages were exchanged by a vessel homeward bound. "Good luck!" was signalled by the home-coming vessel. That was the last ever seen or heard of the "Basuto." Like the "Condor," the "Basuto" figured in the "missing" list, and to this day her disappearance has been a complete mystery.

"GOOD LUCK" THAT WAS BAD.

The case of the "Haddington" has also puzzled shipowners and brokers. She was a finely-built vessel of 1,865 tons, and her crew of twenty-seven were looked upon as highly competent sailors. On February 2nd the "Haddington" sailed from New York her destination being Shanghai, and when only a few days out of port she must have sailed into a very long time she was reported simply as being overdue, the owners being unable to believe that she could have disappeared without leaving some traces behind of having met with a mishap.

On May 2nd, 1902, the "Camorta," a passenger ship of 1,350 tons, was given a hearty send-off from Calicapatam. She carried 655 passengers for Rangoon and other ports, and the crew of the ship numbered eighty-two, including seventy-three lascars. As the vessel set out on her voyage, loving and kindly messages were exchanged between the passengers and friends in boats, and just as the vessel was passing out of earshot, somebody shouted through a megaphone: "'Camorta,' ahoy! Good luck!"

The "Camorta," with her precious cargo of 737 human beings, sailed on her last voyage on that fateful May 2nd She was "unspoken" by any other vessel, and in course of time her name was added to

THE LIST OF MISSING.

Passengers and crew disappeared with the ship. There are some people in Rangoon who still have hopes that the ship is afloat with all hands, and frail reasons have been repeatedly put forward attempting to explain away her delay. The insurance agents, however, entertain no such hopes.

There are, at least, two other cases on record equally as tragic as that of the "Camorta."

That of the "Great Queensland" is still looked upon by many as being the most terrible ever known. She was a remarkably fine vessel, and was much admired for her spacious accommodation and sea-going capabilities. In 1876 the "Great Queensland" left Melbourne with close upon 600 souls on board for various destinations—many for England.

She was sighted and "spoken" by several ships which she passed on her fateful voyage, and was reported as "all well" on several occasions in Australian papers. Then news of the fine vessel suddenly ceased, and alarm was felt for her safety throughout the length and breadth of the Colony. Months passed, and still no news, and in course of time the name of the "Great Queensland" also went to swell the list of missing ships. It was known that she carried in her holds a very large quantity of gunpowder, and the explanation of her mysterious disappearance has always been attributed to her dangerous cargo. Her disappearance created a great sensation at the time.

WEEKLY TALE OF WOE.

A few years before the mishap to the "Great Queensland" there was the mysterious disappearance of the "President," whilst on a voyage to London from New York. She vanished with a large number of passengers, and, a few years later, the "City of Glasgow" carrying 180 human beings, set out from England on a long voyage, and was never heard of after passing out of sight of land.

On Feb. 11th, 1902, the "Waroniga," a ship of 4,431 tons, and carrying a crew of fifty-six, sailed from Glasgow. She was seen off the Tail of the Bank, and after that was never heard of again. A similar fate befell the "Stockport," which left Odessa with a crew of twenty-five, and was only seen once or twice by passing vessels after leaving the Russian port.

Scarcely a single week passes in any year but that a ship of some nationality disappears in a mysterious and unaccountable manner, and it is a remarkable fact that vessels of Greece figure largely in proportion in the sad list of "missing."

The worst year on record, however, for these tragedies of the deep was 1881-82, when the list of "missing" was swollen by the enormous addition of one hundred and forty-seven ships, with an aggregate tonnage of 41,977 tons; and the loss of life was terrible.

THEY BUILT ON SAND.

The Foundation of Some Great Structures.

Park Row Building, in New York, is the tallest commercial structure in the world, and probably the heaviest also. It weighs over 55,000 tons, which means a pressure of nearly 9,000 lbs. on each square foot of the site. This enormous load rests upon a bed of fine, wet sand, scarcely different from quicksand, and about one hundred feet deep.

It is perfectly safe, however. Nearly 4,000 piles were driven in by a 2,000 lb. hammer falling 20 feet, which compacted it until even the tremendous blows could force them no further, and they could well carry their loads of 2,000 pounds each. Groups of these piles were capped with concrete, and pyramidal brick piers were built on them. Steel beams were laid on the flat pier-tops to distribute the loads over the surface of the masonry. Some of these columns carry as much as 3,000,000 pounds each.

The St. Paul Building, in New York, is supported on a very deep bed of fine, wet sand, which was only excavated to a depth of about thirty-two feet. A one-foot layer of concrete was spread over the bottom of the pit, and on this was set the real foundation, consisting of crossed layers of steel beams and girders.

The Spreckles Building, in San Francisco, which weighs over 24,000,000 pounds, rests on dense wet sand, on which a solid platform of steel and artificial stone was laid as a foundation. The building has passed uninjured through the test of a severe earthquake shock.

Few, if any, tall buildings are on worse soil than those in Chicago. Piles more than one hundred feet long are required to reach the hard pan, or bed-rock, and most of the tall buildings there really stand on great rafts built on the surface of the clay.

GREAT TRADING FLEET.

British Empire Leads the World in Shipping.

Every Canadian must feel a thrill of pride in reading the elaborate Blue Book which has just been issued showing the progress of merchant shipping in the United Kingdom and the principal British possessions. For the Empire leads the world, and by so wide a margin that Germany, France, Italy, the United States, Denmarkand Sweden, all combined do not equal the net tonnage of the sailing and steam vessels of the merchant navies of the British Empire.

In 1902 the net tonnage was 11,566,745, while for the aforementioned countries, with the addition, however, of Norway, the tonnage was 13,144,023. The United Kingdom itself had 1,054,770 tons; Canada, 653,335; Australian Commonwealth, 348,875, New Zealand, 104,320, and other British possessions, 105,135.

Yet the increase in British tonnage during the past five years is not so large as that of the countries to which we have compared it. Since 1897, the British increase in tonnage was 1,150,303, while that of the seven countries named was 2,551,856

Materfamilias (11 p.m.)—"What's the matter? You look distressed, Paterfamilias—"I thought it about time to give that young fellow in the parlor a vigorous hint that it was nearing midnight, so I walked right into the room and, giving both him and our daughter a severe look, deliberately turned out the gas." "Mercy! Didn't he get angry?" "No, he said, 'Thank you.'"

"They tell me your horse threw you the other day." "Nothing of the kind. The story arose from a little event that happened while I was out riding. It was in the nature of a coincidence. At the very moment my horse kicked a dismount-ed over his head!"

"Well, Jack," said his chum, after Jack had proposed to the prettiest girl in town, "is it all right?" "Well," said Jack ruefully, "I can hope, that's all." "What did she say?" "She said she's file my proposal with all the others, and consider it when she got down to it!"

Nanny—"It's awfully sweet of Arthur to let you always have your own way!" Fanny—"Yes; it saves me the trouble of taking it."

Small Bobby had met with a slight mishap, and was crying bitterly. "Gome here," said his mother, "and let me kiss away the tears." "W-wait a m-minute," sobbed the little fellow. "I haven's finished c-crying yet!"

"Of course," said the husband, who made a specialty of manufacturing excuses, "the truth is bound to leak out some time." Mrs. Benedict—Joined the other half of the matrimonial combine; "and I am inclined to believe that it leaked out of you long ago."

Timms—"I hope you'll join us in a little anniversary celebration tomorrow at our home?" Binns—Delighted to do so. Wedding anniversary or birthday?" Timms—"No. The cook's been with us just a year."

FAMED HISTORIC SIEGES

DURING THE LAST THREE CENTURIES.

From "Derry" in the 17th to That of Port Arthur in the 20th Century.

The siege of Port Arthur rivals that of another Russian fortress, Sebastopol, which withstood for eleven months, just half a century since, the combined attack of the English, French, Turkish and Sardinian forces. The following is a brief epitome of some of the most famous sieges of the last three centuries:

Londonderry, 100 days; 1689, when the army of James II. was defeated, losing 9,000 men.

Loss of defenders not known.

Gibraltar, 1704.

Defended by British, attacked by Spanish and French combined.

Attackers' loss	10,000
Defenders' loss	400
Second siege, 1727—	
Spanish loss in attack ..	5,000
British	300

Seven Years' War, between France and Britain.

Louisburg, 52 days, 1758.

French loss, estimated 1,500

English	No details.
Ticonderoga, 2 days, 1758.	
British losses—	
Killed	551
Missing	37
Wounded	1,357
	1,945

In this desperate attack the 42nd Regiment, who entered upon the assault, 1,086 strong, had killed 223 and wounded 278, nearly fifty per cent. of their entire strength.

Crimean War—Russia against England, France, Turkey and Sardinia.

Sebastopol, 11 months, 1855-56.

Losses in final attack—

English—	
Killed	385
Missing	176
Wounded	1,886
	2,447
French—	
Killed	1,646
Wounded	4,500
Missing	1,400
	7,546

Russian loss estimated at 10,000.

Franco-German war of 1870-71.

Metz—Aug. 14, 1870, to Oct. 27, 1870.

French loss (besieged)	17,000
German loss (Besiegers) ..	18,000
August 16th	35,000
French loss	19,600
German loss	25,000
August 18th	44,000
French loss .... f	2,000
German loss	600
October 7th	2,600
Total French	38,000
Total German	43,600
	81,600

Strasburg—12 days, 1870.

French captulated to Germans, 17,550. Loss of latter, 906. French losses not stated.

Russo-Turkish War. 1876-77.

Plevna, 11 days, 1877.

Besieged by Russians in Russo-Turkish war of that year. Russians' loss 2,000 killed, 4,000 wounded. Turkish loss unknown.

Russo-Japanese War, 1904.

Port Arthur lasted over five months. Russian losses said to exceed 30,000. 35,000, and Japanese loss even greater.

GROUND MEAT.

The ground meat used by poultrymen, and purchased in a fine condition, is first pressed by powerful machinery, in order to extract all the oil, and then ground. In order to derive all the oil, the meat must be thoroughly heated, and steam is used for that purpose, the pressure being applied while the steam is passing through the meat, which thoroughly cooks it. The bones are allowed to remain with the meat, as the marrow is also extracted, and that which the poultryman procures is really just what he desires—the nitrogenous matter. The meat is the refuse of hotels, the offal of slaughter-houses, and even the pickings of the slop-barrels, all of which is thoroughly disinfected during the process of steaming. Ground meat and "animal meal" are the same.

THE ORIGIN OF HAND-SHAKING.

Hand-shaking, as we in Britain particularly affect it now-a-days thanks its origin to less happy days than ours. Glove poisoning, or concealment of poisoned knives and other deadly weapons, was at one time the fashion even in Merry England, and a well-known way of getting rid treacherously of an enemy. The first gloves ever worn (says "Madame") were carried by the knights of old, as precious belonging of their "Fair Ladyes" at the time, too, when their own heavy, iron mailed fists sometimes carried weapons of defence or revenge. Gloves, therefore, in these savage times, were forbidden by etiquette to be worn in the presence of royalty; and ordinary mortals, we are told by the old chroniclers, gradually learnt, through suspicion originally, to grasp, vigorously, their neighbor's hand to assure themselves that nothing deadly was not concealed in it, if they happened to be "gauntleted," as it was then called.

IT WORKS BOTH WAYS.

He—You've got to have a pull to get ahead.

She—Yes, and you've got to have a head to get a pull.

For and About Women

The test of civilization is the estimate of woman.—Curtis.

All passions are good when one masters them.—Rousseau.

Venus always saves the lover whom she leads.—Belatouche.

Women are supernumerary when present, and missed when absent.

There is something of woman in everything that pleases.—Dupaty.

A man who can love deeply is never utterly contemptible.—Balzac.

Provided a woman be well-principled, she has dowry enough.—Plautus.

Divination seems heightened to its highest power in woman.—Alcott.

The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.—Willis.

The more women have risked, the more they are willing to sacrifice.—Duclos.

Women are extremists: they are either better or worse than men.—La Bruyere.

Women who have not fine teeth laugh only with their eyes.—Mme. de Rieux.

Silence has been given to woman to better express her thoughts.—Desnoyers.

Women generally consider consequences in love, seldom in resentment.—Bolton.

Before marriage, woman is a queen; after marriage, a subject.—De Maintenon.

Women. Their love first inspires the poet, and praise is his best reward.—Holmes.

The anger of a woman is the greatest evil with which one can threaten enemies.—Chilon.

There are different kinds of love, but they have all the same aim—possession.—Roquepian.

In all eras and all climes a woman of great genius or beauty has done what she chose.—Ouida.

Rascal! That word on the lips of a woman, addressed to a too daring man, often means angel.

Wounds of the heart, your traces are bitter, slow to heal, and always ready to reopen.—De Musset.

A coquette is more occupied with the homage we refuse her than with what we bestow upon her.—Dupuy.

An undoubted, uncontested, conscious beauty is, of all women, the least sensible of flattery.—Chesterfield.

It is vanity that renders the youth of women culpable, and their old age ridiculous.—Mme. De Sonza.

There are three things that women throw away—their time, their money, and their health.—Mme. Scdrin.

A mother's prayers, silent and gentle, can never miss the road to the throne of all bouty.—Beecher.

Women would be in despair if Nature had formed her as fashion makes her appear.—Mdlle. De Lespinasse.

Some cunning men choose fools for their wives, thinking to manage them, but they always fail.—Johnson.

With what hope can we endeavor to persuade the ladies that the time spent at the toilet is lost in vanity? —Johnson.

No man has yet discovered the means of giving successful friendly advice to women—not even to his own.—Balzac.

There is not a love, however violent it may be, to which ambition and interest do not add something. —La Bruyere.

A man philosophises better than a women on the human heart, but she reads the hearts of men better than he.—Rousseau.

The pleasant man a woman will desire for her own sake, but the languishing lover has nothing to hope from her pity.—Steele.

Men love at first and most warmly; women love last and longest. This is natural enough, for Nature makes women to be won, and men to win.—Curtis.

INDIANS DYING OUT.

Are Resorting to Kidnapping to Keep Race Alive.

The Indian tribes of British Columbia, tortured by insidious disease, for the introduction of which the whites are primarily responsible and face to face with the fact of rapidly diminishing numbers that bespeaks extinction in the near future, are adopting heroic measures in the hope of checkmating fate.

It is not race suicide in the general acceptance of the term that is to blame, but the usual penalty of the red race when it touches the white, for the vast majority of the tribes are by constitutional disease ruined, and when children are born they are unhealthy from birth.

Thinking men of the tribes are seeking external remedies, and the adoption of white children by stealth—veried with an occasional out-and-out purchase—is becoming common. Only a few years ago the chiefs and subchiefs of one of the Vancouver Island west coast tribes united to pay Peter Bellinger $4,000 for his five-year-old son, who was received with honor, elected a chief with elaborate ceremony and allotted six wives, the sturdiest young women of the tribe, in order that extinction might be averted. The boy was rescued by the provincial police and the tribe was left disconsolate.

Two white travellers returned from Quatsino last week with the news that in all that once numerous tribe there is now only one child, a boy; and after a long and interesting pow-wow, the Haidahs of Queen Charlotte Island have sent their little girl to Quatsino to be his playmate and bride.

"What are the holes for in that porous plaster?" "Why, to let the pain out, of course!"

KEEP THE BLOOD PURE.

Nearly All the Common Ills of Life are Caused by Weak, Watery and Impure Blood.

Bad blood means bad health. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills mean good health—they actually make new, rich blood. Bad blood poisons the whole system. The nerves break down, the liver goes wrong, the kidneys get clogged and inflamed, the heart flutters and jumps at the least excitement, the stomach loses its power to digest food, the lungs are unable to throw off the lingering colds, in fact the whole body gets out of order. Then you have headaches, can't sleep and can't eat and feel utterly miserable. And it all comes from bad blood and can be cured by the rich, red blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sends coursing to every part of the body. Mr. Daniel McKinnon, of North Pelham, Ont., suffered from bad blood, but has been made well and strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after all other treatment had failed. Mr. McKinnon says: "Until last spring I had been afflicted with a weak stomach, headaches and kidney troubles. At times I was completely prostrated and my sufferings were of a most severe nature. At different times I was treated by no less than seven doctors, but from none of them did I get more than temporary relief. As time went on I became hopeless of ever being well again. Last spring a friend drew my attention to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try this medicine. I had only taken four boxes when I found a decided improvement in my condition, and I continued using the pills until I had taken a dozen boxes when I was a cured man and the sufferings I had formerly endured were but a disagreeable memory. I admit being an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I think I have just cause for my enthusiasm and will always recommend them to my ailing friends."

Just as surely as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mr. McKinnon they can cure anaemia, indigestion, headaches, backaches, kidney trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness, general weakness and the special ailments of growing girls and women. All these ailments come from bad blood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure them by filling the veins with new, rich, red blood. But you must be sure to have the genuine pills with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ATHLETICS.

The autumn is the time when the newspapers take up the subject of athletics, especially college athletics and discuss its bearing upon the future of the individual and of the race. This discussion is renewed every year during the football season, and each year it is abandoned with the question no nearer a solution than at its beginning.

It is contended that athletes live as long as ,if not longer than, the average person, that exercise never harmed any one, and that nothing can be more hygienic or more healthgiving than hard training. To this it is replied that statistics prove the fact that few athletes live to a green old age, even if by chance they reach middle life, that over-exercise causes hypertrophy of the heart, hardening of the arteries and kidney disease, and that the gorging, the tobacco-smoking, and sometimes the beer-drinking to which the athlete turns as soon as the contest is over and the trainer gives him freedom to do what he will, not only undo all the possible good of training, but work grave harm by sudden excesses after abstemiousness.

As is usually the case in all controversies, there is right on both sides. Given a young man with sound organs, supple arteries and well-balanced nervous system, it is probable that he can work with the college team for the entire four years under medical supervision, of course—without damage to the heart. No danger will come when he leaves college and enters upon the professional or business career, which always little time for athletics. If the enlarged, muscular heart, which all athletes must have, is suddenly relieved of all its extra work, it will take haste to dispose of its surplus muscle, and this by a process of fatty degeneration, most dangerous to the present and future integrity of the organ. But if the ex-athlete continues his training and his exercise in gradually lessening degree, tapering off, as it were, to a normal condition, the reduction in size of the heart will also be gradual, and the heart is let down slowly and gradually, it will keep its tone otherwise it will probably be ruinfor Herein lies the secret of the and bad of athletics, in sane for healthy men.—Companion.

BABY'S WELFARE.

Every mother is naturally anxious her little ones shall be bright, and natural and healthy. Every mother can keep her children in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure indigestion and stomach troubles, prevent diarrhoea, cure constipation, allay simple fevers, break up colds, destroy worms and make teething easy. And the Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. E. G. Long, Peachland, B.C., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets unsurpassed for teething troubles, breaking up colds and reducing fever and they make a child sleep naturally. They have done my little one so much good I would not like to be without them." Druggists everywhere sell these Tablets, or you can get them by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

QUEEN OF THE HIGHLANDS

THE JUBILEE OF BEAUTIFUL BALMORAL.

The Place Is Full of Happy Memories for Queen Alexandra.

If, of all the King's homes, Sandringham is nearest to his heart, there can be little doubt that Balmoral, with its forty years of happy memories may claim the second place in his affection.

Indeed, apart from long association it would be difficult for anyone not to fall in love with the King's beautiful and romantic seat in the Highlands. To Queen Victoria it was always the "dearest place in all the world—the only place, in fact, where I am permitted to forget that I am a Queen". "Every year," she wrote in her diary, "my heart becomes more fixed in this dear paradise and so much more now that it has become my dearest Albert's own creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as Osborne was; and his great taste and the impress of his dear hand have been stamped everywhere."

It is just over half a century since Queen Victoria proudly laid the foundation-stone of the present house, which was to take the place of the pretty and quaint old Scottish castle, the survival of many centuries and in the autumn of 1854, though the building was but half finished, the impatient young Sovereign insisted on taking possession of it.

INCOMPLETE AS IT WAS, she fell into instant raptures over it, and wrote enthusiastically, "The new house looks beautiful. An old shoe was thrown after us for luck as we entered the hall. The house is charming, the rooms delightful, the furniture, papers, everything, perfection. The view from the windows is quite beautiful."

And, indeed, the Queen's enthusiasm could not paint her now home in too bright colors, for there is no home in the King's dominions more picturesquely and romantically placed than Balmoral. The house, it is true, with its gables and mullions, turrets and square tower, its magnificent oriel window and its imposing portals, may not satisfy the demands of scientific architecture, but none can deny it a charm and beauty of its own, while its setting of fir woods and park sloping to the beautiful Dee, of towering hills and wild sweeps of purple moorland, is of unrivalled beauty. In such a place the world of Courts and ceremonial pomp of stress and storm, seems left far behind, and the most harassed Sovereign in the world should find it easy to persuade himself that he is not a King, but a free, untrammelled child of Nature.

Queen Victoria, when she first looked on it, painted its charms exquisitely in these words: "The view is charming. To the left you look towards the beautiful hills surrounding Lochnagar, and to the right, towards Ballater, to the glen along which the Dee winds, with

BEAUTIFUL WOODED HILLS,

which reminded me very much of the Thuringerwald. It was so calm, so solitary, and it did one so much good as one gazed around; and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make me forget the world and its sad turmoils. The scenery is wild and yet not desolate."

For Queen Alexandra, as for Queen Victoria, the place is full of happy memories of the early years of wedded life, when she rambled over the moors and plucked the heather with her husband by her side, when he taught her to wield a rod on the banks of the Dee, and when she made her first friends among her lowly and devoted Scottish neighbors. These are those still living who can recall the first visits of the beautiful young Princess to their cottage, how she would take the little ones on her knees, help some half-blind old dame with her knitting, or minister tenderly by the bedside of the sick.

One of the earliest favorites was old "Jock" Simpson, a pensioner who, at Copenhagen, had fought against the Princess's countrymen. But this past antagonism only increased her interest in the old veteran, and she insisted on seeing the cutlass and musket he carried and on hearing the story of the fighting. No wonder that Jock's heart was quickly won, or that to his last day he treasured so proudly the chair which was "the bonnie Princess' ain gift."

Amid such loving and loyal neighbors, and surrounded by the richest treasures of scenery Scotland can show even to so fait a lady, can doubt that Queen Alexandra's visits to Balmoral are

"FULL OF QUIET DELIGHT"?

She loves to renew memories of the neighboring Abergeldie Castle, with its historic square keep and round, clinging turrets, where she has spent so many happy days with the King; and of Birkhall, a charming little place, where her husband made his bachelor home before he sought his bride in Denmark.

Then, within an easy walk or drive are some of the most romantic and beautiful sights to be seen in Scotland—the lovely falls of Garrawalt, in their green setting of trees; the Linn of Dee, with the dark waters swirling and seething deep down in its rocky gorge; Braemar, reached by the beautiful "Queen's Drive" through the romantic Forest of Ballochbuie; and the Earl of Mar's Punch-bowl, once filled to the brim with whisky-toddy for the followers of "Bonnie Prince Charlie." Not far away is Mar Lodge, the home of the Queen's daughter, the Duchess of Fife, with the neighboring Corriemulzie Falls; Calderock and Ben Bourd, mountains towering over 3,000 feet, to climb; long stretches of glorious moorland to tramp over; the tempting waters of the Dee to fish in—and a hundred other charms to explore—all prepared to do their part in making an ideal Holiday for a Queen.

THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL MAN

HE FOUND HIS LOST HEALTH IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Leading Business Man of Welland Gives His Experience With the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Welland, Ont., Dec. 5.—(Special)—There is no better known or more highly respected man in Welland than Mr. J. J. Yokom. Born and brought up in the neighboring township of Crowland, by his own industry and sterling honesty he has grown to be one of Welland's leading merchants. Consequently, when Mr. Yokom comes out with a statement that he was cured of a serious illness by Dodd's Kidney Pills, everybody knows it must be so.

"For a year or more I had Kidney Trouble in all its worst symptoms," says Mr. Yokom. "My head was bad, I had no appetite and I lost weight fast. At times I was entirely incapacitated. I doctored with a physician of vast experience, but got no good results.

"I became despondent of ever being well again, when by good luck I chanced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and from the first they seemed to suit my case. Five boxes cured me completely."

"FREE" IN ALL THINGS.

A Peculiar Religious Sect in England.

The Cokelers, a curious religious sect, may influence the result of the election in North-west Sussex. Founded in 1850, the sect holds aloof from politics, but an effort will be made to get the members to go to the polls, and as they possess about 500 votes they are an election asset not to be despised.

The derivation of the word Cokeler is enveloped in mystery. It is supposed by some to have relation to their principles of temperance and their fondness for cocoa, and by others to a locality described in old records as "Cokky." The Cokelers are only to be found in the Weald of Sussex and in a few Surrey villages. They have a creed of a pronounced Antinomian type, built upon a number of texts taken away from their context and thus rendered capable of any interpretation which may be put on them. Each chapel there are elders or "stalwarts," picked from the congregation; but there are no ministers in the accepted sense of the term, and the order of service is closely akin to that of the Quakers. The Cokelers are not total abstainers, but very few of them touch intoxicating liquor, and in regard to wedlock, they hold that, while marriage is a thing to be avoided if possible, immortality is a greater evil. In these circumstances, although they have no marriage service of their own, the elders raise no objection to members of the sect going through the ceremony elsewhere.

Mr. Chamberlain wants to see "free trade within the Empire," and the Cokelers' ideal is free trade within their own business limits. In every village where they have taken root the Cokelers have their own store, which is mainly supplied by members of the sect, and sells to all-comers to the profit of the sect. But these establishments pay their way and benefit all who have dealings with them, because their managers will not countenance "dumping" of any kind; and it is not surprising that a proposal to evolve a national scheme from the same germ as their parochial experiments should be looked upon by them with approval.

WHEN FRANCE FIGHTS.

M. Rochie, French ex-Minister of Commerce, gives statistics of the expense that France would incur in the event of a European war. He takes as a basis M. de Freycinet's calculation that the 600,000 men who were engaged in the Franco-Prussian War cost 13 francs a head a day from September 15th, 1870, to February 10th, 1871.

To-day the expense would be far greater. There would be at least 2,-000,000 men in the fighting line; while to gain numerical strength equal to Germany alone, France would be obliged to appeal to the six classes of the territorial army, comprising 900,000 men. Thus 3,-000,000 men would have to be mobilized, transported, and nourished. Six hundred thousand horses would be necessary, of which 500,000 would have to be bought and paid for. Taking 15 francs a head daily for each soldier, and estimating the expense of provender and the repair of material, M. Rocho arrives at the colossal figure of $6,000,000 daily as France's expense in a big European war under present conditions.

CHARM OF ROSES.

HE.

She gave me a rose
That she wore on her breast;
Of all my treasures
'Tis dearest, 'tis best.
When its petals are dust
And when I am no more
My soul will still cherish,
Where'er it may soar,
The joy that she gave me with
The rose that she wore.

SHE.

I gave him a rose
That another gave me;
I gave it, intending
That other to see;
I gave it to rouse
In another alarm—
Why not? In such scheming
There's surely no harm.
Ah, rose, take my blessing!
You worked like a charm.

"Pure soap!" You've heard the words. In Sunlight Soap you have the fact.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

MILKING BY ELECTRICITY.

There is a unique farm near Paris, which is known as the electric farm, for the reason that nearly all the work is done by electricity. The owner of the farm keeps a large number of cows, and they are fed by an electric machine, which throws the proper amount of food into the feeding-box. They are also milked by an electric milking-machine, invented by an English mechanic. The machine can milk forty cows at once, and requires only two persons to operate it. The French milkmaid will now have to find other work to do.

"You father is a very dogmatic man, isn't he?" "He only owns about ten or 'leven of 'em."

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used in millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." 22—91

Stern Parent—"Quite so, quite so! You tell me that you have proposed to my daughter, but—you say nothing about your position." Nervous Suitor—"My position, sir? Oh —er—the—the usual one, I believe—on my knees, you know."

Indigestion, that menace to human happiness, pitiless in its assaults, and no respecter of persons, has met its conquerer in South American Nervine. The great stomach and nerve remedy stimulates digestion, tones the nerves, aids circulation, drives out impurities, dispels emaciation, and brings back the glow of perfect health. Cures hundreds of "chronics" that have baffled physicians.—68

"Yes——" He had been waiting for that little word, and his heart beat faster as it trembled on her lips. "Yes——" How he longed to take her in his arms; but she spoke as though there was more she wished to say. "Yes," she continued, "to-day I promised to be another's!"½

I Believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.
Riverdale. MRS. REUBEN BAKER.

I Believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will produce growth of hair.
MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON.
Stanley, P. E. I.

I Believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.
MATTHIAS FOLEY.
Oil City, Ont.

The bee is an artistic upholsterer. It lines its nest with the leaves of flowers, always choosing such as have bright colors. They are invariably cut in circles so exact that no compass would make them more true.

Help the Overworked Heart.—Is the great engine which pumps life through your system hard pressed, overtaxed, groaning under its load because disease has clogged it? Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart is nature's lubricator and cleanser, and daily demonstrates to heart sufferers that it is the safest, surest, and most speedy remedy that medical science knows—67.

Dusty Dennis—Ah, lady, I have faced the dangers of fire many a time. The Lady—Were you a fireman, my poor man? Dusty Dennis—No'm; I smoked a cigar butt in a haystack.

Lifebuoy Soap — disinfectant — is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

Rather than become a spinster the average girl will marry the wrong man.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Little Willie—"I say, pa, I'll be very glad when I get old enough to do as I please." Pa—"Naturally, my son; and when you reach that age it's probable you'll get married and not do it."

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

STAMMERERS

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, ONT. For the treatment of all forms of SPEECH DEFECTS. We treat the cause, not simply the habit, and therefore produce natural speech. Write for particulars.

If you are tired reading Blue Ribbon Tea advertisements, take a cup of the tea itself and you will be in a good humor again.

POULTRY We can handle your poultry either alive or dressed to best advantage. Also your butter, eggs, honey and other produce.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited
Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

BAD TEETH, BAD SOLDIERS.

British Recruits Must Show Sound Molars.

Deficient teeth are not in the future to prevent enlistment in the British army of otherwise suitable recruits. Would-be soldiers found suffering from decayed teeth must, however, be prepared to put down a sum not to exceed $15 towards the expense of fitting them with artificial teeth.

These facts are set forth in a circular by the secretary of the army council. Similarly afflicted men who would be otherwise discharged from the army as unfit for further service, owing to the state of their teeth, are to be retained on the equivalent condition that the sum to be paid the dentist is to be taken out of their pay.

The British Medical Journal, in commenting on this order, says it is a step in the right direction. The Napoleonic dictum that an army marches on its stomach has been so long admitted as a military axiom that it seems strange that only now has effect been given to it.

It is the South African war which has largely contributed to make the reform acceptable, a glaring light having then been thrown upon the losses which the army suffered through the defective mastication of a large number of troops. These troops were kept at the base of supplies because at home because of the bad state of their teeth, which made it impossible for them to digest the rough food necessarily served out to men at the front.

EVEN THE UNDERTAKER SORRY

"And so he's dead? And he was a very popular man, wasn't he."

"Yes, indeed; why, even the undertaker was sorry to see him go."

People who look over the affairs of others are very apt to overlook their own.

A Cry for Help.—A pain in the back is a cry of the kidneys for help. South American Kidney Cure is the only cure that hasn't a failure written against it in cases of Bright's disease, diabetes, inflammation of the bladder, gravel and other kidney ailments. Don't neglect the apparently insignificant "signs." This powerful liquid specific prevents and cures.—70

"As Shakespeare says," remarked Cassidy, who was fond of airing his 'book larnin'," occasionally, "what's in a name?" "Well," replied Casey, "call me wan that Oi don't loike, an' Oi'll show ye."½

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"Did you show that account to Ardup again to-day?" "Yes, sir." "Did you tell him it had been on the slate long enough, and I'd like to rub it out?" "Yes, sir." "What did he say?" "He said it looked as if you were trying to rub it in!"

South American Rheumatic Cure Cures Consumption.—It is safe, harmless and acts quick—gives almost instant relief and an absolute cure in from one to three days—works wonders in most acute forms of rheumatism. One man's testimony: "I spent 6 weeks in bed before commencing its use—4 bottles cured me."—66

What is claimed to be an effective substitute for leather has been invented by a German engineer at Mannheim, in Baden. The patent has been sold to an American firm for $200,000.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Mrs. Hardduppe—"John, the butcher we had who lived at the other end of the town has found out our address. He called with that last year's bill, and was very impertinent." Mr. Hardduppe (hotly)—"Impertinent, was he? Well, now, we'll just let him wait for his money."½

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto

Dr. Chase's Ointment

USES FOR POSTAGE-STAMPS.

The monks at the Hospital of St. Jean de Dieu, at Ghent, have in their leisure moments decorated the walls with gorgeous landscapes, glowing with color and full of life, formed entirely by means of the postage-stamps of all the nations of the world. Palaces, forests, streams and mountains are represented, butterflies flit about in the air, birds of beautiful plumage perch on branches, snakes and lizards glide about, and innumerable animals find places here and there. The pictures are most artistic, in the style of Chinese landscape gardening, and already between nine and ten millions of stamps have been used.

Life's great opportunities are never labelled.

"Don't you think that every man should have a voice in the affairs of Government?" "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "but he ought to exercise it in some other way than shouting at election bulletins."

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.—Rev. W. H. Main, pastor of the Baptist Emanuel Church, Buffalo, gives strong testimony for and is a firm believer in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder He has tried many kinds of remedies without avail. "After using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I was benefited at once," are his words. It is a wonderful remedy. 50 cents.—65.

Customer—"The man who killed this chicken had a soft heart." Waiter—"Why, so, sir?" Customer—"He must have spent three or four years hesitating before he wrung its neck."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Mrs. Casey—So poor Mary Flannery's man was hilt at the quarry. Mrs. Cassidy—Ayel Shure she never was as lucky as her cousin, Mag Gallagher. Mrs. Casey—What are ye sayin'? Gallagher was blowed up in a quarry, too. Mrs. Cassidy—Thrue for ye! But he was blowed into sich small bits his wife was spared the expinse of a funeral.

You can't cure a cough or cold from the outside. You must cure it through the blood.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

is the only remedy that will do this. It gets right to the root of the trouble. It is guaranteed to cure.

Price: 25c. 50c. $1. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

H.B.K. BRAND

BIG SHIRT

Made big enough for a big man to work in with comfort. Has more material in it than any other brand of shirt in Canada. Made on the H.B.K. scale it requires 39½ to 42 yards per dozen, whereas common shirts have only 32 to 33 yards.

That's the reason why the H.B.K. "Big" Shirt never chafes the armpits, is never tight at the neck or wristbands, is always loose, full and comfortable and wears well.

Each shirt bears a tiny book that tells the whole history of the "Big" Shirt, and also contains a notarial declaration that the H.B.K. "Big" Shirt contains 39½ to 42 yards of material per dozen.

Sold at all dealers but only with this brand:—

H.B.K. BRAND

HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO.
Montreal Winnipeg Dawson

ISSUE NO. 49—04.

J. C. DALE & Co.,

BANKERS,

DALE'S BLOCK, MADOC, ONT.

A General Banking Business Transacted. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of One Dollar and upwards received, and interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. Interest added to principal half-yearly, on the 11th of May and the 11th of November of each year.

REFERENCE :—Canadian Bank of Commerce.

J. C. DALE,
Manager.

Buy Your

C-O-A-L

And Do Your Weighing

—AT—

C CAVERLY'S.

If you want COAL TO BURN buy

PLYMOUTH COAL.

Plymouth Egg for Furnace.
Plymouth Stove for Heating.
Plymouth Chestnut for Cooking.

I have also a large supply of Pittsburg Select Lump Soft Coal.

These Coals are guaranteed. Any fault found with any of them will receive attention without cost to the purchaser.

CHAS. CAVERLY.

Shorthorns and Cotswolds For Sae.

Six Shorthorn Heifers due to farrow in February and four early Ball Calves, also a number of early Ram Lambs weighing about 140 pounds, for sale cheap to quick buyers.

F. A. COMERFORD,
Eldorado.

S. WEST, V.S.,

Graduate of Ontario Vaterinary College, Toronto.

Office and Residence—St. Lawrence Street, Madoc.

Treats all diseases of domesticated animals. All calls promptly attended to, day or night.

Do not Run your Buggies or Cutters until the Paint wears off

or cracks, for if you do it allows the weather to get at the wood and it will also check or rot. Now is the time to

GET YOUR BUGGIES PAINTED

Then they will be firm and ready for running in the spring. Now, I do all classes of

Painting, Burl Work, Mottled Work, Rosewood Graining Striping and Varnishing.

Leave rigs at Sandford & Brooks.

C. H. SANDFORD,
Paint

Business for Sale

L'Amable Station, Ontario.

Owing to failing health I have decided to sell my boarding-house, together with the out-buildings, consisting of two stables and shed, and about twenty acres of land suitable for pasture and garden, well watered. The house is new and convenient for the business. A good paying business is done, with prospects of increasing. No incumbrance. Possession given immediately. Address,

CHAS. McGUIRE,
31 L'Amable Station P.O., Ont.

What do You Lack ?

Watches
for a consideration.

Clocks
for a consideration.

Specs or Eye Glasses
for a consideration.

Give Irving a call,
and make it a mutual consideration.

He needs the dough. The baker kneads the dough. We all need dough. Supply and demand.

WHAT A CONSIDERATION ! ! ! !

REPAIRING AND ENGRAVING.

JAMES H. IRVING,
West of Dominion Bank,
St. Lawrence st., Madoc.

..... BATHS.....

why not have a bath with every accommodation when it is within your reach?

EACH 25c., OR SIX FOR $1.00.

Special attention paid to

SHAVING AND HAIR-CUTTING

AT

VANDERVOORT'S BARBER SHOP,
Next Wilson's Drug Store.

GO TO

Thompson & Dafoe,

—FOR—

Furnaces,
Ranges,
Stoves,
Tinware,
Graniteware,
Horse Blankets,

Washing Machines, Maple Leaf, Greyhound, Monarch, Runner CROSS CUT SAWS, Disston Files, Axes, Axe Handles, Butcher Knives, etc.

Just received a large shipment of

OLD NUERNBERG WARE,

and SILVER WARE, suitable for Christmas Presents. Don't fail to see them.

THOMPSON & DAFOE.

Ayer's Pills Keep them in the house. Take one when you feel bilious or dizzy. They act directly on the liver. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**

ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF

FURS

JUST ARRIVED

CHEAPER THAN EVER

PRICES DOWN, DOWN DOWN, DOWN

Men's Coon, Corsican, Bishop and Fur-Lined

Ladies' Astrachan, Bokharan, with Sable Lapels.

Fur-lined Capes, Sable Ruffs, Children's Grey caps and collars, mitts.

B. O'HARA.

MR. BUSINESS MAN.



TOTAL up your profits for the month. Are they as large as you like, or do you wish to double them? If you do, then you should advertise. Let the public know you are in business and you will get business. The best goods in the world will not sell if the public do not know their merits. A chat with the public through the columns of your local paper will put you in touch with the people who will buy your goods, and your money will not remain tied up indefinitely.

...New...

Barber Shop

W. SCRUTTON

has opened a new Barber Shop in the

St. Lawrence Hall Block.

and invites the patronage of his friends and the public.

First class work guaranteed.

SHOP,—One door south of main hotel entrance.

W. SCRUTTON.

JAS. WHYTOCK

BUTCHER,

DEALER IN

Groceries and .....Provisions.

MADOC, — ONTARIO.

Madoc, June 30, 1903. 27-3m

To Rent.

The shop lately occupied by Stewart Empey, south of Cox's Harness shop.

47-1 JNO. MOUNCEY.

WANTED

MEN AND WOMEN in this county and adjoining territories, to represent and advertise an old established house of solid financial standing. Salary to men $21 weekly, to women $12 to $18 weekly with Expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address, Blew Bros. & Co., Dept. A., Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 41-6

Boarders Wanted.

A few boarders can be accommodated. Terms reasonable.

Plain sewing taken in.

MRS. LENA CRAWFORD.
Madoc, Oct. 24th, 1904.

JACOB HUFF,

Licensed Auctioneer

for the County of Hastings,

MADOC, — — ONT.

A WOMAN KNOWS



We take pride in making garments which in material, fit and workmanship, trimming and style, will have the cordial approval of the most critical lady who has an interest in your appearance.

R. E. COLLING.

Valuable Farm for Sale

A valuable farm containing 215 acres is offered for sale. There are two complete sets of buildings, two barns, one dwelling of brick and one frame, a hop house, drive house and stable for fourteen cows. Three orchards of some two hundred trees and small fruit and good spring water, twenty acres of wood, ninety acres cultivated land, outside fencing is cedar, church on the place, school house thirty rods away, is two and a half miles from the cheese factory and less than three miles from Shannonville station. The purchaser can leave $3000 on mortgage at 5 per cent. the balance to be paid in cash. A good title can be given free from all encumbrances and possession given this fall. This valuable farm is in the township of Tyendinaga and well suited for farming purposes. For further particulars apply to

THOS. EMMONS,
or his Solicitor. Shannonville.
F. E. O'FLYNN,
Post Office Drawer 1064, Belleville.

QUESTION

—AND—

ANSWER.

Where can I get a good Suit of Clothes? At the Big 4.

Are they well made? Yes, they are.

What can I get a good Suit for? He has Men's from $3.70 to $12.00.

Has he Black Suits, Long and Short Coats? Yes sir, and good ones too.

Where can I get a good Hat? At the Big 4.

What price will I have to pay? He sells Christie's Fedoras for $1. They keep the shape and color and wear just as well as a $2 Hat.

What else does he sell? Oh, everything. Top Shirts, Overalls, Odd Pants, Sox, Boys' Clothes, Rubber Coats, and Dry Goods, all very cheap and good.

Who keeps the Big 4? Why

THOS. McNAMARA.

CHOICE LOTS FOR SALE.....

On reasonable terms, and when required, assistance given to erect residences on conditions that will be within the reach of small capitalists

The undersigned has made arrangements for the above named purpose, and anyone wishing to purchase lots on easy terms or avail themseves of the conditions of building, can get full information by application to the undersigned or to A. F WOOD, Esq.

Prices of Lots range from $75 up, according to location. Building and lots can be arranged for from $400 to $2,000.

F. E. SEYMOUR

TRY MORRICE & SON

—FOR—

Men's Fine Boots,

Ladies' Fine Boot

Children's School Boots,

Men's Working Boots.

Trunks, Valises, Shoe Polish.

Boots and Shoes made to order.

An assortment of Home-made Work always on hand. Mending done promptly.

MORRICE & SON.

North Hastings Review.

J. R. ORR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW." TERMS, $1.50 ; $1.00 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

27TH YEAR.—No. 50. **Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, December 15, 1904.** POSTAGE PREPAID.

...del School Closing Event.

Presentation to the Principal by the Retiring Class.

On Friday of last week the term for the Model School Students came to an end. On the same evening, upon the invitation of Mrs. Tice, the students and assistant teachers assembled at eight o'clock at the Principal's home to enjoy a social evening together.

The first item on the programme, however, had not been arranged by the hostess, but by the students themselves. The guests were soon called to order by Mark Anthony (Mr. Peter McCaffrey), who addressed them in the following words—"Principal Tice, Model School assistants, and fellow students, Lend me your ears, I will return them in five minutes. We come to praise Mr. Tice, not to bury him." (This last remark really proved re-assuring since his threatening manner was accompanied by a weapon which bore a strong resemblance to a double-barreled gun). He continued, "The evil ... Model School Principals do lives ...rthem; the good is usually interred with the students. The present case will likely prove no exception."

The speaker now changed his theme and referred to the new course of study for Public Schools and its insistent demand for the new subject, Nature Study. In consideration of the necessity for securing animal specimens for the pursuit of this subject, and the further necessity for roaming through the woods far and widely with open eye and head properly attired, he still further pointed out the necessity which had come under the speaker's own observation for an improvement in the Principal's marksmanship, which improvement could come only by following the educational principle, "Learn to do by doing." the class had decided to present to the Principal the weapon which he held in his hand, their real reason after all being a desire to express their appreciation of, and kindly feeling for their teacher during the Model term.

Mr. Tice replied in fitting terms, thanking his young friends for their kindly act. He referred to an occasion almost exactly seventeen years ...o when he first participated in an ...nt of this character, but upon that ...asion in the capacity of Model Student. He referred to the fact that by some means the custom had become fairly universal in the province of making similar presentations, but that even so the students without exception had given him no reason for accepting the gift as a conventional act upon their part, and that therefore he was bound to accept it in the spirit which had been stated by Mr. McCaffrey and which was so universally evinced in the faces of those present. He referred to the fact that the Model Class to which he belonged had separated widely, some entering the professions and some going into business ultimately; some promised to become fairly eminent yet. He wished for the students a bright and successful future and concluded by saying that it was beyond his power to give them the absolute freedom of Madoc, but that it was within his power to give them that freedom in a certain small section of it, viz: a few well-lighted rooms, which freedom he bade them begin at once to enjoy.

At midnight the guests departed, and as they wended their way in zero weather to their several places of ...bode, they knew that they had spent ...evening always to be pleasantly ...mbered.

Mining Notes.

The Herald says:—There is considerable activity in pyrite at the present time. The mine at Bannockburn has been producing steadily for several years. Mr. Stephen Wellington, of Madoc, has succeeded in selling to capitalists three different promising properties. One has been bought by people in Toronto who will develop the property, which is not far from Madoc, shortly and may manufacture it on the spot. The property at Bogart now has a spur from the C.P.R. running to it and will continue ...

American capitalists have purchased Arthur Coe's mine at Eldorado, near the Richardson Mine, which will be worked for copper. There is some talk also of the old Richardson Mine ...g worked. The sale was brought ...t by Mr. Ernest Fraleck.

...e American Cereal Company ... closed down their Peterborough ... owing to the recent advance in ... ight rates, which prevents them ... putting their products down at ... seaboard on the same basis as ... manufactured at their mills in ... United States.

Consumption Begins With a Cough.

The cough racks and tears the tender tissues of the throat. Inflamation supervenes and then serious bronchial or lung is established. The important time is at the beginning. Stay the progress of the cough by using fragrant ...healing Catarrhozone which reaches every part of the bronchial tubes, throat and lungs. Catarrhozone destroys disease germs, stops the cough, heals sore spots, clears the nose and throat of discharge. Catarrhozone soothes, never irritates. Guaranteed for every form of catarrh. For lasting cure use Catarrhozone. Two months' treatment $1.00; trial size 25c.

The Bogus Ballot Box Case.

Magistrate Wood Commits Editor Carman For Trial, but Exonerates Mr. O'Flynn.

The celebrated Bogus Ballot Box trial came to an end at Belleville on Saturday last. Magistrate Wood committed T. S. Carman, editor and proprietor of The Ontario, for trial on the charge of criminal libel, preferred by E. Guss Porter, M.P., elect.

Mr. Wood in his report declared that a libel on E. Guss Porter was published in The Ontario and takes occasion to remark that public honor in Canada has steadily declined. He declared that a nefarious plot to steal a constituency has been proven. It was conceived and brought into execution by W. J. Shibley and B. O. Lott, each a Liberal candidate for election to parliament, assisted by F. J. Reilly and others. The scheme originated in Toronto, and if the evidence of Phil Lott is trustworthy, B. O. Lott and James Vance were linked with it. He goes fully into the evidence, and censures two witnesses for throwing difficulties in the way of the prosecution's efforts to get at the truth.

The evidence completely exonerated Mr. F. E. O'Flynn, barrister, of any connection either with the charge of libel or in connection with the bogus boxes. The Magistrate caused the following certificate to be issued in Mr. O'Flynn's case, showing that there had been no ground whatever for Mr. O'Flynn ever being connected with the charge :—

Canada, Province of Ontario, County of Hastings, to wit :

This is to certify that under an information laid before me by E. Guss Porter, Esq., M.P., for Criminal Libel against Francis Edmund O'Flynn, of the city of Belleville, in the County of Hastings, Barrister-at-law, in connection with the bogus ballot boxes, the same having come on to be heard this 9th day of December, A.D., 1904, and witnesses having been heard on behalf of the complainant touching the matters in question referred to in the information, it appearing by un... disputed evidence, that there was no evidence that the said Francis Edmund O'Flynn had anything whatever to do in connection with the charges made and the evidence showing that he was completely innocent and free from any blame in connection with the same.

The said complaint was dismissed and this certificate is given as evidence of the same and to exonerate the said Francis Edmund O'Flynn from all censure or blame in connection with the same.

Witness my hand and seal at the city of Belleville, in the County of Hastings, this 10th day of December, A.D., 1904.

(Signed.) A. F. WOOD,
J. P. for County of Hastings.

In the case of Mr. S. Harvett, of Bancroft, bail was refused by the Government Counsel.

The Editor's Trousers.

An editor in Chicago recently ordered a pair of trousers from the tailor. On trying them on they proved several inches too long. It being late on Saturday night the tailor shop was closed, and the editor took the trousers to his wife and asked her to cut them off and hem them over. The good lady, whose dinner had, perhaps, disagreed with her, brusquely refused. The same result followed an application to the wife's sister and the eldest daughter. But before bedtime the wife relenting, took the pants and cutting off six inches from the legs hemmed them up nicely and restored them to the closet. Half an hour later her daughter, taken with compunction for the unfilial conduct, took the trousers and, cutting off six inches, hemmed and replaced them. Finally the sister-in-law felt the pangs of conscience, and she too performed an additional surgical operation on the garment. When the editor appeared at breakfast on Sunday the family thought a highland chieftain had arrived.—The Century.

The License Board of North Hastings met at Springbrook on Friday to make out reports for the second half of the license year.

Mr. Percy Clarke, operator at Cent. Ont. Jct., was married to Miss Nellie, daughter of Albert Chard, of Stirling. The ceremony was performed at New York, the home of Miss Chard. They will reside at the old Presley homestead near Belleview.

Best Remedy For Constipation.

"The finest remedy for constipation I ever used is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says Mr. Eli Butler, of Frankville, N. Y. "They act gently and without any unpleasant effect, and leave the bowels in a perfectly natural condition." Sold by all druggists.

Obituary.

GEORGE D. McCARTHY.

We take the following from the Oswego Globe of November 21st. The deceased will be remembered by many of Madoc's old residents :—

George D. G. McCarthy died last evening at his home, No. 96, West Second St., aged 61 years. He was born at Madoc, Ont., and during the war was in the engineer corps of Sherman's Army, and with it marched from Atlanta to the Sea. After the war he located at Minetto as a blacksmith, and for the past twenty-five years he has lived in this city.

During this period Mr McCarthy conducted a carriage and wagon shop, the firm being McCarthy & Converse. The deceased is survived by his wife and two daughters, Mrs. Bert Jones, of Hammond, N.Y., and Mrs. J. Haws, Belleville, N. Y., also one brother and one sister, Mr. Ina McCarthy and Mrs. George Smith, who resides in Canada.

WILLIAM LESLIE.

One who might be termed a Father in Israel passed away to his rest Monday forenoon, Dec. 5th, in the person of Mr. William Leslie, late of Elzevir township. His removal is sorely felt by the whole community. The deceased was of very sociable and kindly disposition and among all who knew him he was regarded with deep affection. This became quite evident in his recent illness and removal from our midst. During this illness which lasted some five weeks, he had the real sympathy and kindly help of his neighbors night and day, as one and another came in turn to relieve the family. It was a real pleasure and a benefit spiritually to spend a night or even an hour with him, and when death came and the last rights being paid there was evident signs of a heavy burden resting upon the assembled community. On the Wednesday following, the funeral was conducted at 11 a.m. in his late residence, after which the remains was taken to the family plot in Tuller's cemetery.

The deceased was born in Donegal County, Ireland, in the year 1821. He came to Canada in the spring of 1842, locating at Roslin where he married Flora, daughter of the late William Campbell, who still survives him. After residing there five years he moved to Elzevir where he has lived ever since. Fourteen children were born to them, nine of whom are still living: Edward, of Roslin; John, of Minto; David and Robert, of Battleford, N. W. T.; Edmund, of Minnesota; Mrs. John Mathison and Mrs. Joseph Price, of Toronto; Mrs. Wm. Fargey, of Madoc; and Thomas, at home.

He was ordained Elder in the Presbyterian church, Madoc, forty years ago. He served the office of Township Road Surveyor for thirty-three years. In politics, he was a staunch conservative.

The sympathy of the community is extended to the bereaved widow and family.

FATHER SHOT SON.

Terrible Hunting Tragedy near Cloyne.

While out hunting on Monday, Dec. 4th, near Cloyne, Henry Vanness, of Arden, accidently shot and killed his son Archibald, aged 18, as well as wounding James Parks, 26 years. Vanness thought he saw a deer moving. He fired and the bullet pierced Park's side, went through at the back and flew into the breast of Archibald killing him almost instantly. The wounded man is now in Kingston General Hospital and will recover. The father almost wild through grief, took the body of his son to his home. Had the bullet struck Parks an inch nearer inwards than it had he would also have been killed.

The safe in the Fingal post-office was cracked and the robbers got away with over $300.

A young domestic of Petrolea named Alma Miller committed suicide by taking carbolic acid.

Robert Lougheed, a farmer of Markdale, was asphyxiated by illuminating gas at his boarding house in Toronto.

The Coroner's jury at Galt found that Mrs. Barber and her son George Cathrae came to their death from coal gas.

The price of gas has been reduced from two dollars to one dollar and fifty cents at Owen Sound under civic management.

Charles Wise, formerly of Toronto, was accidentally shot and killed by a companion while hunting in British Columbia.

A Noted Horseman's Experience.

Mr. Antoine Wendling, owner of Deveras 2111, and proprietor of the Clifton House, Brockville, says no liniment compares with Nerviline for general use around the stable. For strains, sprains, swellings, internal pains and especially for affections of the whirl bone Nerviline is unequalled. Mr. Wendling believes Nerviline is indispensable as a horse liniment; it has strength, penetrating power and works thoroughly. Every horse and stock owner should use Nerviline. Sold in large 25c. bottles.

Madoc High School.

The following is the result of the examination in Form II.

ALGEBRA.—Bessie Farrell 100, F. Trotter 88, E. Crawford 84, S. Laycock 79, D. Thompson 78, E. Pine 74, C. Casement 59, E. Fleming 66, J. O'Hara 60, W. Smith 58, G. Seymour 57, E. West 53, A. Dafoe 38, B. Bristol 35, M. Reid 34, L. Weir 33, F. Hill, absent.

FRENCH GRAMMAR.—J. O'Hara 84, B. Farrell, 83, S. Laycock 72, E. Crawford 74, C. Casement 70, G. Seymour 60, D. Thompson 56, E. Fleming 49, A. Dafoe 40.

FORM III.

FRENCH AUTHORS.—H. Dafoe 85, J. Glover 78, A. Blakely 74, L. Empey 58, A. Caskey 55, L. Farrel 43, H. Rose 24.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.—A. Caskey 86, L. Empey 84, I. Rollins 75, E. Hart 73, C. Irwin 72, A. Blakely 70, D. McConnell 65, L. Farrell 63, W. Laycock 63, A. West 63, A. Murphy 57, H. McCaffrey 53, H. Rose 38, T. Welsh 34, L. Ried, M. Rollins and E. Thompson, absent, M. Wellington, no paper.

FORM IV.

ALGEBRA.—J. Glover 08, H. Dafoe 67, C. Wright 58, H. White 57.

—L.O.L. No. 253, Allen Settlement, will hold an Oyster Supper in the lodge room on Monday evening, Dec. 19. A programme consisting of instrumental music, songs, recitations, dialogues, etc., will be rendered. Oysters served from six to eight. Admission, single tickets, 40 cents double, 75 cents; children, 25 cents.

The Hastings Star has been enlarged to a six-column eight page paper.

A millionare mining man of Detroit is interesting himself in the iron mines at Blairton and Cordova.

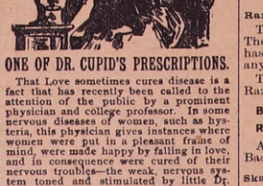
Every Lady Should Know

That Ferrozone removes the causes that interfere with the proper discharge of all womanly functions; it corrects irregularities and is especially good for women who are nervous and subject to headache, lame back, bearing-down pains, despondency and tiredness. Ferrozone is a blood builder and purifier and can't be excelled for the complexion. For your good looks and health use Ferrozone. Price 50c. per box at druggists.

Lingering Cold.

Withstood Other Treatment But Quickly Cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"Last winter I caught a severe cold which lingered for weeks," says J. Urquhart, of Zephyr, Ontario. "My cough was very dry and harsh. The local dealer recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and guaranteed it, so I gave it a trial. One 25-cent bottle of it cured me. I believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be the best I have ever used." This is one of the most staple medicines in use. Thousands have testified to its excellence. It not only cures a cold quickly and effectually but counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. It is equally valuable for children and may be given to them with implicit confidence. It always cures and is pleasant to take. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains no opium or other harmful drug. Sold by all druggists.



ONE OF DR. CUPID'S PRESCRIPTIONS.

That Love sometimes cures disease is a fact that has recently been called to the attention of the public by a prominent physician and college professor. In some nervous diseases of women, such as hysteria, this physician gives instances where women were put in a pleasant frame of mind, were made happy by falling in love, and in consequence were cured of their nervous troubles—the weak, nervous system toned and stimulated by little Dr. Cupid—became strong and vigorous, almost without their knowledge. Many a woman is nervous and irritable, feels dragged down and worn out, for no reason that she can think of. She may be ever so much in love, but Dr. Cupid fails to cure her. In ninety-nine per cent. of these cases it is the womanly organism which requires attention; the weak back, dizzy spells and black circles about the eyes are only symptoms. Go to the source of the trouble and correct the irregularities, the drains on the womanly system and the other symptoms disappear. So sure of it is the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that they offer a $500 reward for women who cannot be cured of leucorrhea, female weakness, prolapsus, or falling of the womb. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the complexion and sweeten the breath, they cleanse and regulate the stomach, liver and bowels and produce permanent benefit and do not re-act on the system. One is a gentle laxative.

"The Common Sense Medical Adviser" is sent free, paper-bound, for 21 one-cent stamps to pay customs and mailing *only*. Send 50 stamps for cloth bound copy. Address, World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N.Y.

Estray.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 16, in the 5th con. of Madoc, a Yearling Bull. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take it away.

CHAS. COMERFORD.
Eldorado, Nov. 29, 1904. 48-3

Ontario Business College

is the most widely attended in America, and its famous bookkeeping text book, "The Canadian Accountant," is sold throughout the English speaking world. Send for illustrated Catalogues of each to the Principal and author,

J. W. JOHNSON, F.C.A.,
Belleville, Ont.

NEW PAINT SHOP.

The undersigned, having fitted up a new Paint Shop, is now prepared to do all kinds of

Painting on Buggies, Carriages, etc

—IN—

FIRST-CLASS STYLE.

Durable work given. Fifteen years' experience. Charges moderate. Shop next door to his residence.

W. J. REED.
Madoc, Nov. 15, 1904.



Sensible 'Xmas. Gifts.

Christmas buyers who are looking for gifts that bear the marks of quality and choice selection will find some things here a little better than elsewhere.

Pocket Knives.

Every kind one can think of, 10 cts. to $1.25.

Table Knives.

The kinds that cut when the meat is tough, 75c. per set up.

Carving Knives.

In pairs or in sets and all good Steel, 75 cts. up. Also a fine line of Carving Sets in Oak Cases.

Razors and Straps.

The Real Safety Razor, only $2.00. The only safety on the market that has the one great thing required of any Razor,—A Full Concaved Blade. The Real is not a scraper. It is a Razor (Absolutely safe.)

Bokers Razors, 75c. to $1.75 each.

Razor Straps, 25c. to 90 cts.

Also a fine assortment of Genuine Badger Hair Shaving Brushes.

Skates and Hockey Sticks.

A large assortment of patterns and sizes in Henry Boker's celebrated Hockey Skates, 35c. to $2.50 per pair. Hockey Sticks, 10c. to 50c. each.

Sleds, a good assortment of Sleds, 25c. to $1.25.

Sleigh Bells.

Genuine Swedish Sleigh Bells. Their tone is of exquisite quality. Noted for strength and durability.

Don't buy your Sleigh Bells until you have heard the Genuine Swedish Sleigh Bells.

We also have a full line of Shaft-Gongs, Team Bells, etc.

Food Choppers.

Our Russwin Food Choppers are sold with a guarantee and are warranted to give satisfaction. Two sizes.

We have also a full line of Lamps, Burners and Chimneys, Silverware, Heavy Gloves and Mitts, Cross-cut Saws, Axes, etc.

M. W. CONNOR & SON,

Pennoline Brand American Coal Oil is the best illuminating Oil in the World. Try it. Only 25c. per gallon.

THE DOMINION BANK

Capital and Reserve, $6,000,000

Total Assets, - $35,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, — TORONTO

T. G. BROUGH, General Manager.

MADOC BRANCH.

A general banking business transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of $1 and upwards received, and interest allowed at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly.

F. COTTLE,
Manager.

JAMES C. DALE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
OFFICE—J. C. Dale & Co., Bankers.

F. E. O'FLYNN,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
BELLEVILLE, - - ONT.

W. J. MOORE, B.C.L.,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Over the REVIEW Office, Madoc.
MONEY TO LOAN.
Solicitor for the Dominion Bank.

D. E. K. STEWART,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, MADOC, ONTARIO.
Money to loan on first mortgages at lowest rates.
Solicitor for J. C. Dale & Co., Bankers.
Solicitor for Murphy, Gordon & Co., Bankers, Tweed.

WILLIAM CROSS, LL.B.,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER.
Appraiser at Madoc for The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation.
Money to loan at 5 per cent. on good farm security. No commission. No valuation fee.
OFFICE—Wood Block, Madoc.

DR. HARRISON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.
Graduate of Queen's University. Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.
Special attention given to Diseases of women and children.
OFFICE—Opposite Methodist Church

DR. HARPER,
GRADUATE OF TRINITY UNIVERSITY
Fellow of Trinity Medical College, Licentiate of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE—Durham street, Dale's Block, Madoc.

Madoc Lodge, No. 195, A.O.U.W.

THE Ancient Order of United Workmen meets every first and third Friday of each month in Moon's new block. Visiting brethren are cordially welcomed.

M. MAYBEE, Master Workman. W. H. MCBAIN, Recorder

Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I.O.O.F.

Meets in Oddfellows' Hall, Wilson Block, every Monday evening at the hour of 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren will always be cordially welcomed.

M. MAYBEE, Rec.-Sec. J. C. DALE, Noble Grand
L. F. MORRICH, Fin. Sec.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

THE DANGER OF ANAEMIA.

Its Victims Are Defenceless When Disease Strikes— The Blood Should Be Kept Rich and Pure.

Anaemic people—people with watery blood—are without defense when disease threatens. The strongest weapon against disease is a plentiful supply of rich, red blood. A robust person may catch cold, but quickly throws it off. But a cold lingers with the anaemic one, goes to the chest and the first signs of consumption appear. It is the anaemic one who suffers from headaches and dizziness, who cannot climb a stair without resting, whose heart flutters and palpitates wildly at the least exertion. Such people can only be saved by a new supply of rich, red blood, and Dr. Williams Pink Pills is the only medicine that actually makes rich, red blood with every dose. Ordinary medicines only touch the symptoms of disease—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go right straight to the root of the trouble and drive it out. That is why these pills have a larger sale than any other medicine in the world, and that is why thousands and thousands of people praise them so highly. Miss Florence G. Marryett, Chester, N. S., says:—"I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for several months and I am happy to say they have restored me to health after all other means had failed. I was suffering from anaemia in its most severe form. The least exertion would leave me breathless and worn out, I had no appetite and suffered greatly with nervous headaches. I was pale and seemed to be going into a decline. I had medical attendance but it did me no good. Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in a few weeks I found they were helping me. I continued their use for several months, and am again enjoying good health. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will make every weak and ailing girl strong and healthy."

You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine but you should be careful to see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt write the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent at 50c a box or six boxes for $2.50.

RUSSIA'S PLIGHT.

Awful Condition of the People of That Country.

Fear of Russia has hung over the world for more than a quarter of a century, but to-day, after a nine-months war with Japan, its dreaded power has become almost a laughing stock. Russia has great size, joined with great weakness. Some of the causes of its lethargy are incurable. Others are due to a backward civilization. The roads are mere military routes. The postoffice handles one piece of mail for 15 that pass through our own. For every two miles of telegraph in Russia, we have five, and for each mile of her telegraph wires we have 53.

Ignorance leads misery by the hand. Three-fourths of the children never see the inside of a schoolroom. Of those who go to school, few are taught more than their alphabet. In Russia proper, 94 people out of every 100 cannot write their names or spell out easy words. Technical education is even more neglected; and for every 11,000 people there is but a single physician.

The bureaucracy and the merchants in collusion have built up a perfectly organized system of graft. It is openly recognized, treated with tolerance, even thought of with respect. Not only do admirals buying coal in foreign ports procure receipts for much larger sums than they have paid, with their under officers, but no contract is let at home which does not allow a liberal margin for a "rake-off." In this way, Russia has paid for her railroads two and a half times the amount which the minister of finance estimates as their value. It is said that fully 75 per cent. of the large Red Cross fund which was subscribed at home and abroad has been stolen. The magnificently equipped hospital train which the czarina sent to the east was looted between St. Petersburg and Moscow. Not a thing of value was left in it.

To sum up: Russia stands at a great crisis in an evil plight. Its aristocracy is rotten and tyrannous; its people sodden in ignorance, without moral sense, dull and brutish; its priestcraft often degraded, extortionate and sensual; its land of natural resource wasted and consumed; its imperial bullion for its coining; and its czar, a grotesque weakling.

FATAL FOR FRANCE.

It is a common supposition that war must be formally declared before hostilities can be entered upon; but this is very far from the truth. Even the delivery of an ultimatum is not necessary; a simple "act of war," which may be construed from almost any ill-considered act, is sufficient to set belligerents at each other's throat.

The blowing up of the "Maine," although undoubtedly the act of a lunatic, who had not a shred of official warrant for the deed, was sufficient to cause the Spanish-American War, and a petty quarrel over the succession to the impoverished Spanish throne was the excuse upon which the Franco-Prussian War was entered upon.

The disposition of the throne of Spain seems to have always exercised a baneful influence over the destinies of France, by the way, for it was over a similar quarrel that the great Duke of Marlborough had to take the field to fight the Battle of Malplaquet. It was a glorious victory for our great general; but when one reads of the carnage it caused, one wonders if the affairs of an outside State warranted such woeful warfare.

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Behind the lately-removed dial of the ancient clock in the tower of St. Mary's parish church, Bletchley, was found about a hundredweight of honey.

"Fishing vessels often go to sea with half their crews drunk," said a Grimsby fisherman at an inquest on a man who jumped overboard from a trawler.

In letters of gold the names of the Roman Emperors are being placed beneath the medallions representing them at Buckingham Palace.

Near St. Ives a shark 3½ feet long was caught on hook and line, when an angler fish weighing near a hundredweight rushed at it and swallowed it, both being landed, writes Mr. E. O'Donnell, of Clifton House, St. Ives.

All efforts to establish the Salvation Army in Russia have so far been of no avail, said General Booth at Guildford, as the Russian Government had issued strict injunctions against the general or his followers crossing the frontier.

"Did you ever see a tragedy?" said Edward Hanley, an insurance agent, to two friends with whom he was seated in the Dublin Gaiety theatre. Without waiting for an answer, he drew a penknife across his throat, inflicting a wound nearly two inches long.

After experiments, extending over six weeks with two different oils, the borough surveyor of Kensington has reported that the system of laying dust by oil is unsuitable for London.

Mr. William Colby, who has just died at Pakefield, near Lowestoft, at the age of eighty-seven leaves 114 descendants living out of 133. They are 6 children, 46 grandchildren, and 62 great-grandchildren.

In the schools under the Bristol Education Committee there are 3,756 scholars with defective eyesight, and the committee is considering the advisability of providing them with spectacles.

"If I was guilty I would be only too proud—too pleased to tell you. But I was in bed at the time." So said Pat Sullivan, a tailor, accused of stealing a coat at Birmingham on Saturday. He was discharged.

"Unmarried working men are the most extravagant class in the community," said Judge Emden at Lambeth County Court.

The world's largest ploughing match, the annual event of the North Kent Agricultural Association, took place near Dartford. No fewer than 130 ploughs were employed, and it was a wonderful scene, rendered still more interesting by the motor ploughing and an exhibition of the ancient method, the use of oxen. The Ivel motor was awarded the gold medal.

Through a crack in the wall an enormous number of bees had made their home under the bedroom floor of an old farm house at Longthrope, near Peterborough, and their incessant humming made sleep difficult. On one of the floors being taken up, the space between it and the ceiling of the room below was found to be packed with honey. No less than 1½ cwt. was extracted.

Japan is a nation of gardeners. Every man, woman, and child is passionately fond of flowers. Gardening is a religion.

"How did you like our new duet?" she asked. "Oh, was that a new duet? I thought you were only quarrelling!"

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

Right Food Makes Happy Children Because They are Healthy.

Sometimes milk does not agree with children or adults. The same thing is true of other articles of food. What agrees with one sometimes does not agree with others.

But food can be so prepared that it will agree with the weakest stomach. As an illustration—anyone, no matter how weak the stomach, can eat, relish and digest a nice hot cup of Postum coffee with a spoonful or two of Grape-Nuts poured in, and such a combination contains nourishment to carry one a number of hours, for almost every particle of it will be digested and taken up by the system and be made use of.

A lady writes from the land of the Magnolia and the mocking bird way down in Alabama and says: "I was led to drink Postum because coffee gave me sour stomach and made me nervous. Again Postum was recommended by two well-known physicians for my children, and I feel especially grateful for the benefit derived.

"Milk does not agree with either child, so to the eldest aged four and one-half years, I give Postum with plenty of sweet cream. It agrees with her splendidly, regulating her bowels perfectly although she is of a constipated habit.

"For the youngest, aged two and one-half years I use one-half Postum and one-half skimmed milk. I have not given any medicine since the children began using Postum, and they enjoy every drop of it.

"A neighbor of mine is giving Postum to her baby lately weaned, with splendid results. The little fellow is thriving famously." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum agrees perfectly with children and supplies adults with the hot invigorating beverage in place of coffee. Literally thousands of Americans have been helped out of stomach and nervous diseases by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. Look in package for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

FARMER TELLS OF A BAD TWO YEARS

THEN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS DROVE AWAY ALL HIS PAINS.

Was Bent Over with Pain and Hardly Able to Work Till He Used the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Consecon, Ont., Dec. 12.—(Special)—Mr. David Rowe, a well-known and highly respected farmer, living about three miles from here, is telling his friends of his remarkable recovery from a long period of suffering by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I had very severe pains in my back more or less for upwards of two years," Mr. Rowe says. "These pains seemed to concentrate their full force in the small of my back and the pain was almost unbearable. It made me go bent over and I could not straighten up to save my life.

"When I went to urinate it gave me great pain and you may imagine I was not able to do much work. I consulted a doctor but his prescription did me no good.

"Then I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I felt better by the time I had used the first box. Ten boxes cured me completely."

VIRGIN CROWNS THE ALPS.

Statue Placed on One of the Highest Peaks.

A band of priests and guides have succeeded in performing the unparalleled feat of erecting a statue of the Virgin on the summit of the mighty Dent du Geant, a 13,170-feet monarch of the Pennine Alps.

The idea was started by Father Louis Clapasson, the cure of Courmayeur, a well-known mountaineer, and the people of the Aosta valley subscribed the money needed to buy the aluminum statue, which is not quite life size.

For weeks the weather was closely watched, and finally a party of seventeen men started upon the difficult undertaking.

From Courmayeur up to the Col du Geant the difficulties were easily overcome, but from this point to the summit the work was full of peril.

Over slippery ice-bound rocks and unsafe snow patches, up perpendicular chimneys and steep slabs of smooth rock like the sides of a house, the party had to climb with their burden, clinging for life to ropes fixed to iron stanchions in the rocks.

To add to the dangers a furious snowstorm came on, and several times the guides bearing the statue were nearly swept from the mountain side. The summit was reached without mishap three hours after leaving the Col.

In the midst of a "torment," or whirling snowstorm, great holes were drilled in the rock to receive the iron supports of the statue, and two hours later the Virgin was securely fixed on her mountain pedestal.

Then, on the edge of the precipice, with the storm still raging, the vicar of Courmayeur, Father Vesan, attached by two strong ropes to the face of the rock, performed mass, which more than once was interrupted by the fury of the elements.

Heart Sick People—Dr. Agnew's 30 for the Heart is a heart tonic that never fails to cure—it's swift in its effects—goes closer to the "border land" and snatches from death's grip more sufferers than any other remedy for any family of diseases and ailments in the category of human sufferings. Gives relief in 30 minutes.—75

The railway traveller in Japan buys a first, second, or third class ticket; or, if he wishes to go cheaper still, he can get a ticket entitling him to stand on the platform only.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—A few days ago I was taken with a severe pain and contraction of the cords of my leg, and had to be taken home in a rig. I could not sleep for pain, and was unable to put my foot to the floor. A friend told me of your MINARD'S LINIMENT, and one hour from the first application, I was able to walk, and the pain entirely disappeared.

You can use my name as freely as you like, as I consider it the best remedy I have ever used.

CHRISTOPHER GERRY.

Ingersoll, Ont.

"And you really think, doctor, that there is hope for him after this?" "I certainly think so, madam! After this morning I shall only call once a day instead of twice."

20 Years of Vile Catarrh—Chas. O. Brown, journalist, of Duluth, Minn., writes: "I have been a sufferer from Throat and Nasal Catarrh for over 20 years, during which time my head has been stopped up and my condition truly miserable. Within 15 minutes after using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I obtained relief. Three bottles have almost, if not entirely, cured me." 50c.—73

Farthing packets of tea are being sold throughout India by grocers, who have at last recognized that they have an immense market at their door.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

There is a grave-digging school in Brussels, and all candidates for the post of sexton in Belgium to be eligible must have graduated from this school.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.



Sunlight Soap will not injure your blankets or harden them. It will make them soft, white and fleecy. 7B

10,000 QUARTS OF AIR.

In each respiration an adult inhales one pint of air. A healthy man will respire 16 to 20 times per minute, or, say, 20,000 times a day; a child, 25 to 35 times per minute. While standing, the adult average respiration is 22 times per minute; lying down, 13 times. The superficial area of the lungs—that is, of their alveolar, or space, which they govern by means of the mouth—averages 200 square yards. The amount of air respired each day is about 10,000 quarts. The amount of oxygen absorbed in the same length of time is 500 litres, or about 1,244 grams. The amount of carbonic acid expired in 24 hours is estimated at 511.5 grams. Two-thirds of the oxygen absorbed in 24 hours is taken in during the 12 hours from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m., three-fifths of the total being thrown off during the day. While this is going on, the pulmonary surface is throwing off 150 grams of water in the shape of vapor. The heart sends 800 quarts of blood through the lungs every hour, or about 5,000 quarts daily.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

A census recently taken of the horses in Paris shows that while the Palais Royal quarter has 13,600 inhabitants, it accommodates 30,600 horses.

Have You Eczema?—Have you any skin disease or eruptions? Are you subject to chafing or scalding? Dr. Agnew's Ointment prevents and cures any and all of these, and cures Itching, Bleeding and Blind Piles besides. One application brings relief in ten minutes and cases cured in three to six nights. 35 cents.—71

The French Post Office department has excluded mourning envelopes from the mails for the reason that they can be opened without much chance of detection.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 25—01

WANTED—RELIABLE PARTIES TO do machine knitting at home; good pay; everything found. For full particulars address Box 359 Orillia, Ont.

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

CARPET DYEING

and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Send particulars by post and we are sure to satisfy Address Box 158, Montreal.

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WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

CONTAINS

25,000 NEW WORDS, Etc.
New Gazetteer of the World
New Biographical Dictionary
2380 Quarto Pages.
New Plates. 5000 Illustrations.

Should be in Every Home, School, and Office

Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., Editor of The Outlook, says: Webster has always been the favorite in our household, and I have seen no reason to transfer my allegiance to any of his competitors.

FREE, "A Test in Pronunciation," instructive and entertaining. Also illustrated pamphlet.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

HANDSOME 14k RING and GOLD WATCH FREE



Hundreds of beautiful Rings and Watches Free to anyone.

Send us your name and address and agree to sell 36 packages of our famous Mavi Washing Blue at 10c. only 5c. a package. When sold you send us $1.80 and we will send you the handsome 14k Gold Finished Ring, set with elegant large Mavi Turquoise Jewels, and this is handsome and costly ring. If you send us the $1.80 for the Ring with your order we will give you absolutely free a magnificent Gold watch in addition to the Ring. Address: The Mavi Bluing Co., Dept. 50, Toronto, Ont.

FOR LADY OR GENT. An opportunity to secure one of our magnificent Gold watches in addition to the Ring. Address: The Mavi Bluing Co., Dept. 50, Toronto, Ont.

Imitations at best are imitations, substitutions never satisfy - Insist on having Blue Ribbon Tea.

POULTRY

We can handle your poultry either alive or dressed to best advantage. Also your butter, eggs, honey and other produce.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited
Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

PLAIN ENGLISH?

His wife came into the room where he was sitting. She was twisting herself around in the effort to look at the back of her new blouse. By the tense lines and bulging aspect about her hips he knew that her mouth was full of pins. He knew it anyway without looking for those symptoms.

"Umph gof-wuff-wuff-sh-th-bf-fsyf-ff," she said.

"Yes, it looks all right," he answered, resuming his paper.

"Owf - wuff-gs-pf-suf-up-up-w-r-r-r-ooghsth," she mumbled.

"Of couse it does," he assured her, glancing over the top of the paper, "it fits like the paper on the wall."

"Sw - ssh-uzuzuz-woll-gph-m-m-m-sh-p-z-z," she said, stamping her foot.

"Didn't I tell you it was all right?" asked the man, lowering the paper. "Maybe it needs a little taking up in the shoulders, but nobody could notice it."

Hastily letting the pins fall from her mouth to her hand, she cried: "I've asked you three times to raise the window blind so that I could get more light. It's a pity you can't understand plain English."

Of course, the man could have said something scathing in reply, but he knew better.

TRY CHANGE OF BREAD.

A chef was talking about bread.

"People ought to vary their breads the same as they vary their meats," he said. "You don't eat ham three times a day, year in and year out. You don't eat beef that way. You don't eat mutton that way. But that is the way you eat bread, if you are the average sort of a man—one certain kind of bread suffices you for breakfast, lunch, and dinner all your life.

"The stomach gets tired of this bread monotony; and when the stomach tires of a thing it won't digest it. Hence dyspepsia. The bread monotony is responsible for a good deal of the dyspepsia that flourishes.

"There are dozens of varieties of breads—corn bread, whole-wheat bread, barley bread, Sally Lunn, brown bread, aerated bread, malt bread. With these, and many more to choose from, why is the average family so foolish and thoughtless as to confine it self to one kind of bread only?"

Of about thirty recognized coaling stations in the Pacific, Great Britain owns at least twelve and the United States six.

An odd-looking turtle has been captured at Burlington, Vt. Its shell is soft, its back is spotted, its head is like that of a serpent, and its fins resemble those of a fish.

60 Specialists on the Case.—In the ordinary run of medical practice a greater number than this have treated cases of chronic dyspepsia and have failed to cure—but Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets (60 in a box at 35 cents cost) have made the cure, giving relief in one day. These little "specialists" have proven their real merit.—72

All new schools in Switzerland have a portion of the ground floor appropriated for baths.

THE FREEMASON, Toronto, 50c. a year. Cowan & Co., Pub'rs., Toronto.

Mrs. Jenkins—Your son's engaged to be married, I hear. I saw a young lady with him to-day. Was that— Mrs. O'Bull—Yes, that was his fiasco.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"Oh, George," sighed the romantic girl, "I wish you were like the old-time knights; I wish you'd do something brave to show your love for me." "Gracious!" cried her fiance, "haven't I agreed to marry you, and me only getting ten dollars a week?"

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 50c. a box, all dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

A MODEL HUSBAND.

Wife—"I need a little more money." Husband—"It is only two days since——"

"Now, look here! I want you to understand that I wouldn't ask for money if I didn't need it, and I don't intend to be reminded that it's only two days since you gave me some. I am not a child, nor a menial, nor a slave, to be treated like an irresponsible being, and I just want you to know that I won't stand it either, so there now! I've got just as much right to your money as you have, so there now, you——"

"My dear, I was merely going to remark that it is only two days since I drew my salary, and you could have all you wanted."



"Pinto" Shell Cordovan

Used in H.B.K. Mitts, Gloves and Moccasins—tough as whalebone, flexible, soft, pliable, scorch-proof, wind-proof, boil-proof, crack-proof, tear-proof, rip-proof, cold-proof, almost wear-proof—certainly the greatest leather ever used in mitts and gloves.

Like buckskin it is tanned without oil, unlike buckskin it is not porous, it is wind-proof—will outwear three buckskins.

"Pinto" Mitts and Gloves never crack or harden, never get sodden, are always warm, pliable, soft and comfortable.

Sold at all dealers but never without this brand:—

H.B.K. BRAND

HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO.
Montreal Winnipeg Dawson 2

Biggs—"Castleton was out driving with the Widow Grasper the other day when the horse ran away with him, and he's laid up in the hospital." Griggs—"Well, it might have been worse—the widow might have run away with him."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Young Mother—"Now Harold whom do you love most, papa or me?" Little Harold—"Papa." Young Mother—"But yesterday you said you loved me most." Little Harold—"Yes, but I've thought it over since and decided that we men must stick together."

Rheumatism will Succumb to South American Rheumatic Cure because it goes right to the seat of the trouble and removes the cause. Many so-called cures but deaden pain temporarily only to have it return again with doubled violence. Not so with this great remedy. It eradicates from the system the last vestige of the disease and it cures are permanent.—74

Since the use of wire fences has become so extensive, the number of cattle killed each year by lightning has greatly increased.

Neglect a cough and contract consumption.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

cures consumption, but don't leave it too long. Try it now. Your money back if it doesn't benefit you.

Prices: S. C. WELLS & Co. 25c 50c. $1 LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

A DANGEROUS BUSINESS

MEN WHO HAVE THE PROPOSING MANIA.

The Case of Mr. Provus—Mr. Beveridge Was Engaged Eight Times.

The man who becomes engaged to four girls simultaneously is surely possessed of a nerve which even a Bowie might envy, yet this is the record of a certain Mr. Max Probus, who is at the present moment bracing himself to defend three impending breach of promise suits and a wedding. Which he fears the most is not known, but he frankly admits that he does not think any of the young women whose hearts and hands he is said to have so freely helped himself to will get any damages other than those already done to their pride, for he declares that he is a victim of the proposing mania, and therefore no more accountable for his actions than a kleptomaniac or a sleep-walker, but whether a justice-loving jury will share his opinion remains to be seen.

The first young lady to whom Mr. Provus proposed was Miss Sarah Shafer, who accepted him, and the wedding day was fixed, when unfortunately the susceptible lover became acquainted with Miss Mary Provusky, a Polish girl, with whom he appears to have immediately fallen in love, proposed, and been accepted. Gifted with considerable artfulness, however, he managed to divide his attentions so cleverly between the two ladies that each believed him to belong solely and entirely to herself.

Then in an unfortunate moment Mr. Provus met Jennie Norton, and the passion for proposing once again asserted itself. As he afterwards declared to a friend, he fought heroically against the craving to know if Jennie would have him if given the chance, but it was useless, and

THE TWO BECAME ENGAGED.

Like a conjurer Mr. Provus managed to keep the three girls in the air, as it were, and each was still ignorant of the horrible mania from which the much-engaged man was suffering.

And then, without any explanation and absolutely regardless of the jollot of broken hearts with which he was flooding the matrimonial market, Mr. Provus coolly set about making preparations for his marriage with Miss Sarah Steinberg, a young lady whom he had met a day or so after becoming engaged to Jennie Norton. He made no secret of his approaching wedding, and now that everything has "come out" the three injured girls are suing the kleptomaniac of human hearts for $10,000 apiece as some salve for their wounded feelings.

It is generally believed that when the jury chosen to try this remarkable case learn the full facts of Mr. Provus's perfidiousness they will award the abandoned maidens the sum claimed, but whether they will ever get it is another story; for the defendant-elect, it is said, has not sufficient capital to permit of his indulging in the pastime of defending breach of promise suits on so wholesale a scale.

Mr. Harry Beveridge, who claims to be an Englishman, but who has founded a very comfortable home for himself in the City of New Jersey, is credited with having been engaged no fewer than eight times. He does not appear to have suffered from the proposing mania to the heartless extent of Mr. Provus, for, to use his own phrase (he has been a sailor in his time), he always cut loose from the old craft before signing on with the new. Mr. Beveridge has also

MET WITH HARD LUCK

during his hunt for a wife, and on three occasions the lady to whom he was engaged died a few days previous to that on which she should have made the trip to the altar, and twice the future Mrs. Beveridge discovered, almost at the last moment, that the affection she had for her fiance was insufficiently strong to carry them happily over the sea of life (another expression of Mr. Beveridge's).

After so many calamitous endings to his wooings Mr. Beveridge says he became almost superstitious, and would probably have thrown up the idea of getting married altogether had he not become acquainted with the attractive widow of a mess-mate who had been lost at sea. After a few weeks' acquaintance Mr. Beveridge proposed, and, being accepted, suggested that they should be married in a week, to which the widow, with apparent reluctance, agreed. The wedding was fixed for Friday, and all the arrangements had been completed, when on Thursday night the husband of the widow, who had been picked up at sea and carried to the Antipodes, called on Mr. Beveridge, and the once dead man was again robbed of his fiancee.

Three months later, in spite of the kindly warnings of his friends, he proposed to and was accepted by a pretty girl who had a position with the telephone company. They were engaged for a fortnight, when the young lady discovered she had a talent for the stage, and calling her lover up on the telephone broke off the engagement and went "on tour." During seven his seventh sweetheart sent her cable (another expression which he uses when referring to the same subject), he decided, with a final smile, to give up the idea of matrimony altogether, when last June he met the lady

WHO IS NOW HIS WIFE.

She was worth waiting for, and has now come to look upon the broken engagements as the events in his life. Mrs. is fully acquainted with the various times her husband has engaged, but says that the trials which he has passed have increased his love for her, which, she is probably correct.

As a certain popular young New York society, Mr. Harwho is reported to have been engaged no fewer than seventeen times, and yet can truthfully say that he has never owned a fiancee in his life. The fact is, the young man is possessed of great wealth, is very good-looking, fond of ladies' society, and a great dancer, and in consequence, as soon as he is seen in the company of any New York belle more than once, the announcement appears in one or two of the daily papers, only to be contradicted the following morning. Mr. Moor has kept many of the Press cuttings which have reference to his engagements, and can now number among his lady friends no fewer than seventeen to whom he is reported at one time or another to have been engaged.

A KINDLY DEED.

Contractor And His Men Built a House for Nothing.

It may be that joy in a kindly deed, recorded in the New York Sun, put speed into the hands of the workmen and hastened its accomplishment. Whatever the motive power, however, the fact was a remarkable one.

Mr. Rose, an Indianapolis farmer, bought material for a house, and then discovered that for lack of means he could not go on with it. The stuff lay on the ground for months, when one day a generous thought came into his mind of a contracting builder. He called his men round him and asked for volunteers to build the Rose cottage, telling them he would undertake to do it within one day if they would contribute their work. Twenty-six carpenters, masons and painters agreed on the condition that Mr. Rose would furnish a chicken dinner, and a time was fixed for all to report at the site of the proposed building.

Every man appeared on time, and all went at once to work. Each worker was assigned to a particular part, and the house began to go up with a rush. When noon came the framework was all up, and the chimney was started.

Then came dinner. Mrs. Rose had fried two dozen chickens. There were ten loaves of bread, four dozen ears of boiled corn and nearly a bushel of mashed potatoes. The dessert consisted of cherry cobbler and various kinds of pie. The contractor had to call off his men for fear they would eat so much they would not be able to finish the job.

Then the hurry began again. Before the roof was on the plasterers were at work, and at exactly six o'clock the cottage was finished, all but the second coat of paint and the skim plaster, neither of which could be put on before the first coat dried. Everything else, even to putting on the locks and hinges, was done before the men were called off, and done well.

The contractor complimented his men when the job was complete. He said that although he had done "hurry" work before, he had never known a house to be begun and completed in a day. The cottage contains five well-lighted rooms and a large attic. The work is done thoroughly, and the contractor declares that he could have finished it an hour earlier had not the men eaten so much dinner.

SNIP, SNAIL AND PUPPY DOG.

Description of a Native Dinner in Hong Kong.

Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis descants on the finest dinner he ever ate. Among them he classes a native dinner in Hong Kong.

"First on our menu came the little oysters which cling to the bamboo stems in the salt water marshes of upper China. They are, I should fancy, the smallest and the sweetest oysters in the world. Birds' nest soup followed, prepared as it should be. I fancy that a chicken broth was the liquid to which the nest gave its peculiar and attractive taste of the sea at our feast, and the combination was excellent. Trepang, which we know as beche-de-mer, followed. It is the sea slug from the Loochoo Islands, and served as an entree it tastes very much like turtle fat, though richer. To counteract its richness a great china bowl full of boiled bamboo shoots was handed round with it.

"Next came a very small roast. I thought at first that it was a tiny sucking pig, but it had no crackling, and the flesh was like that of an agneau de lait, the little lambs whose meat is snow white. It was one of the Cantonese puppies of a particular kind, who are doomed from birth to take their place on the roasting spit, and who are fed on rice and milk only. I looked down the table and saw that my friend was eating with zest, so for the first time in my life I ate dog and liked it exceedingly. With this puppy were served all the vegetables in season, and a salad which had the taste of young nasturium leaf as its strongest flavor. Rice birds followed. They are smaller than ortolans, each tiny plump creature being but a mouthful, but they are the most delicious eating of all the feathered small fry.

"Nanking eggs were next brought round. They had been buried for fifty years, and a Chinaman detects some special flavor in them. To me they tasted just like an ordinary hard boiled egg, and their appearance, being almost black, was not inviting. They were, in my opinion, the one failure of the dinner. The sideboard had been spread with a variety of cold viands, among them pheasants and game pies from Shanghai, and a Kobe round of spiced beef. Baskets of fruit were brought in, and little orange trees in pots, from which we were invited to pluck the ripe fruit. We drank well iced champagne, Cliquot of a vintage year, at dinner, and with the coffee we tried, as a curiosity, some native liquors which came from Pekin, one bring not unlike Maraschino."

, 25 cents a box, at all
Edmanson, Bates & Co.,
onto. The portrait and signature
of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous re-
cript book author, are on every box

WOOD ALCOHOL A POISON

ITS USE RESULTS IN DEATH OR BLINDNESS.

Substituted in Medicines or Extracts on Account of Cheapness.

The common occurrence of wood alcohol poisoning cases, says a writer in the New York Sun, necessitates the warning to the public that wood alchol is now being used, not only in the arts, but in medicinal or flavoring agents, such as essences and extracts by unscrupulous manfacturers on account of its great cheapness as compared with grain alcohol. The deodorizing process through which it goes does not remove its poisonous properties.

Eye specialists of this country and of Europe agree in ascribing many cases of total or partial blindness to wood alcohol, which unknowingly been taken in the form of liquors, medicinal remedies, flavoring essences or used externally in the form of witch hazel and bay rum and as liniments and for alcohol rubs.

DANGER IN ITS USE.

Although physiological experiments would seem to show that the consumption of wood alcohol in large quantities has a similar effect on animal life to that of grain alcohol when taken in excess, yet it is gathered from the observations of doctors of wood alcohol poisoning that wood alcohol is undoubtedly, in every respect and however taken, far more dangerous to man than grain alcohol.

Chronic or sub-acute poisoning by wood alchol, that is, the taking of small quantities at short intervals, produces a form of cumulative action, depending probably on the retention within the body of wood alcohol or of some of its decomposition products.

Poisoning by wood alcohol, to those who have had any experience in cases of this description, is unmistakable. The most distinguishing feature is that it attacks the eye directly and with peculiar virulence. In severe cases, when death does not ensue, total blindness is an almost invariable sequence.

RECENT STATISTICS.

Dr. Frank Buller, of Montreal, and Dr. Casey Wood, of Chicago, both of whom are eye specialists, began an investigation of the subject in the early part of this year, and the results are now being published in the Journal of the American Medical Association. The physicians in question have laid bare by their researches a startling state of affairs.

It has been found that wood alcohol, adulterated essences and witch hazel, as well as other preparations containing wood alcohol, have been directly responsible during the past seven or eight years for about 175 cases of blindness and about 100 cases of death. Inasmuch as the investigations have been necessarily incomplete—Dr. Buller not having attempted to collect published instances of death, and Dr. Wood having noted only cases unpublished in medical journals—it is in a high degree likely that a more thorough and extended search would show that quite 200 persons have been killed and the same number blinded by preparations containing wood alcohol within a comparatively short period.

SOME COMMON USES.

The adulteration of whiskey or other spirits with wood alcohol is a grave evil, and could and should be stopped promptly, these physicians say. But the manufacture or adulteration of flavoring essences, internal remedies and preparations for external use with wood alcohol is an even worse form of poisoning.

A person may buy a medicinal remedy with the hope that it will do him good, and may be either killed or blinded. Again, in the case of individuals susceptible to the effects of the poison, the application of witch hazel or bay rum containing wood alcohol after shaving, the rubbing in of a liniment or of alcohol, may, by means of absorption or by its fumes result in grave injury to health.

The cheapness of wood alcohol has tempted certain unscrupulous or ignorant manufacturers to substitute it for grain alcohol, and this circumstance constitutes a grave menace to the public health. Until laws are enforced to restrict the use of wood alchol to its proper limits, some physicians think, it would be prudent not to buy cheap liquors, cheap unidentified proprietary articles and unidentified grades of witch hazel and bay rum which have no standard of strength or quality, or to use any remedy, internal or external, in which there is even the suspicion that it may contain wood alcohol.

BOBBIE'S PRESENT.

It was mother's birthday, and Bobbie was very anxious to give her a present, but, unfortunately, recent holidays had somewhat depleted Bobbie's exchequer.

"I say, mother," he ejaculated, "would my drawing-slate be any use to you?"

"No, dear," replied his parent with a smile.

"Well, do you think you'd like to have my tin steamboat?" inquired the small youth anxiously.

"No, thank you, little man," answered mother.

"Well, p'haps I could do someing for you," he continued, and then a happy thought struck him.

"I say, mother," he exclaimed, enthusiastically, "I tell you what, I'll take a dose of castor-oil for you, without crying."

Greene—I reckon Brown is going, mother; conscientious man—always keeps his word. Jones—I say one word—one word I... elic left by Stuart is the giveness?" property of Sir Walter "No!" she responded. "There of a pipe, reputed to no forgiveness in my heart; there shall be none, no lie, on my lips." "There is money there," she said coldly, and yet with icy passion ringing in the tones of her voice. "I do not wish you to—starve. When ith legal procedure old, and the money he Treasury, who claimant is forth- years.

THE VALUE OF SAYING "NO."

A Great Deal of Trouble Would be Saved if It Were Often Used.

"'No' is characterized as a monosyllable the easiest learned by a child but the most difficult to practice by the man."

Dr. Johnson displays a world of wisdom in these few simple lines, and the saying is no less true in regard to women that it is to men.

It seems cold and heartless in a man to refuse to lend a friend a little money to tide over some anxious time, and yet it is a great question as to whether he is justified in doing so if he himself is forced to make some of his own creditors wait while his money is fulfilling a friend's need.

In domestic life a woman has also much call for the little monosyllable "No." She may dislike to disappoint her children in some matters, but knows in her heart of hearts that the granted favor would be bad for their health or future happiness.

Yet how few mothers do say "No" under such circumstances! And they excuse themselves by saying it is bad for children to be thwarted! So it is, but if the said children were brought up to know that their mother had always a good reason for her decision and was not to be cajoled out of that decision, the mother would save a great deal of annoyance both to herself and to others thrown in contact with her offspring.

FUTURE OF INDIA.

Must Depend Largely on the Work of Civil Engineers.

Sir Guilford Molesworth, the new president of the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great Britain, having spent more than thirty years of his professional career in India and Ceylon, made those great realms the subject of his inaugural address. Dealing mainly with railways and works of irrigation, Sir Guilford showed how much has been done, and how much more remains to be accomplished. Public works policy has swung between private and State enterprise, the author of the paper showing a decided preference for the latter. In Ceylon, with which Sir Guilford was long associated, the profits of the railway have already more than covered the capital outlay.

The future of India must depend, said the president, mainly on works carried out by members of that institution. Its undeveloped resources are immense. Indian coal fields cover 35,000 square miles, some the seams being 70 feet to 80 feet thick, and of high quality. The supply of iron ore is on a scale of unparalleled magnitude, "whole hills and ranges of it bring of the purest varieties," while the reserves of magnetite, hematites, peat, petroleum, gold, silver, aluminum, lead, tin, copper, plumbago, mica and cypsum are immense, and only await the engineer, peace, and a wise policy for their development.

NOAH'S GREAT ARK.

Its Builder Must Have Been a Man of Millions.

M. V. Millard, a well-known archaeologist, now a resident in Indianapolis, declares that he has discovered the place where Noah's ark was built. He has been engaged in making excavations in many places on the Nile and especially at Gizeh.

"I have discovered during the last three years," he said, "just where Noah lived, where the ark was built, and that Noah built the great pyramid of Khufu, known as the pyramid of Gizeh.

"Noah was a millionaire. The biblical account of the flood gives no clew as to where Noah lived or where his ship carpenters were at work for 120 years constructing the ark. Noah was 600 years old when the flood came. It is evident that he must have been a millionaire and a man of great authority. He built the ark at his own expense.

"Such a boat in these times would cost more than half a million dollars. He must have been in a position to force vast multitudes to work for him regardless of their interest in him or in his work or of their own personal inclinations.

"Noah built the great pyramid during the earlier part of the fourth Egyptian dynasty and not more than 1,200 years after God had expelled Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden."

MAY BE RIZZIO DAGGER.

Weapon That Mary of Scotland Gave Her Husband.

No little interest has been roused in Wellington, New Zealand, by the news that a certain ancient dagger, alleged to have been the self-same one with which Rizzo was fatally stabbed in the presence of Mary Queen of Scots, is at present in possession of the public trustee in that city.

The weapon came into this official's possession through a man of 63 years of age, named Donald Stuart, dying intestate at Auckland on March 13 of this year.

The dagger is about 12 inches in length, is broken at the point, and is inscribed:

The H.S I.D.
Frae M.S.Q.S.
1565.

The interpretation of which may be read: "To Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, from Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, 1565." (That was the year in which the cousins were married.)

It is said that Donald Stuart was dragged $250 for the relic by Lord

FAMOUS NIHILIST'S FREE

SPENT TWENTY YEARS IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

One is Imbecile, Another Dumb, and Woman is Bent and White Haired.

In addition to Vera Figner, two famous Nihilists, leaders of the terrorist movement from 1878 to 1884, were released from the fortress of Peter Paul, St. Petersburg, recently, after 20 years' solitary confinement. They are Col. Aschenbrener and Brasil Ivanoff.

All three have become mental and physical wrecks under the soul-killing effects of the "silent" system of incarceration. For 15 years they have not been permitted to speak.

Though released, they will never regain complete liberty.

The clemency of the Czar has opened the prison doors only to banish the unhappy trio to a remote village in the extreme north of Russia, within the Arctic Circle.

VERA FIGNER,

or Vera Filipava, as she was then called, was a beautiful woman of 27 when she was sent to the fortress. For six years she had been the mainspring of every Nihilist movement, and her loveliness and wealth made her one of the greatest of revolutionary powers.

She converted half the troops of the Caucasus to the Nihilist side, and Col. Aschenbrener, then commanding a South Russian regiment, was one of the most powerful of her disciples. Together with five other officers, Col. Aschenbrener, inspired by Vera Figner, had plotted a revolution to which the whole of the troops were committed. At the very moment of fruition the plot was betrayed by a renegade Nihilist named Degaieff.

Degaieff, high in the council of the terrorists, had been arrested, and, put under torture, turned informer, and became the head man in Col. Soudaikin's secret police.

Then the Nihilists seized him, tried him, and sentenced him to death.

THE PRICE OF HIS LIFE

was the assassination of Col. Soudaikin, and Degaieff paid it.

In the meantime, Aschenbrener, Vera Figner, Ivanoff, and 11 others had been betrayed. Vera and six officers were sentenced to death, and until recently it was believed that penalty had been carried out.

The Government, however, followed the precedent of 1872, when Nechayeff, the "Father of Russian Terrorism," was also sentenced to death or Siberia, but was confined instead in the "ravelin of Alexis"—the most secret part of the fortress of Peter Paul—in the hope that Nihilist secrets might be wrested from him.

Vera Figner is now a bent, white haired old woman; Ivanoff is little better than an imbecile, and Col. Aschenbrener is dumb.

SPELLING IN SCHOOLS.

The following letter was recently received by a schoolmaster of a certain school:

"joyville cotage.

"Dear sir,—There is a greate deal of talk just now about the way they teech speling in the publick schools. they teech the children how to cut out paper horses & such Tomfoolery but they don't teech them how to spel, & i rise to remark that a child with cant spel bad beter dy yung for bad speling is the rute of all eevil.

"Speling was the hole thing in my day, we farely speld our way from the cradel to the time we quit school, we slept with the spelers under our pillos, we had to spel the name of our food before we was aloud to eat. & we dident ask for enny better eevning amuzement than to have a speling be.

"those old speling bes how they come back to me now. i seam to see the teecher, with his thum in the spelers, the rite place & his big spectacles looking rite threw us as we stood in line speling down. those were the good old times. & maybe you think we couldent spel. we could spel words with the yungsters today never herd of. I can spell most of them yett. Words like supercilious, impeccability, uncontrovertible, diphtheria, phthisis, gubernatorial—those were the kind of words we rasseled with. You will find them all in a dixshonary, same as I hev.

"& now when i think how much good that sort of traneing dome me i trembel for the future of the poor misguided children of the coming generation. let us teech speling.—Truely yours,

"Joshua Jonason."

REASSURING EXPLANATIONS.

Mrs. Potts was filled with nervous alarms whenever she travelled, and Mr. Potts always had his hands full in trying to quiet and reassure her.

"Algernon," said Mrs. Potts, wakening her husband from a sound sleep in a Southern railway car. "Algernon! I want you to find out why we are going at this fearful speed. The car is bumping and swaying till I can scarcely see out of my eyes."

Mr. Potts sat up and looked out of the window at the moonlit landscape.

"See that bridge ahead on the curve?" he asked, sleepily. "Well, we have to go over that in a minute, and probably it isn't very strong, and they want to go over it with as little strain and as quickly as possible. Now go to sleep."

Clarence—Your valet went on a stwike, did he? Bless my soul. I hope you didn't accede to his demands. Claude—Don't be silly, I had to, old chap! The cunning cweatuah thweatened to leave me one morning when I was half-dwessed.

Harry—I hear Tom is going to leave off drinking and marry a heiress. Dick—That's just the way facts get twisted. He is going to keep on drinking and marry a snake charmer.

IN THE NEGRO REPUGLIC

LIBERIA IS STEADILY FORGING AHEAD.

Sir Harry Johnston Is Satisfied With Its People and Prospects.

Sir Harry Johnston has just returned to England from a visit to Liberia, where he says British trade interests are considerable.

Dealing with the influence of the Americo-Liberians in the country, Sir Henry said :—

"Liberia was first conceived of in America as a solution of the problem where to repatriate freed slaves.

"The settlers originally came mainly from the United States, but afterwards there set in a certain stream of West Indian immigration, which has resulted in the establishment of a good many families of West Indian negro descent in the country, and from this rather superior negro stock have arisen not a few notable men, such as the Hon. Arthur Barclay, the actual President of the Republic, who was born in the British island of Barbadoes.

TWO AMERICAN NEGROES.

"From an informal census which I have been compiling out of all the information I can collect, I do not think that the actual number of Americo-Liberians in this republic much exceeds 12,000; but their influence over the tribes of the interior is steadily increasing, and is being continually directed towards the opening up of trade and the maintenance of peace.

"On the other hand, the indigenous negro population of the republic cannot be much less than two millions. Some estimates place it at 2,150,000; others, however, reduce it as low as 1,800,000. About 300,000 out of this total belong to the fine Mandingo type, who are remarkable for their energy, intelligence, and stalwart physical development.

IS A RICH COUNTRY.

"For myself, I can only repeat with emphasis that I found the Americo-Liberians a people most easy to get on with—polite, quiet, and in some instances well educated, and well acquainted with all that was going on in the outside world beyond.

"With regard to commercial prospects, there is a great future before the rubber trade of Liberia, as the whole country is one great rubber-producing forest. Coffee, palm, oil, cocoa, and cotton are becoming staple products. Gold has been discovered and some iron.

"The climate is distinctly pleasanter than that of the regions immediately to the north and south. It also seems to be a healthier country for Europeans than other parts of West Africa. On this point I should like to lay stress on is the remarkable absence of insect pests. There are practically no mosquitoes, and the white ant is absent or very scarce."

DEMAND FOR GRAMOPHONES.

Sir Harry has brought back with him many photographs of native types, of forest scenery, and vegetation; a number of sketches in colors; and thirty phonograph records of native speech, song and music. He has completed studies by him in 1888 of the principal languages spoken in Liberia.

According to him, the most popular article of trade on the Liberian coast at the present time is the granophone. Every welll-to-do native possesses one or is expecting one to arrive, and one of the first enquiries made as to each fresh steamer's arrival is, "Has she brought out any new records?"

At the beginning of the present year the Liberian Republic, having settled the frontier question with England, was anxious to have its northern and eastern boundary fixed by accord with France on the terms of the 1892 treaty. But a hitch has occurred owing to the desire of the colonial party in France to make use of this local delimitation of the frontier for the diminution of Liberian territory.

CZAR WITH ONE EAR.

Very Curious Belief of Russian Peasants.

The uneducated peasants in the Cherson provinces of Russia have an extraordinary belief that the Czar has only one ear. They are confirmed in their belief by pictures and photographs of the Czar showing a side face view and naturally exhibiting by one ear.

They account for the absence of the other in the following manner. Some time ago, they say, a deputation from their province waited upon the Czar, and in the course of the meeting the Czar is said to have stated that all Russian land would be divided equally among the peasants of the various districts. To one of the deputation boldly said :—"I am sure as you cannot see your own ears you will not divide the land." The Czar's reply to this was to cut off one of his (the Czar's) ears, which he placed upon the table, remarking as he did so :—"As surely as I now see my ear I will divide the land."

To this day the Cherson peasants firmly believe that he has only one ear, and unless the Czar visits them in person and proves to them by optical demonstration that he possesses the correct number, this extraordinary belief will not be shaken.

DEEDS TELL.

He was a man,
And he did what he could;
Sometimes it was bad—
Sometimes it was good.
He was often discouraged
When things wouldn't go right,
But as he wouldn't give up
He continued his fight.

Years passed and he died one day.
Some people were sad,
Some people were gay—
But he'd been a man,
And had done what he could,
And when he was judged
The Master said "Good."

RUSSIAN FLEET DESTROYED

Warships Now at Bottom of Port Arthur Harbor.

BATTLESHIPS SUNK.

A despatch sent from Port Arthur to Tokio on Thursday says that the battleship Peresviet's keel is on the bottom, and that her middle funnel is wrecked. The cruiser Pallada is beginning to list to port. The upper deck of the cruiser Bayan was set on fire and is still burning. The battleship Sevastopol is moored alongside a dock in the east harbor, where she is hidden from sight by the hills. The fire to-day was directed to the Pallada, Bayan and Sevastopol. The sinking of the battleship Poltava was due to the explosion of a magazine aboard of her. She was hit only a few times. It is considered that as 203-Metre Hill commands the communications between the city and Liaotishan the Japanese will be able to prevent the Russians from making a final stand at the latter place.

A correspondent who is with the Japanese forces besieging Port Arthur, in describing the havoc wrought by the fire of the Japanese guns, says that in addition to the warships already named as being sunk or damaged, the gunboats Giljak and Fusadsack have also been sunk. The torpedo boats alone are intact.

It is reported that the Russian counter-attacks on 203-Metre Hill ceased on Dec. 5, and that the attackers have withdrawn towards Yayangkau. The Russians have also slackened their opposition to the Japanese sappings of the eastern forts. The defenders are dwindling in number, and are suffering from exhaustion.

WILL SOON FALL.

A despatch from Chefoo says: According to Japanese officers from the front, Dec. 20, will see Port Arthur in their possession completely and Russian resistance on the Kwang-Tung peninsula will have ended, they believe, forever.

When the port finally falls it will not be because of any failure within itself, but because the Russian army and fleet outside of it have failed to play their part in the combination for which the fortress was prepared. The campaign on the peninsula really began when the Japanese on June 27th captured Nanshan, and seized the great line of defences which the Russians had constructed from sea to sea across the peninsula. Thence onwards the Japanese advance has been continuous.

AWFUL SCENES.

A despatch from headquarters of the Third Japanese Army before Port Arthur, via Fusan, says: The correspondent of the Associated Press has visited 203-Metre Hill, the scene of the awful six-days' fight, which ended with its capture by the Japanese.

The advance works and the crest of the hill were torn away, the slopes of the hill were covered with debris and the trenches were smashed and filled with soil.

In a single section of the trenches one hundred yards long over two hundred Russian dead and wounded were seen. They had been horribly mangled with dynamite grenades.

POOR SHRAPNEL.

A despatch from Mukden says: The Russians continue to bombard the Japanese positions with both heavy and light artillery. The Japanese response is feeble.

The Russians have experienced much difficulty with their shrapnel, which should have effectually checked the Japanese attacks during the Battle of Sha River, but failed in many cases. Some of the consignments of shrapnel sent to the front appear to have been almost worthless from poor construction of the shells.

TO ESCAPE SERVICE.

A despatch from London says: Eight hundred Russians, most of whom allege they fled from their homes in order to escape military service in Manchuria, left London on Thursday for Liverpool, on their way to America. These refugees are arriving at the rate of 150 daily.

INDEPENDENT FORCES.

A despatch from Tokio says: As to frequent appearance of Russian troops in the direction of Hsiencheng, on the right of the Japanese position on the Sha, it is believed here that they are independent detachments despatched from Fushiun, which is 30 miles east of Mukden. There are no Russians in any force south-east of Mukden. Lately 25,000 were sent from the district south-east of Mukden to join the fighting line on the Russian right. The Asahi reports that the Russians heavily bombarded the railway on the lower Sha River throughout Friday afternoon. A large number of Russian wounded were sent north from Mukden on Thursday.

MINOR ENGAGEMENTS.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: Gen. Sakharoff, under Wednesday's date, reports that the Russian main guard at a village southward of Laotchengulni Pass was driven out on Tuesday by the Japanese artillery after sustaining a few casualties. The Japanese subsequently retired.

Gen. Kouropatkin, in a telegram to the Emperor, mentions Japanese attacks on Sinchinpu and Soudgaitun, both of which were repulsed, and an unimportant outpost affair on the right wing when the Russians routed and bayoneted a Japanese guard.

JAP TROOPS INSPIRITED.

The London Times' correspondent at Tokio says:—According to an official telegram, issued on Thursday afternoon, the Japanese troops at Port Arthur are greatly inspirited by the signal successes of the last few days in capturing positions and inflicting damage to the Russian fleet.

A LIGHT WEIGHT.

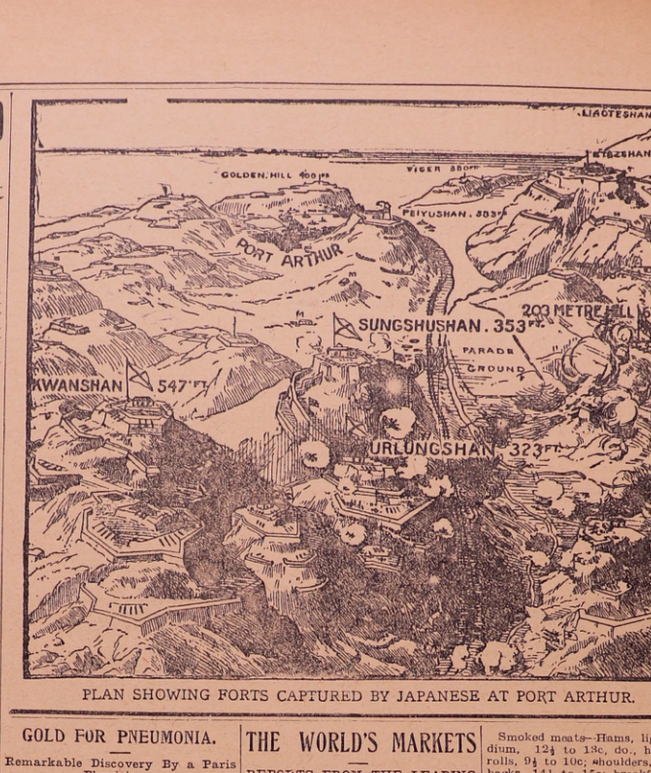
The London Times' insurance correspondent says:—The progress of the Russian Baltic fleet may be slow, but it should be fast enough to enable the vessels to reach far eastern waters as soon as the coal steamers, which have not yet left this country, can get to Japan by the Cape route. War risks on steamers with coal for Japan are being underwritten at lower rates than a month or two ago. The indifference of underwriters to the Baltic fleet as a fighting or commerce-destroying force is very striking.

A DOUBTFUL STORY.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: A story is current here that when Russia some time ago sought to purchase seven Argentine and Chilian warships, the two countries declined to sell the vessels direct to Russia, fearing the possibility of being subsequently held liable to pay Japan heavy damages. The question of selling to a third party as an intermediary was discussed, and the possibility of Turkey playing the role was suggested, but a guarantee against future liability was demanded, whereupon Russia abandoned the project.

Great Britain, says the story, then offered to advance the money to Turkey to buy the ships, in return for certain concessions which would permit Great Britain to erect a second Gibraltar on the coast of Yemf, opposite Perim Island, giving Great Britain control of the lower entrance to the Red Sea.

Negotiations along these lines are said to be now progressing. It is added that Russia is much alarmed over the report that an emissary has been despatched to Constantinople to block the game.



PLAN SHOWING FORTS CAPTURED BY JAPANESE AT PORT ARTHUR.

CROPS AND LABOR.

How Farmers Suggest Grappling With Question of Help.

A Toronto despatch says:—The Department of Agriculture has issued a statement of the crop acreages and yields for 1904. The acreage under crop in grain, roots, clover, hay, etc., is 8,673,525 as compared with 8,731,405 in 1903, and 8,677,988 in 1902. The area of fall wheat plowed up totalled 189,274 acres or nearly 24 per cent. of the area sown. The area of cleared land devoted to pasture is 3,183,673 acres, an increase of 126,397 over 1903. Rape takes 49,219 acres; hops, 2,252 acres; flax, 6,313 acres; orchard and small gardens, 369,495 acres; and vineyards, 14,357 acres.

The labor feature of the report is unique. In it are printed extracts from the reports of correspondents, and they assign a large number of reasons why labor is scarce. They suggest "turning the immigration agents loose in Germany and Scandinavia; that the men being brought out from England are not worth their board; that farmers should chop the day off both ends and make it shorter; that the servant girls would sooner starve in the city than work in the country; that with things as they are at present the farmer is a semi-slave and his wife a drudge, that farmers had better import Japs and Chinamen in place of white labor; that wages for help are so high that the farmers get the skim milk and the laborers the cream."

NO WARSHIPS FOR COAST

Britain Will Withdraw Fleet From American Waters.

A London despatch says:—The Admiralty will issue in a few days, according to the Times, a statement of its new scheme for the distribution of the vessels of the British navy. The scheme contemplates the retirement of about 40 vessels of little value as warships. It is proposed, according to the correspondent, that a unique compliment shall be paid to the American Government by practically ignoring that country in the distribution of ships. It is probable that only two vessels will be stationed on the whole North American coast, one in the Atlantic and the other in the Pacific, with headquarters at Canadian ports. There may not be more than two vessels in West Indian waters. An Admiralty official is quoted as saying:—"While the relations between America and Great Britain remain as they are we do not need any warships over there. It would be a waste of money to keep any there."

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

Will Be Observed on Dec. 26th and Jan. 2nd.

A Toronto despatch says: At a meeting of the Ontario Cabinet on Thursday afternoon it was decided to issue a proclamation declaring Monday, Dec. 26th, and Monday, Jan. 2nd, public holidays. This was done in view of the fact that Christmas and New Year's Days fall on a Sunday.

GOLD FOR PNEUMONIA.

Remarkable Discovery By a Paris Physician.

A Paris despatch to The New York Herald says that a sensational communication was made to the Academy of Medicine on Dec. 6 by Dr. Albert Robin, who reported discovery of the fact that certain metals, such as gold and silver, very finely subdivided and employed in infinitesimal doses, exercise a considerable effect on the vital phenomena. Reduction of the metals to the desired state is obtained by their electrical dissolution in water. The metal so treated acquires the property of developing a force similar to that of a ferment. This peculiarity of the phenomenon has led Dr. Robin to use the term "metallic ferments" in reporting his discovery.

His metallic ferments when employed in cases of pneumonia in hypodermic injections produce a defervescence of the malady in six cases out of ten before the seventh day. Thirteen cures were obtained in fourteen cases thus treated. The employment of these metallic ferments does not constitute the complete treatment of pneumonia for complications and the predominance of certain symptoms necessitate accessory therapeutics, but great progress would appear to be made by their use in the treatment of this frequent and serious malady.

OFFICIALS ARE LAX.

Allow Consumptives to Come Into Canada.

A Toronto despatch says:—The city relief authorities complain that the immigration agents at Canadian ports are lax in discharging their duties in regard to allowing persons afflicted with disease to enter the country. The hospitals are brimming, filled with patients, they assert, who should never have been allowed to set foot upon Canadian soil. A large number of these are consumptives who have had the disease for some time. City Relief Officer Taylor has received a large number of applications from consumptive immigrants of late. Many of these are sent to this country for no other reason than that they have the disease and that the Canadian climate will do them good. Mr. Taylor states that as a result of the large influx of these immigrants the cost of hospital maintenance will be greatly increased this year.

ANTI-TREATING PLEDGE.

Campaign Inaugurated in Montreal Against Custom.

A Montreal despatch says:—A campaign is being waged here against the treating habit, and efforts are being made by temperance workers along that line. At a meeting of prominent clergymen and laymen a resolution favoring the promotion of a league towards that end was passed, and the following pledge was drafted—"I hereby pledge my solemn word of honor for a period of ..... months (or for life) not to accept or offer to others any intoxicating liquor at any public bar, and to do all that lies in my power to break down the present mischievous system of treating in such places."

FARMERS GROWING RICH

Report Issued by the Agricultural Department.

A Toronto despatch says: According to the Statistical Report of the Agricultural Department the value of Ontario's farm lands, buildings, implements, and live stock was $1,804,332 in 1902, while the[re] they are valued at $1,087 heart; there an increase of $42,106,[illegible] on my lips."

The comparative figu[illegible] there," she said lows: with icy passion

1902 [illegible]nes of her voice. "I Land [illegible]$604,860,a to starve. When Buildings 237,280, Implem't's 62,199, Live st'ck 140,544,

THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese, and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

Toronto, Dec. 13.—Wheat—The market is very dull for Ontario grades, with No. 2 white and red Winter quoted at 99c to $1.00 outside. No. 2 goose quoted at 86 to 87c east, and No. 2 Spring at 95c east. Manitoba wheat is weaker; No. 1 Northern, $1.04; No. 2 Northern, 99c, and No. 3 Northern at 98c, Georgian Bay ports. Grinding in transit prices are 6c above those quoted.

Oats—No. 2 white is quoted at 32½c low freights, and at 32c north and west; No. 1 white is steady at 33c east.

Barley—No. 2 quoted at 45 to 46c middle freights. No. 3 extra, 43c; and No. 3 at 41c middle freights.

Peas—The market is steady, with dealers quoting 68 to 69c at outside points.

Corn—The market is quiet, with new Canadian quoted at 45c west, guaranteed sound. New American yellow, 53c on track, Toronto, and new mixed, 52½, Toronto. Old American No. 3 yellow, 64½c, and old No. 3 mixed, 63c, Toronto.

Rye—The market is firm at 75 to 76c at outside points.

Buckwheat—The market is nominal at 55 to 56c at outside points.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents are quoted at $4.40 to $4.50, in buyers' sacks, east or west. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade in bbls., $4.75 to $5. Manitoba flours unchanged. No. 1 patents, $5.70; No. 2 patents, $5.40 and "strong bakers', $5.30, on track, Toronto.

Millfeed—At outside points bran is quoted at $14.50 to $15, and shorts at $17.50 to $18. Manitoba bran, in sacks, $19 and shorts at $21.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples—Choice stock scarce and firm at $1.75 to $2.25 per barrel; cooking apples, $1 to $1.50 per barrel.

Beans—Trade is fair, and prices unchanged, with prime quoted at $1.35 to $1.40, and hand-picked at $1.45 to $1.50.

Cranberries—The market is unchanged at $8 per barrel.

Hops—The market is unchanged at 32 to 35c, according to quality.

Honey—The market is quiet, at 7½ to 8c per lb. Comb honey, $1.50 to $2 per dozen.

Hay—Car lots are quoted at $8 to $8.50 on track, Toronto, the latter for No. 1 timothy.

Straw—The market is firm on light offerings. Car lots are quoted at $6 to $6.50 on track, Toronto.

Potatoes—Car lots are quoted at 75 to 80c per bag on track. Small lots at 90c to $1.

Poultry—Spring chickens, 9 to 10c, hens, 6 to 7c per lb.; ducks, 9c per lb; geese, 8 to 8½c per lb; turkeys, dry plucked, 13 to 14c; do., scalded 10 to 11c per lb.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The receipts are moderate and insufficient for demand, and prices continue firm. We quote—Finest 1-lb. rolls, 17 to 18c; ordinary to choice large rolls, 16 to 17c; low to medium grades, 13 to 15c; creamery prints, 22 to 23c; solids, 20 to 21c.

Eggs—The receipts are moderate and prices are steady. Case lots of fresh are selling at 21 to 22c per dozen, and limed at 20c.

Cheese—The market is unchanged, with large cheese quoted at 10½ to 10¾c, and twins at 10¾ to 11c per

and VIOLET PRODUCTS.
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Bottles, Bulbs, Drug-
gists.
47-2

Smoked meats—Hams, light to medium, 12½ to 13c, do., heavy, 12c; rolls, 9½ to 10c; shoulders, 9 to 9½c, backs, 14½ to 15c; breakfast bacon, 13c.

Lard—The demand is fair; with prices unchanged. We quote—Tierces 8c; tubs, 8¼c; pails, 8¼c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Dec. 13.—Grain—Oats, 40 to 40½c for No. 2 in store here; No. 3, 39 to 39½c; new American yellow corn 54 to 55c, guaranteed to arrive sound. Flour—Manitoba patents, $5.50; strong bakers' $5.50; high Ontario blended patents, $5.75 to $5.80, in wood; choice 90 per cent. patents, $5.50 to $5.60, in wood, and 25c per barrel less in shippers, new bags; straight rollers, $2.50 to $2.55, and 25 to 30c extra in wood. Rolled oats—$2.12½ per 80 lbs per bag, and $4.50 to $4.85 in barrels. Feed—Ontario bran, in bulk, $17 to $17.50; shorts, $19 to $20; Manitoba bran, in bags, $17 to $18; shorts, $21. Beans—Choice primes, $1.40 to $1.45 per bushel, $1.35 to $1.37½ in car lots. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, $16.50 to $17.50; light short cut, $16.50 to $17; American clear fat backs, $20; compound lard, 6½ to 7c; Canadian lard, 6½ to 7½c; kettle rendered, 8½ to 9½c; hams, 12 to 13c; bacon, 12 to 13c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, $7 to $7.25; heavy fat hogs, $4.50; mixed lots, $4.50 to $5; select, $5.25 to $5.40 off cars. Cheese—Ontario Fall white, 10 to 10¼c; colored, 10½ to 10¾c; Quebec, 9¾ to 10c. Butter—Finest grades, 20½ to 20¾c; ordinary finest, 19½ to 20c; medium grades, 18½ to 19c; Western dairy, 15½ to 16c. Eggs—Select new laid, 23 to 24c; straight gathered, candled, 20 to 21c; No. 2 15½ to 16c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Buffalo, Dec. 13.—Flour—Steady. Wheat—Spring, scarce; No. 1 Northern, $1.17½; Winter, dull; No. 2 red, $1.20. Corn—Fairly steady at decline; No. 3 yellow, 50c; No. 3 corn, 48¾ to 48¾c. Oats—Easier; No. 2 white, 34¾c; No. 2 mixed, 33½c. Rye —No. 1, 85½c.

Minneapolis, Dec. 13.—Wheat—Dec., $1.08; May, $1.12½; July, $1.11¾; Sept., 94c; No. 1 hard, $1.10½; No. 1 Northern, $1.04; No. 2 Northern, $1.04¾. Flour—First patents, $5 to $5.10; second patents, $5.80 to $5.90; first clears, $4.25 to $4.35; second clears, $2.75 to $2.85. Bran —In bulk, $14.50.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, Dec. 13.—The market was good for choice butcher cattle, but trade was slow for the poorer classes.

Export—not much inquiry, except for choice. Poorly finished cattle not wanted.

Butchers—Slight improvement in the demand for good butchers' cattle. Prices steady to firm for the best. Rough butchers' and common canners still away down. Choice butcher heifers are firm at $4.25 to $4.40, but very few of the latter available.

Feeders—There is a little demand for feeders, good short-keep.

Stockers—Demand is not very active, and prices are easier at $3.25 to $3.50 for the choicest quality.

Sheep and Lambs—Lambs were quoted at $5.10.

Hogs—The market is steady, with no change in the quotations since last week. Selects, $4.80; lights and fats, $4.60.

TO CUT OUT LIVERPOOL.

Scheme to Divert Canadian Trade to Scottish Port.

A London despatch says:—The Canadian Associated Press has learned that a scheme is on foot to divert Canada's seaboard traffic from Liverpool to Loch Linnhe, on the west coast of Scotland. It is calculated that passengers and mails com[illegible] Halifax, and landing at [illegible] could reach London sooner than by the [illegible]he time being saving.

PRIZES FOR CATTLE.

Results of Judges' Work at the Winter Fair at Guelph.

A despatch from Guelph says:—The prize awards in cattle at the Winter Fair are as follows:

Shorthorn steer, 2 years and under 3—A. Young, Glanford, Shorthorn steer, 1 year and under 2—W. R. Elliott and Sons, Guelph; J. Brown and Sons, Galt; J. Fried and Sons, Roseville; H. B. Webster, Fergus; A. Hules, Guelph. Shorthorn steer, under 1 year—T. Talbot and Son, Everton; A. Young, Glanford, two and three; Geo. Amos and Son, Moffat; J. Brown and Sons, Galt. Shorthorn cow or heifer, 3 years and over—Wm. Fleming, London West; W. B. Watts' Sons, Salem; Geo. Amos & Son, Moffat; J. Brown and Sons, Galt; H. A. Watson, Castleberg. Shorthorn heifer, 2 years and under 3—W. B. Watts' Sons, Salem. Shorthorn heifer, under 2 years—W. B. Watts' Sons, Salem, one and two; Geo. Amos and Son, Moffat; E. Brien and Sons, Ridgetown; Leslie and Pearen, Acton. Best Shorthorn steer—W. R. Elliott and Sons, Guelph.

HEREFORD AND ANGUS.

Hereford and Polled Angus cow or heifer, 3 years and over—Samuel Young, Guelph, F. W. Stone Stock Co., Guelph; Jas. Bowman, Guelph; F. W. Stone Stock Co. Hereford and Polled Angus steer or heifer, 2 years and under 3—F. W. Stone Stock Co., Guelph; Jas. Bowman, Guelph, two and three. Hereford and Angus steer or heifer, 1 year and under 2—H. McDougal, Guelph; F. W. Stone Stock Co., Guelph; Jas. Bowman, Guelph; F. W. Stone Stock Co., Jas. Bowman. Hereford and Angus steer or heifer, under 1 year—Jas. Bowman, one and two; Samuel Young, Guelph; F. W. Stone Stock Co. Hereford steer or heifer, 2 years and under 3—F. W. Stone Stock Co. Hereford steer or heifer, 1 year and under 2—F. W. Stone Stock Co. Hereford steer or heifer, under 1 year—F. W. Stone Stock Co. Hereford cow or heifer, 3 years and over—F. W. Stone Stock Co.

Galloway and Devon steer or heifer, 2 years and under 3—D. McCrae, Guelph; W. J. Rudd, Eden Mills. Galloway and Devon steer or heifer, 1 year and under 2—One and two, W. J. Rudd, D. McCrae. Galloway and Devon steer or heifer, under 1 year—D. McCrae, W. J. Rudd, D. McCrae. Galloway and Devon cow or heifer, 3 years and over—W. J. Rudd two and three, D. McCrae. Galloway and Devon steer or heifer, 2 years and under 3—D. McCrae, Guelph; W. J. Rudd, Eden Mills.

CROSSED BREEDS.

Grades or crosses of any breed, steer, two and under—James Leask, Green Bank; W. Hamilton, Guelph; Alf. Hales, Guelph; J. Sen. Roseville; W. S. Schell, Woodstock. Grades or crosses of any breed, steer, one and under two—J. Brown and Sons, Galt; J. Dickson, Eramosa; J. Fried and Son, Roseville. Grades or crosses of any breed, heifer, two or three years—J. Wilson and Sons, Fergus; H. McDougall, Guelph; J. Fried and Sons; James Leask, Green Bank.

Export steers, best three—James Leask, Green Bank; J. Brown and Sons, Galt; G. B. Hood, Guelph; J. Brown, Galt; Alf. Hales, Guelph.

Grades or crosses of any breed, steer, under one year; J. Elliott, Marden; Peter Stewart, Everton; James Leask, Green Bank; H. McDougall, Guelph; James Leask. Grades or crosses of any breed cow or heifer, three years and over—J. Brown and Sons, Galt; J. Elliott, James Leask. Grades or cross of any breed, heifer, under two years—James Leask, H. W. McKinnon, Coningsby; D. Wright, Ponsonby; H. McDougall, Guelph; H. W. McKinnon.

Export steer—James Leask, Green Bank.

GRADE STEER.

Grade steer or heifer, sired by pure-bred Aberdeen Angus bull—H. McDougall, Guelph; H. W. McKinnon, H. McDougall, Samuel Young.

Pure bred or grade Hereford steer or heifer—F. W. Stone Stock Co.

Pair of fat cattle, any age, any grade or cross, fed for at least two months with Northington's Canadian stock tonics—James Leask, J. Brown and Sons, J. Fried and Son.

Grade steer, sired by pure-bred Shorthorn of Wellington, and owned by exhibitor at least three months previous to the show—W. Hamilton, Guelph; J. Wilson and Sons, Fergus.

Grade steer, sired by pure-bred Shorthorn bull—J. Brown and Sons, Galt; Jas. Leask, Green Bank, 2 and 3.

Pair export steers—Exhibits must have been fed for at least three months previous to date of show with Anglo-Saxon Stock Food—James Leask, G. B. Hood, Guelph.

AUSTRIA'S ULTIMATUM.

Sultan Must Remove Cu[illegible]homs Officials at Scutari.

A despatch from Vienna says:—Unless the Ottoman Government dismisses and punishes by noon Thursday the gendarmerie commander and the Customs officials at Scutari, who recently forcibly detained the Austrian-Hungarian mails, Austria will order a naval squadron that is now lying ready at Pola to carry out a demonstration at some Turkish [illegible]. The Austrian Ambassador's [illegible] complaint against interference [illegible] the mails was treated with the [illegible] tomary Turkish procrastination [illegible] Austria becoming weary, instructed the Ambassador to deliver a [illegible] matum to the above effect. [illegible] recognized the possibility the [illegible] a strong policy would irrita[illegible] the European Governments, but [illegible] to run all risks rather than [illegible] diminution of her prestige [illegible] Balkans. Probably the Por[illegible] yield but even if it does, the [illegible] likely to cruise in the Le[illegible] some time to emphasize [illegible] displeasure and to show [illegible] ness to uphold the inviola[illegible] national rights.

St. Catharines, it is expe[illegible] be supplied with natural gas [illegible] early date.

The Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR

A SECRET REVEALED

CHAPTER III.

As Royce Landon, drawing himself up, exclaimed "I'll face it," the door opened and a lady entered.

She was of middle age, and still singularly beautiful, but the beauty of her face was marred by an expression of pride which would have been too pronounced and vivid even for a man. She was tall, upright as a dart; there was not a speck of gray in the dark hair, and on looking at her one saw at once where Royce had got his graceful bearing; for this was his mother, the Countess of Landon. She was dressed in gray satin trimmed with white lace—the Honiton of the picture—and though there was no company at Monk Towers, wore diamonds at her throat and on her fingers.

As her gray eyes rested on the handsome face of her son they melted into softness for a moment, but it was for a moment only, and it gave place to an expression of proud and passionate anger, only kept in check by an iron will.

Royce came forward and kissed her. "Well, mother?" he said.

She endured the kiss, but did not return it, and as she took in the torn and dusty condition of his clothes her eyes flashed.

"Why have you come home?" she asked.

He drew forward a chair for her, but she still stood, regarding him fixedly.

"Won't you sit down, mother?" he said. "I'm afraid you are not glad to see me; that—that you didn't expect me again so soon."

"I didn't expect to come back myself," he went on. "But the fact is, mother, I've—well, I've got into a scrape."

He stopped, but still she would not help him. This second son of hers was the child of her heart, the apple of her eye. She would have laid down her life for him willingly, but her love was concealed behind an iceberg of pride and ambition. Most mothers would have sunk into the chair and probably begun to cry; but she remained motionless and apparently unmoved.

"What have you done?" she asked, as he paused, and, with knitted brows, gazed at the carpet. "I never see you, hear from you, but I expect bad news. This occasion, I presume, is to prove no exception. Why are you in this state?" and she looked him over severely.

"I've walked a long way," he said; then he added candidly, for one of the few virtues this young man could boast was truthfulness, "and—and I had a bit of an adventure on the way, a tussel with a man at the fair, mother."

"You come home in disgrace——"

"In disgrace, and you stop on the way to indulge in a vulgar brawl at a fair——"

"Not a brawl, mother—but no matter."

"No, it does not matter. You have, I suppose, sunk too low to care for the dignity of a gentleman——"

"Mother!" burst from him, but he stopped with the exclamation and shut his lips tightly.

"What is it you have done now?" she asked. "Have you been gambling again, and lost more money?"

"It is not money—this time," he said in a low voice. "It's—it's a bad business, the worst scrape I've ever got in, and—and I'm afraid there is no way out of it."

"Then go back and live it down," said the countess sternly. "Go back to your regiment."

"I can't," he said doggedly. "I have—left the army."

"You have left the army? What is it you say? Are you mad?"

"I was obliged to," he said. "I was compelled. There was nothing else but that. If I hadn't left I should have been—cashiered."

"What have you done?" she demanded.

"It was just this," he said in a low voice. "You have heard me speak of Colonel Trace. You know what I have told you about him. A drunken bully, who is no more fit to be an officer in her majesty's service than is a shoeblack. Most decent shoeblacks would make a better officer! He has had a spite against me ever since I joined. I——" he colored, but his eyes did not quail beneath her stern gaze—"it was about a young girl he had treated badly, and—and I stood up for her. He has borne me a grudge ever since then, and has lost no opportunity of dropping down on me. He has made my life a burden! But I'd made up my mind to bear it until he or I exchanged and left the regiment, and things were going better until three days ago. He'd been drinking heavily, and seemed as if he couldn't let me alone. Mother, you don't know how a man in his position can torture the life out of a man in mine. And he lost no opportunity. Well, the night before last we were at mess. He was half drunk—I'll say that for him—and he amused himself by making a butt of me. I stood it like a lamb till—but I had to drink or go mad, and at last—he'd thrown a glass of wine in my face. He said it was an accident; but it was meant. It was meant— and I"—he drew a long breath—"I struck him!"

The countess had sat with her eyes hidden by her hand. She now rose, white to the lips, and trembling with fury.

"I struck him." he went on, his nostrils expanded, his eyes blazing. "I would have killed him if I could but—but they tore us apart. There was a mark across his face——"

"They all said I should be court-martialed and punished. I was placed under arrest—" He stopped again. "But Trace knew he couldn't face the inquiry. He had got a better card than that, mother, and he played it. He meant to drive me out of the service. He sent me word that if I would send in my resignation the matter should drop."

Once more he paused. The sweat stood in big drops on his forehead, his hands clinched tightly.

"I thought it all out as clearly as I could. I knew that if it came to a court-martial I should be cashiered and disgraced. I'd struck my superior officer, you see; that's unpardonable!—and I—resigned!"

The countess stood speechless for a moment, her bosom heaving; then she raised her hand with an action almost tragic in its intensity.

"You have disgraced yourself—you have dishonored the name you bear. Look there!" She pointed to the portrait of the earl in his general's uniform. "Your father won in the field a coronet for his race; his name was honored wherever and whenever it was spoken. You have dragged that name in the mire; have been expelled from service of which he was so proud—and which was so proud of him—by striking your superior officer in a drunken squabble. And you are my son and his!"

No words can describe the passionate bitterness of her tone; it made Royce start as a thoroughbred starts at the cruel cut of the lash.

"My son, for whom I had hoped so much! It was for you to carry on the traditions of the house, to raise the name of Landon still higher; or at any rate to keep its lustre bright. You have dragged it in the mud, trailed it in the dust. Do you think that the world will not learn the truth—that it will not consider that you have been expelled from the service? It knew it before it did! It will never forget it! Never! When they speak of the Earl of Landon they will add with a sneer that it was a son of his who disgraced himself, and barely escaped punishment and dismissal!"

She paused for a second or two to gain breath, then went on as passionately as before:

"And, now you come home, what is it you intend to do? Do you intend to loaf round the place, dragging your burden of shame with you for every one to point at? What do you mean to do, I ask? To lounge about the stables or the village alehouse, to consort with grooms and potboys? You cannot, dare not, offer any gentleman your society; you, disgraced, cashiered, an outcast——"

"Mother," said Royce, panting, almost inarticularly, do you know what you are saying?"

"Do you know what you have done?" she retorted fiercely. "Do you realize it? You have ruined yourself! Yes, ruined! You might have played and played and lost and lost, and I could have paid your debts again and again, until all was lost but honor. But with that remaining there would still have been some hope; but now!"—and she laughed a terrible laugh—"you—my son!—are like a man who with his own hand mutilated and crippled himself for life, past hope, past curing. What is there left for you to do? What? Tell me! You cannot! You do not know! You have cast away the chance of your life. At the commencement of the race you have flung yourself down to wallow in the mire, and felt the prize of life to others! And you are my son! And his! Look at that picture, and think of yourself and your ruined life. And I was proud of you! I was ambitious for you! I have lain awake at night; I have spent hours and hours in the day planning a future for you! God gave me but two sons, and he has punished me for loving the last better than the first! Yes, I am punished. The one for whom I prayed and hoped great things has disgraced the name he bears, and rendered it a byword and a scorn!"

Royce uttered a cry, not loud, but terrible in its intensity, and it was echoed by the girl who had stood motionless and turned to stone by the awful revelation. With her lovely face white as death, her eyes dilated with horror, she flung herself in front of Royce as if to protect him from an actual blow; then, with a kind of sob, she dropped almost on her knees at the feet of the tall, erect figure of the elder woman, and clinging to her arm moaned:

"Spare him, madam! Oh, indeed, you do not know what you say!"

The countess looked down at her with dry, burning eyes, and put her aside as if she were a lay figure, and yet not roughly or unkindly.

"Do I not?" she said passionately. "It is you who do not understand. It is only I who know what this thing that he has done means. You plead for him, girl?" she laughed a laugh, terrible in its misery and humiliation. "You would not if you knew what I have been dreaming all these years. You would not if you knew what I had hoped——" She stopped, and looked from one to the other, and though the girl did not understand the broken sentence and the glance, Royce did, and his face flamed.

"But that is all over now," exclaimed the countess. "If I was ambitious for him, my son—and God alone knows how ambitious I was, and how much I hoped for!—I owe a duty to—others"—she had nearly said "you"—"and I will not forget it! He has sacrified his name and his honor——"

"Enough, mother," broke from Royce hoarsely: I have sinned, I admit it; I have been a fool, I know it! But my honor——"

"A man's honor is lost when his name is besmirched and strained as yours is!" came the passionate retort.

"You go too far," he said, and his voice was almost inaudible, "but you believe what you say——"

"I do!" she exclaimed fiercely.

"Then this is no place for me," he said sternly. "If I am dishonored, I am still too proud to herd with grooms and potboys; too proud to loaf about my mother's house, an object for the scorn of her friends and acquaintances. You asked me what I was going to do. I do not know; but this I know, that, outcast as I am, I would rather die in a ditch than eat the bread tainted with scorn and contempt. I shall not stay here to shame you, mother —I will go!"

"Yes, go!" she cried. "The son I loved and prayed for is as dead to me as if he lay in his coffin!"

"Oh, madame, madame!" moaned Irene piteously, and she glided to Royce's side and caught his hand.

"Come away from him!" said the countess, coldly cruelly. "Come away! He is not a fit associate for a pure-hearted girl who bears an honored name! He is disgraced—an outcast!"

"Yes. Go," Irene!" he said in a sad voice. "She is right. It is what the world says—and will always say! Go, Irene!" He put her from him, and she stood almost between the two, weeping bitterly.

"And now, mother," he said, "before I go will you not say one kind word one word of forgiveness? I know that in your anger you have uttered words you mean more than you think or realize. Do not fear that I shall hang upon you a burden and encumbrance. I am going, as you bid me, but," his voice broke altogether, "say just one word that I can remember, that will soften the others! I am sorry for what has happened, and yet"—a look, the exact reflection of her own, came into his eyes, "and yet if it were all to come over again I should do the same. If he had been a king I should have struck him! I could not hold my hand and live. To have set there and borne his insults meekly would indeed have seemed dishonor to me. But it is all past. As you say, I am disgraced, and I will carry my disgrace away and hide it and myself, if I can. Anyhow, I will no longer bear the name you say I have stained and dragged in the dirt. I am going, mother; will you not say one word—one word for forgiveness?"

"No!" she responded. "There is no forgiveness in my heart; there shall be none, no lie, on my lips."

"There is money there," she said coldly, and yet with icy passion ringing in the tones of her voice. "I do not wish you to—starve. When you have gambled that away; my lawyers will supply you with more to waste in profligacy and vice. Take it and—go!"

She flung the purse on the table. He took it up, looked at it mechanically, and then quietly laid it down again.

"Good-by, mother," he said, but even as he turned he hesitated and looked at her appealingly.

Irene, standing breathless with alternate hope and fear, started forward after him.

"Irene, come back!" said the countess sternly.

"Oh, Royce, Royce! Are you really going?" she murmured.

"Yes, Renie, I am going. How could I stay?"

"But where, where, Royce?" she asked, her face turned up to him with pity and sympathy in her lovely eyes.

"I don't know yet, Renie," he said. "It doesn't much matter; as far as I can from Monk Towers. Why did you come after me, Renie? You heard what she said? Go back! You must not make her angry with you."

"If I only knew where you were going and what would become of you Royce! Won't you write to me, and tell me where you are, and whether you are well or ill?"

"I won't promise, Renie," he said gravely. "I'm bad at writing, and if things went wrong with me I should be too proud to tell you. Good-by, dear Renie! Don't fret about me, I'm not worth it."

"Tell me, Royce," she murmured, and her eyes dropped, "have you—have you any money?"

"Yes," he replied, forcing a smile. "I have a little—enough."

"Oh, not enough, she said quickly, and she put her hand up to a chain around her neck. "My hand trembles so that I can't unfasten it. Undo it, Royce!"

He unfastened the snap, and she took the chain off swiftly and pressed it into his hand.

"I haven't any money with me, Royce, but I will send you some if you will let me, and you will, won't you? You won't be too proud to take it from your—sister, Royce!"

"You are not my sister, Renie," he replied, "but if you were I should be too proud, as you say to take money from you."

"Oh, Royce! But the chain! You will take that? You can sell it."

He shook his head; then as her eager face clouded over with disappointment he unfastened a small locket from the chain.

"Not the chain, dear Renie," he said; "but I'll take the locket, that I may always have something with me to remind me of you, not that I shall need it. And now good-bye once more, dear Renie! There, don't cry! I'm not worth a tear or a sigh, as the song says. There—there!"

Her hand dropped from his arm, and she put it in his hand, and twined it around his fingers lovingly approvingly. In the innocent eyes there was a look that said plainly:

"Take me in your arms, Royce; kiss me, for I love you."

Perhaps he understood the look for his color came and went. But, notwithstanding what his mother had said, Royce Landon had not lost all honor, and he resisted the temptation—the great temptation—and instead, he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it tenderly, reverently.

"God-by, Renie!" he said in a very low voice. "And—don't think worse of me than you can help!"

Then he turned and strode off, but as he entered the avenue he looked back and waved his hand. She was standing white, lily-like in her thin, white dress, her hands before her eyes, and he knew that she was crying and for him. She waved her hand, her lips formed his name, and then he was gone.

(To Be Continued.)

"I know what you've come here for," said little Willie. "You're going to ask my sister to be your wife." "Oh! Why do you think so?" "'Cause I heard her telling ma she was goin' to git you in a corner tonight and make you say it."

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Mr. C. F. Immel, shoemaker, Western Hill, St. Catharines, Ont., states: "I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills regularly for some time and consider that they are unsurpassed for torpid liver, defective circulation, indigestion, headache and constipation, as these were my troubles. I used many remedies, but got no relief until I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and a few boxes of this preparation have entirely cured me. I am not in the habit of endorsing any medicine, but in this case I cannot speak too highly in praise of Dr. Chase's Pills for what they have done for me."

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FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

PORK PRODUCTION.

Our experiments extended over a period of two years, writes Prof. A. M. Soule, of the Tennessee Experimental Station. The first test was made with 24 hogs divided into eight groups of three each, and continued for 60 days. A duplicate experiment was made in 1903, and continued for 77 days. The repetition of the experiment was deemed advisable to eliminate the influence of individuality as much as possible by securing a record from a larger number of animals. These trials were undertaken largely for studying the value of corn meal alone and of corn meal when fed in combination with varying amounts of skim-milk for pork production.

Five of the hogs used in the first experiment were Chester White grades bred on the university farm; the remainder were purchased and were said to be Chester White and Berkshire cross. The 32 hogs used in the experiment of 1903 were purchased in an adjoining country. These were grade Berkshires, but they were inferior in quality to those used in the previous experiment, as is evident from the smaller and less uniform gains made. The hogs were confined in pens and fed twice a day.

The rations fed per animal are shown, together with the initial and final weights and the total pounds of gain in the following table:

Hogs fed in the ratio of one pound grain to three, six, nine and 12 pounds skimmilk made the largest gains on from nine to 12 pounds skimmilk. The consumption of skimmilk reduced the consumption of concentrates considerably, though the cost of a pound of gain was lowest with a consumption of one pound grain to three pounds skimmilk. This shows that animals will often consume larger quantities of food than they can digest and assimilate with

THE GREATEST ECONOMY.

The largest gain per head per day was made by Groups 3 and 4, 1.4 pounds, followed closely by Groups 1 and 6, with a gain of 1.35 pounds. The other groups all gained 1.3 pounds with the exception of the lot fed corn meal and water. The largest gains were made by the groups receiving corn meal and wheat meal, mixed in the ratio of 2 to 1, with skimmilk.

The value of skimmilk as an adjunct in hog feeding is shown by the fact that Group 4 consumed 4.1 pounds corn meal for one pound gain, whereas Groups 6, 7 and 8 consumed only 1.6 pounds concentrates with approximately 12 pounds skimmilk per pound of gain. In other words, 12 pounds skimmilk saved 2½ pounds corn meal.

The experiment indicates that a bushel of corn produced 13.6 pounds pork, which at 6 cents would give it a feeding value of 81 cents a bushel; at 5 cents, 68 cents a bushel; and at 7 cents, a feeding value of 95 cents. A farmer often sells his corn at 40 to 50 cents, when fat hogs would bring him 5 to 7 cents per pound, under the mistaken idea that he cannot afford to feed it. Corn has been purchased at 80 cents a bushel and fed at a profit at the station.

The manure from animals constitutes a part of the legitimate profits from any feeding experiment, as it takes the place of purchased commercial fertilizers. When 75 p.c. of the fertilizer value of the foodstuffs consumed was credited to the animal, the average cost of a pound of gain for all groups was 3.7 cents; when no allowance was made for the manure, 5 cents. These experiments clearly demonstrate the importance of skimmilk as an adjunct food for hogs. The best ratio is one pound grain to three to eight pounds skim milk.

THE GOOD DAIRY ANIMAL.

She doesn't belong to any breed exclusively, but is found in all the breeds. In experimental work it has been found that it is not breed that determines the value of the cow as a money maker, nor is it color size, or her score on the scale of points of that breed. For the scale of points of the different dairy breeds is misleading, the cows scoring the highest are not necessarily the best cows. The score of a dairy cow should depend upon her ability to convert raw materials into dairy products economically. Great dairy performers of all breeds have similar conformations. The more raw material she can make use of, the better the cow. An animal's feeding capacity can be closely ascertained by its conformation. It depends largely upon the site of the middle or barrel. The first and most important point in determining the size of the barrel is depth of body through the middle; then comes length of body from the shoulder to hook points, and its breadth through the middle. A broad muzzle and strong jaws are also desirable.

FEEDS THAT MAY TAINT.

There are few vegetables grown on the farm which may be fed to cows without injury and without taint to the milk, if they were properly fed. In feeding roots like carrots and turnips, which are likely to taint the milk, we feed in two ways. By themselves in small quantities just before the grain feed, and cut in small pieces and mixed with bran or middlings, the whole being moistened. Cabbage may be fed cut up in pieces the size of an apple and the cows will get much good from them. In feeding anything that will impart a taint to the milk, it must be fed after milking, for any member of the dairy family, for example, which a cow consumes even two hours before milking, will show itself in the odor and taste of the milk. The quantity of roots or cabbage to be fed at a time depends somewhat on the cow, but under no circumstance should she have more than she can consume in an hour, and it should be fed directly after milking.

FEED FOR BROOD SOW.

The feed for the sow before farrowing should be nutritious, but not concentrated. Some corn may be fed, but meals rich in protein, oats, peas, middlings and barley, should supply most of the nutriment. As farrowing time approaches, let the feed be sloppy and of limited quantity. For two or three days after farrowing time, supply only a limited quantity of feed. A thin, warm slop, of middlings, oatmeal with a very little oil meal, poured into the feeding trough a little at a time, will answer all requirements.

PRINCIPLE ABANDONED.

A Scotch minister in need of funds recently conveyed his intentions to his congregation:

"Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as we have failed to get money honestly, we have to see what a bazar can do for us!"

Will You Help It?

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN

For it Cares for Every Sick Child in Ontario whose Parents Cannot Afford to Pay For Treatment.

The Hospital for Sick Children, College street, Toronto, appeals to the fathers and mothers of Ontario for funds to maintain the thousand sick children that it nurses within its walls every year.



"GOOD DAY, DOCTOR."

The Hospital is not a local institution—but Provincial. The sick child from any place in Ontario who can't afford to pay has the same privileges as the child living in Toronto and is treated free.

The Hospital had last year in its beds and cots 761 patients, 267 of these were from 196 places outside of Toronto.

The cost is 98 cents per patient per day, and there were 129 sick little ones a day in the Hospital.

Since its foundation the Hospital has treated 10,371 children—about 7,500 of these were unable to pay and were treated free.

Every dollar may be the translator of your kind thoughts into the Hospital kind deeds.

Everybody's dollar may be the Friend in Need to Somebody's child.



MASSAGE.

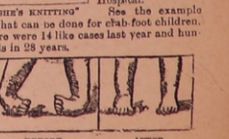
Let the money of the strong be mercy to the weak. The Hospital pays out dividends of health and happiness to suffering childhood on every dollar that is paid by the friends of little children.



"SHE'S KNITTING"

If you know of any sick child in your neighborhood who is sick or crippled or has club feet send the parents name to the Hospital.

See the example of what can be done for club-foot children. There were 14 like cases last year and hundreds in 28 years.



BEFORE AFTER

Please send contributions to J. Ross Robertson, Chairman, or to Douglas Davidson, Sec.-Treas., of The Hospital for Sick Children, College Street, Toronto.

Ayer's

For hard colds, bronchitis, asthma, and coughs of all kinds, you cannot take anything better than Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral

Cherry Pectoral. Ask your own doctor if this is not so. He uses it. He understands why it soothes and heals.

"I had a terrible cough for weeks. Then I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and only one bottle completely cured me."
MRS. J. B. DAFFORTH, St. Joseph, Mich.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for

Coughs, Colds

You will hasten recovery by taking one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime.

The North Hastings Review.

MADOC, DECEMBER 15, 1904.

Ontario Legislature Dissolved. Elections on January 25.

Political Uncertainty Ends In Dissolution.—Announcement that the Provincial Government Will go to the Country on the Above Date.

It was announced on Tuesday that the Legislative Assembly of Ontario has been dissolved, and that the general election will take place on Wednesday, January 25, 1905, the nominations to be one week earlier, January 18. The holding of a general election is the solution of the political uncertainty which has existed in the Province for some time. The voiding of certain elections and the acceptance of office by certain new Ministers have left the Government without a majority, and as the time had come when the vacancies in the Legislature had to be filled up by holding bye-elections, the Government have obtained the Lieutenant-Governor's consent to a dissolution of the House, so that the Province may decide which party is to administer the affairs of State.

The coming general election is the eleventh since Confederation, the others having taken place in the years 1867, 1871, 1875, 1879, 1883, 1886, 1890, 1894, 1898, 1902. The last general election was held on May 29, 1902, and there have been just two session of the present Legislature, that which began on March 10, 1903, and closed on June 27, and the session of this year which began on January 14, and closed on April 26. Mr. Ross, who appeals to the Province for the second time as Premier, is the fifth Provincial Prime Minister. His predecessors have been, Hon. John Sandfield McDonald, Hon. Edward Blake, Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. A. S. Hardy.

Bouquet for Mr. Wood.

Toronto Telegram: The Toronto World should move swiftly in the direction of calling in A. F. Wood, J.P., to investigate the Blair mystery. It cannot be said that A. F. Wood, J.P., is the highest tribunal in the British empire, or that his powers exceed those of the supreme court of Canada or of the Boyd Falconbridge commission. It can be said that A. F. Wood, J. P., is the head and whole body of the only tribunal that ever brought out the facts as to political crime in Ontario. The World hints at political crime, and its hints impose upon Hon. A. G. Blair the solemn public duty of explaining his position. An explanation is due from Mr. Blair or an apology is due from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, an explanation that will clear up the mystery of Mr. Blair's sudden withdrawal from the chairmanship of the railway commission, or an apology from the head of the government that appointed Mr. Blair to the chairmanship of the railway commission. Canada's parliament should not stand dumb and helpless in the presence of doubt when it is the duty of two great historic parties which have nothing to fear from the truth to bring out the truth. If the truth will hurt Mr. Blair, let Mr. Blair be hurt. If the truth will hurt the Conservative party, its strategists or its organs, let them be hurt. If the truth can hurt the Laurier government or the ministers thereof, let them be hurt. But the truth will help the country no matter who is hurt, and the country wants the Blair mystery cleared up as A. F. Wood, J.P., cleared up the bogus ballot box mystery.

Be Quick.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlains's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all druggists.

Sufferers from sciatica should not hesitate to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The prompt relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. Sold by all druggists.

FOR SALE. Hen Feathers, 15c. per lb., suitable for cushions. F. G. LYNDE.

When You Need Physic

Get a box of the old reliable Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, which loosens the bowels without causing griping pains. No remedy is half so satisfactory as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

New Advertisements.

House and Lot for Sale.

Containing about half an acre of land; good comfortable brick house, barn, stable and drive shed, known as the D. W. Wright property, St. Lawrence Street, Madoc. Easy terms for quick sale. Apply to

WM. MULLETT.

Madoc, Dec. 12, 1904.

Hounds Lost.

On November 17th, the undersigned lost two hounds, male and female, seven months old, grey and white, long tan ears. The male was the larger. A few black spots on them. Last seen at West Branch Black Creek, near boundary line between Tudor and Grimsthorp Townships. Any information leading to their recovery will be gladly received.

THAD GUNTER,
Wooler P.O., Ontario.

Public Notice.

Albion Hotel, Belleville.

A report has been circulated that I have sold out my business. Such is not the case. It is Captain Bottum of the Hastings House that has sold out. We are still doing business at the "Old Stand" and will be pleased to see all our old friends. Our house is large and warm. Our stables are the largest and best in Belleville. Do not forget the name, Albion Hotel.

GEO. H. DROWLEY, Prop.

Madoc Public Library

After Saturday, 24th Dec., '04, the Library will remain closed for stock-taking and will not re-open until Saturday, 7th January, 1905. Books that should be returned during the interval may be left at Connor & Co's Store.

FRED E. SEYMOUR
Librarian.

Estray.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 9, con. 7, Huntingdon, on or about Dec. 1st, a yearling calf. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take it away.

JOSEPH ROLLINS,
50-3 Ivanhoe, Ont.

Nomination Meeting!

—FOR—

COUNTY COUNCILLOR

For the Sixth County Council Division, County of Hastings.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting will be held pursuant to the Municipal Act, 1896, at the

TOWN HALL, ELDORADO,

Township of Madoc, on

Monday, December 19th, 1904,

at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the office of County Councillor for the Sixth County Council Division of the County of Hastings.

If a greater number of candidates are nominated than are required to be elected, the polls will be opened at the polling places for each of the polling sub-divisions within the said district on Monday, January 2nd, 1905, the polls to continue open from nine o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon and no longer.

Dated this 9th day of December, 1904

WM. T. ALLEN.
Nominating Officer.

Municipal Election!

To the Municipal Electors of the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

Notice is hereby given that the nominations of Reeve, 4 Councillors and 3 School Trustees, for the Village of Madoc, for 1905, will be held in the

TOWN HALL, MADOC,

—ON—

Monday, December 26th, 1904,

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon,

The polling, if any, will be held in the following Divisions on Monday January 2nd, 1905:

Polling Sub-division No. 1.—Town Hall, B. O'Hara, Returning Officer.

Polling Sub-division No. 2.—Bowen's Building, W. R. Gray, Deputy Returning Officer.

All nominations must be made in writing, signed by both nominator and seconder,

B O'HARA,
Village Clerk.

Madoc, December 9th, 1904.

Notice.

I again forbid any person of cutting or removing any timber of any kind off of lots 26 and 27 in the 3rd concession of Tudor. No excuses will be taken.

JAMES N. CLARKE.

Dorset, Sept. 27, 1904.

Lost.

On Sunday last, between residence and St. Peter's Church, Madoc, a Mink Fur Boa. The finder will be suitably rewarded.

MRS. JNO. CASKEY,

Try John Sager for 25c. Black or Green tea. Our stock of Confectionery for the Christmas trade is complete. Leave your orders for Christmas fruit cake early.

Three pound packages of seeded raisins for 25c. at Hudgins.

Municipal Election!

To the Municipal Electors of the

TOWNSHIP OF MADOC,

Notice is hereby given that the nominations, which must be made in writing, for Reeve and four Councillors, for the Township of Madoc, for the year 1905, will be held in the TOWN HALL, ELDORADO, on

Monday, December 26th, 1904.

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon.

The Polling, if any, will be held in the following Divisions on Monday, January 2nd, 1905:

Division No. 1.—Hart's School-house, John A. Ketcheson, Deputy Returning Officer.
Division No. 2.—McCoy's School-house, Geo. Smith, Deputy Returning Officer.
Division No. 3.—Town Hall, O. Johnson, Deputy Returning Officer.
Division No. 4.—O'Hara's School-House, James Bird, Deputy Returning Officer.

W. T. ALLEN,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, December 9th, 1904.

Try

W. SAGER & SON

For your Christmas Confectionery, Groceries, Cakes, Buns, &c.

Fresh Bread always on hand, also all kinds of Candies and Nuts.

We also handle a fine line of Black and Green Tea. Try it.

How about Painting.

No matter where you live or what you want painted we will gladly attend to it. We go anywhere for business. We will not overcharge and you will be pleased in every way. We keep Oils, Leads and Colors in large quantities and sell to our customers for whom we are doing work at wholesale prices.

The Reason we can do our work more cheaply than some painters is because we buy our lead, oils, etc., in tremendous quantities, securing the very lowest wholesale prices, and we handle nothing but the best in painters' materials.

We have in our employ only the best of workmen and expert mechanics.

WALL PAPERS.

As to wall papers everyone knows we have the best papers made and that our prices are always lower than elsewhere for commoner goods. Our August sale of wall papers at half price is a boom to home-makers.

Our Decorating. Our paper-hanging, etc., is pleasing everybody both in style and low cost.

C. B. Scanlebury,
Decorator, Belleville.
Wall Papers, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, etc, wholesale and retail.
Write for samples and quotations.

Property For Sale.

Formerly known as the Volume residence. Modern brick house, good barn, good well and over an acre of land.

W. J. ATKINS.

Dog Lost.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 1, 4th con. of Madoc, on the 2nd inst., a Hound. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take it away.

49-8 JOHN LEWIS.

Cheesemaker Wanted.

Cheesemaker wanted for The Ridge Cheese Company, Limited, for the season of 1905. Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to January 3rd, 1905. Output last season about 40,000 lbs.

GEO. PATTISON,
President

Coe Hill, Nov. 11th, 1904.

Estray.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 5, in the 8th concession of Huntingdon, on or about the middle of July, a two-year-old Bull. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take it away.

S. RAY.

Ivanhoe, Dec. 2nd, 1904. 48-3

McILROY'S STORE

is the place where you can get your Christmas orders filled with everything you want in

The Grocery Line

He carrys a full stock of the freshest and best goods in town and his prices are always right. There is where to buy your

Lake of the Woods Flour

It will speak for itself.

A car of Salt, both coarse and fine, by the barrel at $1.50.

Fearman's & Co. Sugar-Cured Breakfast Bacon and Hams and all kinds of Fish.

He will pay the highest market price for Butter and Eggs, and Poultry.

JOHN McILROY

The N. H. Review

Christmas ...Number!

will be a beauty this year.

See that your subscription is paid ahead so that you will be entitled to a free copy.

NEW MILLS

The undersigned having purchased a new Gasoline Engine and Grain Grinder is prepared to do all kinds of Grinding at reasonable rates, and customers can pay cash or toll as they choose.

Also all Custom Work in the line of Sash and Doors and all kind of House Furnishing, and will send men to do all necessary work in connection therewith if needed.

Call at Caverley's old Carriage Shop, opposite White's Foundry, and we will endeavor to give satisfaction.

J. W. BENNETT.

FINE NECKWEAR

—FOR—

The Christmas Trade

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Gloves, Underwear, etc.

—CALL AND SEE OUR—

Visor Hood and Muffler,

Keeps the head, ears, face and neck protected from the cold, or can be worn as muffler only, for men, women or children.

FOOTE & ROSS.

Butter and Eggs taken.

A 1 Farm for Sale.

100 acres, known as the Arthur Mullett homestead, lot 14, 1st con, Huntingdon, Hastings county, double frame house, drive-house, stone hog-pen, double barn, good orchard, 3 living wells. Can be had with or without implements, stock, crop, etc. Particulars on the premises. 32

Albert College

Belleville, Ont.

Business School Founded 1877.

Practical and thorough. Five complete courses. Many graduates occupying important places as book-keepers and shorthand reporters. $37.50 pays board, room, tuition, electric light, use of gymnasium and baths, all but books and laundry, etc., for 10 weeks—longer time at same rate. Special reduction to ministers, or to two or more entering at the same time from same family or place. A specialist in Book-keeping, who is also an expert penman and specialist in Shorthand in constant attendance. The teachers in the literary department also assist in the work. The high character of the College is a guarantee of thoroughness.

Catalogue with specimen of penmanship, FREE.

Students may enter at any time.

Address, PRINCIPAL DYER, D.D., Belleville, Ont.

Farm for Sale.

A valuable 100-acre farm, 1½ miles from Trenton, on the Wooler gravel road. It is 80 rods wide, good roads on both sides of it, has a never-failing spring creek running through it five rods from barn. The soil is clay loam. Has a brick residence 22x38, frame kitchen 40x20, and a good cistern in kitchen. The barn is 30x50, has a 9-foot stone basement, with stabling for 10 cows and 6 horses underneath. Buildings are all in first-class repair. There is a bearing orchard of 400 apple trees, besides pear and plum trees, and berries. There is also a tenement house on the farm. No encumbrance on place. Immediate possession given and purchaser may buy stock on hand consisting of horses, cows and farm implements. Owner is desirous of selling owing to indifferent health. Terms easy.

J. G. WILLIAMS, Owner.
35 Box 7. Trenton, Ont.

ALEX. BELAIR, Merchant Tailor,

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - - MADOC

My stock consists of Canadian, English and Scotch Tweeds and Suitings, Blue and Black Serges, fine Black Venetians, Overcoatings and Pantings. All new Goods.

Your patronage respectfully solicited

DR. PERRY G. GOLDSMITH,

OF BELLEVILLE, will be in

Madoc 2nd Monday each month

at St. Lawrence Hall, for consultation on diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat.

Miss Veda Campbell, A.L.C.M.,

TEACHER OF PIANO,

Having taken an Honor Specialist Course at the London Conservatory of Music, is

Prepared to receive a limited number of Pupils

For terms, etc., apply at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Moore.

Removal Notice.

W. C. MIKEL, B. C. L.,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Solicitor the city of Belleville.

Office removed to the City Hall, where he will continue a general practice of Law except as against the corporation of the city of Belleville.

Money to loan at 4, 5, or 6 per cent according to quality of security.

Telephone No. 195

P. WALTER O'FLYNN

BARRISTER,

MADOC, — — ONT.

Corporation and Private Funds to Investment. Collections promptly made.

OFFICE—North St. Lawrence street, next door west of T. L. Nickle's warerooms.

Merchant Tailoring

ROBT. McGHEE,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

I have just opened my

New Spring Stock of Carefully Selected Goods

so that all classes may find satisfaction. Work guaranteed.

R. McGHEE, Merchant Tailor, Wood Block

Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Wright

MILNE'S HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT

Buy your 'Xmas Gifts from Milne

WHY ?

ecause he has the Largest Assortment

Just arrived a Large Assortment of

Ladies' Hkfs.
Ladies' Fancy Collars
New Ribbons
New Blousings
New Kid Gloves

Great Sale this week of

LADIES' BLOUSING

A table of Blousing at Thirty Cents, goods up to $1.25 per yd.

ALEX MILNE.

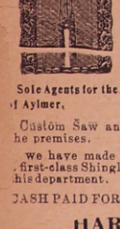
A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN AND INSURANCE AGENCY

Agent for "London, Liverpool & Globe," "Equity," and "Metropolitan" Fire Insurance Companies. Lowest rates in Tariff and Non-tariff Companies, and risks absolutely safe.

Madoc Pump Works

ALL KINDS OF FIRST-CLASS



Wood and Iron Pumps, Wind Mills, Grain Grinders, gasoline Engines, Steam Engines and Boilers.

Sole Agents for the Anderson Force Pump, of Aylmer.

Custom Saw and Shingle Mills on the premises.

We have made arrangements with a first-class Shingle Sawyer to handle this department.

CASH PAID FOR SHINGLE BOLTS

HART BROS.,

Proprietors.

Choice Groceries

—AND—

Provisions,

Crockery

and glassware,

—TRY—

GEO. WRIGHT'S.

HOME NEWS

☞ Biscuits, 5c a lb. at Hudgins'.

—Mr. Snell, of the Marmora Herald, gave us a call last week.

—Mr. Harry Wright has taken a position in Alexander's drug store.

—A 350 pound bear was killed last week by Mr. Ed. Gordon, near Cooper.

Mr D. C. Elliot returned home on Saturday from Montreal having spent the summer there.

—'Xmas Day services at the English Church, Madoc, will be held at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Mr. Wm. Craig, of Albion, N. Y., arrived in town last week and expects to spend the winter here.

—Methodist Sabbath School concert on the evening of Thursday, December 22nd. Everybody invited.

—The Tea Meeting of the Union Church, Eldorado, will be held on the evening of December 20th. The public cordially invited.

—The many friends of Mr. David Farrell will be pleased to hear that he is improving lately, and hopes soon to be quite well again,

—All members of the A. O. U. W. are requested to attend lodge on Friday evening next, at 8 p.m. Special business and election of officers.

—The nomination of Municipal Candidates will this year be held on Monday, December 20th. The polling will take place on January 2nd.

—An entertaining programme is being prepared for the Methodist S.S. Concert on the evening of the 22nd. Admission, adults 15 cents; children 10 cents.

—A large number of Madoc Conservatives attended the Convention at Tweed for East Hastings on Wednesday. Mr. R. R. Gamey was one of the attractions.

☞ Unequalled assortment of Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, China and Glassware, Confectionary and Fruits ever offered for the holiday trade at Geo. Wright's.

—A large carcase of Bear meat was shipped this week to Montreal by F. G. Lynde for the Christmas market. The bear was shot by Henry Mitchell, of this town.

—Madoc has been enjoying good sleighing for the past couple of weeks. Our merchants, and in fact, every body hopes it will continue, until after Christmas.

—The annual concert of the Methodist Sabbath School will be held this year on Thursday evening next, 22nd inst. The programme will be very interesting. Admission, 15 and 10 cts.

☞ McIlroy will sell you all kinds of Fish. Just received a shipment of Fresh Water Herrings, Salmon Trout, White Fish and Ciscoes, at rock bottom price. Also a full line of Fresh Groceries. Lake of the Wood Flour a specialty.

—A concert will be held at O'Hara's school on Friday evening, Dec. 10th. Proceeds to be used for a Public School Library. Admission 20c. and 10 cents.

—Remember the 'Xmas Tree and entertainment at Hazard's S. S. on Thursday evening, December 22nd. A short spicy programme is being prepared, and all are cordially invited. Admission, 10 and 15 cents; primary class free.

—Most of the machinery for the new electric light plant arrived in town last week, and is rapidly being put in position. The wiring of the streets, stores and private houses is also being rushed in anticipation of the power being turned on.

—The tea and sale of needlework held by the Ladies' Guild of St. John the Baptist Church, Madoc, on Thursday last, at the Rectory, was well attended and passed off quite successfully.

—Mr. J. W. Pearce, of Marmora, our late member in the Local Legislature, gave THE REVIEW a call yesterday. Since the announcement of the dissolution of the Assembly on Tuesday, Mr. Pearce has not the privilege of writing "M. P. P." after his name.

—The Marmora Herald says:—Mr. and Mrs. James English were in town on Monday enroute for the Winter fair at Guelph... Mr. Thos. Reid has bought out the butcher business of Mr. David Whytock.

—The Postmaster-General warns postmasters throughout the country to be careful to see that all parcels for Great Britain or for any foreign country be accompanied by a Customs declaration as to the contents and value of the parcel, and that the parcel be fully prepaid.

—All candidates for municipal honors must according to a late change in the law deposit their certificate of qualification before nine p.m., the day after the nomination with the returning officer. It is important that this should be known, as parties nominated must do so, to have their names appear on the ballot paper.

☞ Four pounds good cleaned currants for 25c at Hudgins'.

—Mr. H. B. Cowan, Superintendent of Agricultural Societies, states that there are too many fall fairs, and that the number must be materially reduced. It is proposed to limit the number of agricultural fairs to be held in any county from four to two, and that the people should be allowed to vote at municipal elections to decide which fairs should be continued.

—Trooper Mulloy's very interesting talk on his South African experiences as a Canadian soldier, given in the lecture room of St. Peter's Church on Tuesday evening, was a decided treat. The large audience present was well pleased and highly entertained. Mulloy is totally blind, having lost both eyes by a Boer bullet in one of the hottest fights of the campaign, which he graphically described.

☞ Finest quality Oranges, Lemons, Cranberries, Grapes, Onions, &c., at Hudgin's sold cheap.

☞ Tomatoes, Peas, Corn, choice goods, all 10c a can at Hudgin's.

County Council Nominations.

The nomination of candidates for the County Council, Sixth Diyision, will take place at the Town Hall, Eldorado, on Monday next, 19th inst., at 12 o'clock, noon. Should more than two candidates be in the field, the election will be held at same time as Municipal elections, Monday, January 2nd.

☞ A BARGAIN—First-class Farmers' Cook Stove, price $30.00, at G. A. Rollins'.

WANTED a quantity of White Oak, White Birch, Rock Elm, and White Ash, W. J. ATKINS.

Truancy.

They have a truant officer at Campbellford whose business it is to see that all parents comply with the law in sending their children to school. At present a resident of that town is spending twenty days in Cobourg jail for neglecting to send his boy to school. We have need of similar action in Madoc.

Death of a Rawdon Young Man.

Charles Moore, son of Mr. James Moore, of Rawdon, near Springbrook, died suddenly at his parents' home on the 9th inst. The young man had always been in the best of health, and went to the North-West in August last on one of the harvest excursions. About a month ago he had a slight stroke, but his sudden death was quite unexpected. His parents and friends have the sincere sympathy of the whole community.

Anniversary Services.

The Methodist church will hold its Anniversary Services next Sunday, 18th inst. The Rev. J. P. Wilson, B.A., President of the Bay of Quinte Conference, a former pastor, will preach both morning and evening. A special offering will be taken to meet accrued liabilities, in connection with the Trustee Board Fund.

☞ Bargains in Xmas goods at Hudgin's.

The Editor's Need.

Every fall the newspaper man counts on getting pay for a large number of subscriptions. During the busy hot season this matter is often forgotten, and, as winter is setting in, many subscribers have not recollected that they are owing for their paper. This would matter little to us if the number of those who let the debt slip were small, but when it runs up into the hundreds, none owing less than a dollar, it is a matter of great importance. If you have let this matter escape your attention you would confer a favor by attending to it at once.

Santa Claus Headquarters !

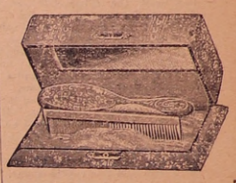


Christmas comes but once a year and when it comes it brings good cheer.

WE WILL be already this week for Santa Claus' final visit. He is leaving with us the largest assortment of

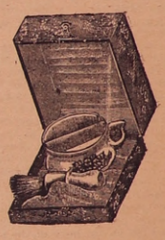
Fancy Chinaware

consisting of German and English ware. Better bargains you never struck.



DOLLS.

Little girls who like Dolls should be sure and come to McIntosh Bros. Store this week. We have some real beauties, and actually, you may tell your mammas, we never saw such nice dolls so cheap.



We also secured from Santa a lovely stock of Sleighs, Doll Go-Carts and Doll Carriages, Celluloid Cuff and Collar Boxes, Gloye Boxes, Shaving Set, Toy Snow Shovels, Toy Brooms. This is all that this space will allow us to mention. We invite everybody to come. We will cheer the heart of the old and gladden the heart of the young at

McINTOSH BROS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR 'XMAS BUYING.

PERFUME.
Latest odors. Best makes, attractive packages. 10c to $3.00.

STATIONERY.
The kind that people approve and admire. Newest shapes and colors. Writing Paper in fancy boxes with Envelopes to match.

HAIR BRUSHES.
Ebony & Cherry Solid Back Brushes. Military Sets. All marked so low that the prices will startle you.

CHOCOLATES.
Christmas joy will not be complete unless you have a box of Ganong's Chocolates. "The finest in the land."

A good stock of Mouth Organs, Purses, Hymn Books, Prayer Books, Bibles, Children's Picture Books at

The Corner Drug Store,

ALEXANDER

Druggist Stationer Optician

Election of Officers.

At the regular meeting of Eldorado L.O.L. No. 517, on Thursday, Dec. 1st, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

W. M.—Edward Collins.
D.M.—R. K. Nickle.
Chap.—Geo. Sandford.
R. S. re-elected—John J. Fox.
F.S. " —Geo. Gordon.
Treas. " —Robt. Gordon.
D. of C. " —John N. Rupert.
Lec.—Edgar Fox, Lewis Shaw.
1st Com.—Simeon Fox.
2nd Com.—Henry Shaw, Sr., Robert Warren, Henry Shaw Jr., Wm. Hunter.

No. 517 is in good working order, and the finances are increasing in the treasury.

Auction Sale.

The farm stock and implements of Thos. C. Broad will be offered for sale on east half lot 20, 9th concession of Madoc, on Tuesday Dec. 20. Sale at 1 o'clock sharp. Nine months' credit. Jacob Huff, auctioneer.

—Collector Casement says that Madoc has again proved its promptness in making payments. He has already collected over $7000 taxes leaving only a very small balance to be received. We congratulate our people on establishing so good a record.

☞ Three pounds choice cleaned raisins for 25c at Hudgins'.

2 WEEKS MORE

Left to select your 'Xmas gifts. Don't wait until the choicest are gone and then you have to take any old thing. I have full and complete lines of Children's Picture Books. Tin Toys from 5c up. Games all kinds at half price.

HYMN BOOKS & BIBLES.

Just received a brand new assortment of Methodist Hymn Books with tunes. Presbyterian Hymn Books with tunes. English Prayer and Hymn Books. Catholic Prayer Books. They were all bought at reduced prices and you will get a bargain on any of them.

'XMAS PERFUMES.

All kinds of Fancy Packages from 10c to $2.50.

FANCY NOTE PAPER.

Best Assortment. All Prices, 10c. to $2.00.

Don't fail to see our stock of Mouth Organs. All new goods. Prices from 10c to $1.00

DON'T FORGET

That Horehound and Cherry Cough Syrup will cure that cold and make you enjoy your 'Xmas far better.

HARRY H. JONES, Phm. B.

WATCHES AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS

We have two very special offers to make in Watches. A watch would make a very pleasing gift. Note the following prices:

In Ladies' Watches we offer a 25-year Gold Filled Case, with a first-class movement at $12.00. Or a Solid Gold Case with a Waltham, Elgin or Regina Movements at $20.00.

For a Boy we offer a fine assortment of Swiss Watches from $3.00 to $9.00. These watches are first-class and would make any boy happy.

A pretty piece of Jewelery always pleases. A Pearl Pendant or Brooch, or a Pearl Crescent is always acceptable. A Gold Locket with Necklace, or a Bracelet, is sure to please.

Sterling Silver Novelties and Silverwaee in abundance. Any piece makes a nice Xmas gift.

You are sure to find what in need of at

Geo. F. Maybee, Agent for Edison & Columbia Phonograph Company

other harmful ...gists. | 47-2 | THOS.

About the ....House

SELECTED RECIPES.

Sheet Cake.—One egg, one cup of sugar, two cups of butter or lard, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream sugar, butter and egg mixing in milk and flour alternately until used up; beat in the baking powder. Bake in shallow pan. When cold divide into two sheets by cutting through with a long, sharp knife and fill with the following thing: Boil constantly stirring until spongy, one cup of sugar, two cups of butter, yolks of two eggs, grated rinds and juice of two lemons. When cold spread on lower sheet, replace upper and ice with the two whites beaten stiff, four tablespoonfuls of sugar added, flavored to taste. Place in oven a moment to harden.

Fried Bread—Slice stale bread in rather thick slices. Beat up two eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one pint of milk and lay the bread in until well soaked. Then fry in hot lard.

Boiled Icing for Cakes.—Two cups of granulated sugar, one of water. Whites of two eggs. Boil in a saucepan until the syrup hardens when dropped in ice water. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and drop a little at a time of the hot syrup in, beating steadily all the time. After all the syrup has been poured in beat a few drops of vanilla in. Spread on the cake at once. Care must be taken that the syrup is boiled to just the right point. If it cools too long the icing will be stiff and dry; if not long enough it will soak into the cake.

Sponge Drops.—Beat to a froth three eggs and one cup of sugar. Stir into this one heaping cup of sifted flour, in which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been mixed. Butter tin sheets with washed butter (free from salt) and drop in teaspoonfuls three inches apart. Bake in a quick oven. Flavor with vanilla.

Soup Made from Turkey Bones.—Put the bones in a boiler with about two quarts of water, and boil until all the substance is out of them, and then take them out. Add to the soup one tablespoonful of rice, one or two stalks of celery (chopped fine), chopped onion and pepper to taste. This makes a delicious rich soup out of a part that is usually thrown away.

Braised Beef—The toughest, cheapest steak can be made into a most appetizing dish if braised. Salt and pepper it, and put it in a little boiler just covering it with water, and set on the back of the stove, letting it simmer slowly for two or three hours. By that time the thick, tough steak will be cooked into the tenderest of meat, and the water cooked down into a thick gravy.

Prune Cornstarch—Soak the prunes over night, and boil them until just tender. Then make cornstarch of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Put the milk on in a double boiler and bring to a boil. Beat the eggs and sugar and add to them the cornstarch thinned with a little milk. Then add to the milk, stir until it thickens, and take from the fire, adding a little vanilla and the prunes, chopped into small bits. Stir well and pour out to cool.

Hunters' Pudding—One cup of suet, chopped fine; one cup of molasses, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoon each of cloves, mace and allspice, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half cup of raisins, chopped fine; one-half cup of citron, chopped fine. Mix in order given. Steam three hours. Eat with lemon sauce.

"Old Reliable" Cake Mixture—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of milk, butter the size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of flavoring, salt, flour to make stiff batter. Cream sugar and butter together, add eggs (which must have been well beaten), then the milk; sift in cream tartar, soda and salt, with flour, and add flavoring. This mixture may be, in turn, marble, chocolate, currant, harlequin or layer cake, according as you color, flavor and divide it.

Cabbage a la Creole—Chop fine one head of cabbage, two onions, two green peppers, one bunch of celery. Leave in salt water over night. Then drain. Boil enough vinegar to cover, add a little sugar, put into jars and seal.

HINTS FOR HOME LIFE.

Save fat from soup, as when melted down into dripping it is useful for basting meat or frying vegetables.

Brushing makes the hair shine and borax baths make it fluffy. Do not use borax too often or it will bleach and rot the hair.

When peeling lemons for flavoring be careful never to cut any of the white skin, as it has a very bitter taste.

Lemon rind steeped in the water in which you bathe is not only refreshing, but of actual benefit to the skin, as it forms a splendid tonic.

Salt is an old-fashioned disinfectant, popular in our grandmother's day. It has the advantage of being non-odorous.

It is capital for sprinkling about drains.

Few things are more soothing for burns or scalds than the white of an egg poured over the injured place. It is more cooling than sweet oil and cotton.

Long skirts prove more becoming than short ones to little women. This stands to reason, for anything like a trailed dress gives dignity to its wearer.

Oil marks on wall paper may be removed by applying a paste made of pipeclay and cold water. Leave on all night and brush off in the morning. A second application may be necessary.

To remove red ink stains, moisten the spots with strong alcohol acidulated with nitric acid. It is always desirable to make a blank experiment first, as all materials will not take the same treatment.

How do the persons who so fear night air that they sleep in rooms with tightly closed windows expect to live should there be an escape of gas while they slumber? They do not give themselves one chance out of a hundred for their lives.

Very few people know of the efficacy of starch for toilet use. This is especially useful for sore feet. First wash the toes with tepid water, but do not soak them; wipe quite dry, and then dust with starch crushed to a powder.

Scrub the inside of the teapot with fine salt and then rinse it with boiling water. Tea will not be good unless the inside of the pot is kept bright and clean. After use the leaves should be taken out immediately and the pot wiped quite dry.

Two ways of removing iron mould from linen—Rub the spot with a little powdered oxalic acid and warm water. Let this remain to soak for a few moments and then rinse in clean water. Wash the spots in a strong solution of cream of tartar and water. Repeat if necessary and dry in the sun.

To clean piano keys—Dissolve half an ounce of fine white wax, shredded small, with turpentine by heat, till it become of the consistency of cream. Apply a small quantity of this to the keys with a flannel, and polish by rubbing well with soft rags. Leave the piano open for several hours each week and the keys will not turn yellow.

Lemon juice and sugar, thickly mixed, will remove hoarseness and cure sore throats. Lemons may be kept fresh for weeks by covering them daily with fresh water. A little lemon juice in a spoon, then a dose of castor oil, and a little more lemon juice over the oil, will mask the disagreeable taste.

A temperance ginger wine is made as follows :—Pour five quarts of boiling water on to two pounds of loaf sugar and three-quarters of an ounce of tartaric acid. When cold, add two drachms of essence of ginger, two drachms of essence of capsicum; color with a little burnt sugar and strain through muslin and bottle.

The nervous housewife, who lives in constant dread of fire may, with very little trouble, make an extinguisher that will put out a blaze if used at once. All she needs to do is to put three pounds of salt in a gallon of water, and to this add one and a half pounds of sal ammoniac. This liquid should be bottled, and when the fire is discovered it should be poured on it.

Cut one pound of dressed tripe into square pieces and simmer very gently for two hours in one pint of milk and half a pint of water. Take out the tripe and place on a hot dish, thicken the milk with flour, stir while it boils for a few moments, add half a pound of onions, previously boiled and chopped finely. Let all cook together for a quarter of an hour, add a good seasoning of pepper and salt and serve very hot.

For simple Scotch haggis take a penny worth of liver, some of suet, one small onion, oatmeal, pepper and salt. Parboil the liver for half an hour; when cold grate it down; add the suet shredded fine, also the onion; pour in a teacupful of the water in which the liver was boiled, add pepper and salt and as much oatmeal as will make it nice and firm; mix all well together, tie in a floured cloth, plunge into boiling water and boil for an hour and a half or more. This with a dish of mashed potatoes, makes a nice dinner for the bairns.

AN ELECTRIC BOAT.

Cuts Its Own Canal Ahead and Fills in Behind Itself.

Were that interesting and miscalculating gentleman, Robinson Crusoe, to find himself upon one of the sand slopes of the Pacific Coast, he would think that his toilsome building of a boat so far from water as to be unavailable when finished was being repeated on a large scale. A pit 100 feet long by 40 feet wide and 12 or 15 feet deep has been dug, and in this, often miles away from any open water, is built a large, flat bottomed barge, seamed and caulked and made properly seaworthy.

On the barge are erected derricks, and much strange machinery driven by powerful electric motors. By the time all is installed, water has percolated into the pit, and the boat, built under such queer conditions, is afloat.

This is the gold dredge. The sand with which it is surrounded contains gold in quantities which would not pay to work out, except by such a scientific apparatus as this.

When operations begin the sand and soil in front of the boat are dredged up, dumped into sluiceways on board, washed, sifted and treated so as to secure valuable particles, and the debris (tailings) is then deposited over the stern.

The work goes on continually, the unwieldy boat gradually eating its way through the marshy slopes, filling in the canal behind, as it works along foot by foot, and never having floating room more than a few feet beyond its own length.

The electric current is generated in a separate power house on land a short distance away, and conveyed to the motors on board by the usual conducting wires.

THE UNEXPECTED.

He—Do you remember your old school friend, Sophy Smythe?

She—Yes, indeed I do. A most absurd-looking thing. So silly, too! What became of her?

He—Oh, nothing. Only—I married her.

The price of nearly everything is high—unless you want to sell.

CHINA'S CRY FOR REFORM

UNREST IN THE INTERIOR OF THE EMPIRE.

Her Fate Dependent on Whether or Not Western Ideas are Adopted.

The insurrection against the Chinese Government which has just broken out in Kwang-si, a province in the south of China with a narrow frontage on the Gulf of Tonkin, will call wider attention to the unrest and dissatisfaction in the interior of the empire. A week ago reports from Szechuen Province on the upper Yangtse declared that another Boxer uprising was threatened there.

One of the latest to speak of these disturbed conditions is Dr. O. Franke, the official translator of Chinese in the service of the German Government. He says that Chinese scholars and agitators have been writing pamphlets, books and placards and reports on needed reforms in which they present wildly divergent views as to the political dangers of the country and the causes that make the empire weak.

Many of these publications are issued from the treaty ports. Only a few while near the Pekin Government made a futile effort to have certain writers in Shanghai taken to the capital for trial because their writings were objectionable to the Government.

Many of the writers think the only way for China to hold her prestige is to open the doors to western knowledge, machinery and ideas of progress. It is interesting to note how graphically they sum up the causes of China's troubles and how they contrast China with other nations to the great disadvantage of their own empire.

EUROPE AND CHINA.

The following quotations are taken from translation which Dr. Franke has just published, and in the first one the reformer, Kang Yeu Wei, contrasts the European Powers with China :

"Great European States have a yearly income of many billions, their well trained armies number millions, their armored cruisers count by hundreds, they have modern sciences, modern machinery, thousands of new inventions, new books are brought out every year; a mult tude of peasants, handcrafts, merchants, soldiers; scientists improve from year to year their respective branches of learning; women and girls, youths and children, all know how to read and write. And we?

"Our yearly revenues amount to 70,000,000, our debts to 200,000,000 (this refers to the indemnity of war with Japan in 1894-95); all this shows our financial weakness.

"We do not possess well drilled troops, nor armored men of war; this shows our military weakness; Modern science, modern machinery are of no interest to us; this shows our weakness in knowledge.

"Our army has no education, our educated men do not understand anything pertaining to military matters, our merchants have no schools they need, our peasantry lack education; and this shows the insufficiency of our educational system. The masses devote themseves to contemplation, and the educated lack energy; and this shows the weakness of our character. For this deplorable condition I will quote Chung Hui's words: 'The weak must be subjugated.'

"We have not made any innovations for 4,000 years. In the foreign States new life rules, but we always remain the same and

LEARN NOTHING NEW.

"Our high officials follow the rule 'Honor the Emperor and keep away the barbarians.' Foreigners laugh at our antiquated ceremonials and studied speeches which are meaningless.

"We have not learned how to utilize time, hence the catastrophe in the wars with France and Japan; but these reverses did not teach us anything; therefore we have to suffer what is occurring to-day.

OCCUPATION OF KIAOCHAU.

"The 400,000,000 Chinese are governed by scarcely 100 high dignitaries. There are General Governors and Governors, but not one of them has ever travelled abroad or is familiar with the modern works on European conditions. These aged men, brought up in old-fashioned ways, do not consider it necessary to know anything of new inventions and modern political state of affairs in foreign countries."

The following is an extract from the address delivered by Liang Ki Chao at the opening of the high school for modern science in the Province of Hunan :

"Knowledge is power. The strength of a nation increases or diminishes in proportion to its wider or narrower knowledge. The colored races may serve as an example of this.

"The East Indians are beginning to take high places in the world where they were occupying only subordinate positions, because they are constantly improving in knowledge. On the contrary, the African negroes, the Mexicans, Indians and South Sea Islanders have been enslaved again.

"Formerly the ruling classes wanted to diminish the power of the masses, therefore they kept them in ignorance; now it is desirable to increase the people's power; therefore their knowledge is widened. It is essential before everything else to spread knowledge and diminish ignorance.

"It is necessary to understand what makes a State powerful and what weakens it, how knowledge is fostered and ignorance diminished. It is necessary to realize that China cannot exist as an independent nation if it shuts itself up in its old views and

IDEAS OF THE WORLD.

"Japanese and European historical works must be read in order to see that life must progress. Works on the laws of the country and those of other countries must be read in order to get an idea of the universal laws governing them. Only after this is done should attention be given to the old classes and old philosophers."

Here is a brief extract from a recent Chinese book, "History of Reform Movement of 1898." The extract is taken from a chapter headed "The Relations of China to the Foreign States":

"A dying man lies stricken in his desolate solitude. Over him circle vultures in wait, below, foxes with sharpened teeth are waiting. Even the smallest vermin, flies and moths, mites and ants, swarm in great numbers and strive to get their share. Such is China's position to-day.

"To be sure, when the man suddenly springs up, the whole crowd flies away, but when he remains still, then foxes and vultures fall one upon another, fight and dispute the morsel.

"China's existence or destruction is a question of the greatest importance in the world's politics. To-day the decisive outcome of this question is at hand. What will be the fate of the sick man?

"There is a remedy for him; if he takes it he will live; if not, he will die. He knows it, therefore he wants to take it. He wants to gulp it down, but a harder matter sticks in his throat. If this matter is removed the invalid will be able to swallow and shall live; if not, he won't be able to swallow and shall die.

"Thus life and death are in his case separated only by a hair's breadth. Such is China's situation to-day."

The Chinese are also writing more than ever on religious questions and are giving special prominence to the view that Confucianism can be the only world religion and that in the course of a few hundred years all nations will acknowledge this fact and embrace the teachings of confucius ; then the world will be one brotherhood and wars will cease.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

7,000 People Hear Him Tell of His Wonderful Adventures.

"This was the most southerly point." The speaker was a Captain Scott, the explorer, at the Albert Hall, London, the other day. He waved his hand carelessly towards the gigantic screen on which had just been thrown a vivid photograph of hummocky ice, and in the foreground a sledge with a St. George's cross fluttering on its prow. Captain Scott was giving his first public narrative of his three years' sojourn in the Antarctic regions to an eager crowd of about 7,000 people.

Wonderful photographs of ice cliffs, glaciers, strewn with huge boulders, hills of ghostly ice, swept across the screen like scenes from fairyland.

When winter was fairly established sledge expeditions were organized. Captain Scott, with Lieut. Shackleton and Dr. Wilson, went due south with sledges and dogs. On, on they went till the dogs began to weaken and the food to become scarce. Then the dogs one by one had to be killed. Finally, when the food was becoming dangerously short, the little party had to turn back and retrace their steps.

Their turning point was "Farthest South." On the way back to the ship the captain and the doctor had to draw the sledge with their comrade who had become ill. They drew him 150 miles.

Captain Scott described the most adventurous day of his life. He was out on a glacier sledging with two men, and as they were going downhill one man slipped and was swept off his feet. The other man was dragged down, and the sledge descended on to the captain, who was in front. The three men and the sledge went down the ice hill at a tremendous pace, sometimes leaving the surface for many yards at a time. They eventually reached a level patch, and pulled up safely.

That same day they were all three pulling at the sledge which the captain ordered one of the men to keep a few feet to the right to steady the sledge. Within a few seconds the captain and the remaining man walked into a crevasse, and hung over the edge, suspended in midair by their sledge straps

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Love cures many of our likings.

Th greek church cannot grow.

Faith always puts its feet on facts.

We can keep only what we give away

Terminology is apt to terminate truth.

You cannot keep happiness to yourself

You cannot measure worship by the clock.

There is no uplift in the holdup church.

Economy in love results in poverty of life.

There is no liberty like the slavery of love.

Giving true is making sure of dying triumphant.

The man who is willing to face failure finds success.

Fortune—good or bad—only hurts when it touches the heart.

We all hold the doctrine of total depravity—as applied to our neighbors.

More good is done by dispensing good cheer than by giving away dollars.

HE NODDED TO HER.

A very pretty little story is told of the Gordon statue erected in Khartoum :

An old black woman who had been a pensioner of Gordon's in the old days came home a bit belated one day and exclaimed, "God be praised, the Pasha Gordon has come again."

Then she related how she had sat long by his camel and that still he would not look at her—he who had never passed her without a kindly word before.

"Is he tired, or what is it?" she said; but after many visits she came home glad at last, for she said the Pasha had nodded his head to her!

SOME IMMENSE PARTIES

A MAN ENTERTAINED AN ENTIRE TOWN.

New York Politician Who Invited 25,000 Youngsters to a Picnic.

Never, probably since the days of the Pied Piper have so many children been gathered together by a single individual as last June, when Senator James J. Frawley, of New York, invited to a grand picnic in Central Park no fewer than 25,000 youngsters. And they all came, too, many of them accompanied by their mothers, who knew that they would also receive a warm welcome from the popular Senator. Each child wore a red and white jockey-cap and carried an American flag (the gifts of their host), while, in addition, thousands of the children were decked in brilliant colors, gay sashes, and startling stockings.

By nine o'clock each child was waiting at a given point in the district in which it claimed "Pop" as an elector, and when ten o'clock came all the youngsters marched to Ninety fourth Street, where the Senator lives. He was waiting for them, and in an incredibly short time his lieutenants had the children in something like order and the march commenced. Senator Frawley preceded the procession, and was immediately followed by a particularly vociferous band. Just behind rode the King and Queen of Flowerland, on white ponies and gorgeously apparelled. They were guarded by twenty-four little girls, dressed in white and carrying flowers.

Then, beneath a fine canopy upheld by six little girls, walked the King and Queen of Harlem, known in private life as James Kenny and Gladys Dreyfus. Their robes were held up by twelve little girls, who were dressed in white and wore wreaths of flowers on their pretty heads. All this pomp preceded the main body, which

STRETCHED FOR MILES,

and it was estimated that the number of children must have exceeded the 25,000 invited. Some idea of the strength of the forces may be gathered from the fact that it took the youngesters two hours to pass a certain point.

As soon as the party arrived in the park each division was conducted to a marked tree, round which the children sat while the task of dispensing some 15,000 pints of lemonade was commenced. For the pleasures of "refreshing," Senator Frawley had provided 10,000 lbs. of cake, 700 cans of milk, five tons of sweets, 30,000 bricks of ice-cream, 30,000 oranges, and about 60,000 sandwiches.

Among the children were 2,000 pickaninnies, who had a whole band to themselves and a special corner in the meadow, where they played among themselves. At five o'clock the return was made, and every child accounted for and delivered safe and sound to its parents. Not a single accident occurred during the entire day.

Although Senator Frawley's picnic was so colossal, it has been beaten in point of numbers by Tammany Leader James J. Hagan, who, in the Bronx Park, lately entertained no fewer than 30,000 children. The immense procession was headed by the King and Queen in a chariot of flowers drawn by four fawn-colored Shetland ponies. The King was John Conroy, aged ten, while the Queen was Anna Donelly, of the same age. They wore Royal costumes of white satin, and their crowns, according to the spectators,

WERE THE "REAL STUFF"

consisting of gold, diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. They were followed by 100 flower maidens, led by Miss Madge Hagan, the host's little daughter

The children were afterwards reviewed by Deputy Fire Commissioner Church, who said : "It's the finest army in New York," to which Mr. Hagan replied : "You mean the finest in the world." In order to provide for this huge number of children Mr. Hagan had ordered six tons of cake, three tons of ice-cream, 8,000 gallons of lemonade, six tons of candy, and 60,000 oranges. None of the children went astray, and the marshals declared that among all the 30,000 there had not been a single "scrap" of any moment whatever, a remarkable statement, which possibly could not have been made had the guests all been "grown-ups."

Apart from children's big parties, however, a few adult receptions may be mentioned which are no less surprising. At Athens, Ohio, for instance, Mr. George A. Beaton, who had left that town many years before and accumulated a fortune, recently returned on a visit, and in celebration of the event entertained at a sumtuous dinner 3,500 citizens and former residents, who came from all parts of the country. The capacity of the town was taxed to the utmost, and practically every household was turned into a lodging-house.

The dinner cost $5 a head, but, besides this, Mr. Beaton paid the expenses of every guest who had to come from a distance, so that it is estimated that the little celebration cost him at least $75,000. But he paid the bills cheerfully, for he had been looking forward to the "little party" all his life, and the pleasure it gave him realized to the uttermost.

ALL HIS EXPECTATIONS.

A couple of years ago a remarkable dinner-party was given by John Herriman, who started his business life as a grocer's assistant in a small country village in Maryland. While still a lad he went to Chicago, became a big stockyard dealer, purchased much real estate, and ultimately amassed a fortune of between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000.

In 1902 he returned to his native village, where he still had many friends, and expressed his desire to entertain the entire adult population to a dinner. The village had increased in numbers since his boyhood but he was not at all dismayed when his agents informed him that he would have to provide for between four and five thousand, but told them to go ahead and arrange for the best dinner possible. As it was summer-time the tables were laid in the fields about a mile from the town, and were spread over several acres. The waiters numbered 250, the dinner was declared to be excellent, and as, with few exceptions, all the guests turned up, the gathering has a right to be considered one of the most remarkable on record.

ART OF THE EGYPTIANS.

Australian Claims to Have Discovered Mummy Prccess.

There has come to New York from Australia a small, grey-bearded man who asserts that he has solved the secret of the ancient art of mummifying human bodies.

He is Prof. Arthur Robert Taylor, of Perth, Western Australia, and he has brought with him one of the most interesting and varied collections of mummies ever seen before in this country, including two children, one five months of age and the other two days old. Both bodies have been mummified for more then 20 years, and are wonderfully perfect.

The collection which he has brought to New York is not so large or varied because of the inconveniences of carrying a complete museum across the Atlantic, but it is sufficiently large to convince the American scientists of the value of his discovery. Since his arrival in this country he has embalmed five bodies by his secret process, three of them at Cornell Medical College, and the others for a large embalming concern. The embalmer is an Australian by birth, and is now almost 70 years of age. He has had the secret for more than 30 years. His father spent many years in the study and experimentation of it, and the latter part of his life was assisted by his son, the present Prof. Taylor.

The latter one day organized a caravan and started away into the wilderness of Australia, where he found certain minerals and vegetables from which he manufactured a compound which, he says, proved to possess mummifying properties such as were possessed by the Egyptians. To test the efficiency of the solution he has buried certain animals for years after inoculating them with it to see what effect the moisture of the earth would have on the bodies. Two young children whose bodies were embalmed and buried were taken up four years later, and found to be the same in appearance as when they were placed beneath the ground. Prof. Taylor claims that by his process human bodies can be preserved indefinitely, and that in the case of birds and animals even the gloss of their skin or feathers can be forever retained, insuring the companionship of the dead pets for those who do not want to part with them.

At Perth Prof. Taylor has among his most interesting specimens a three-ton whale, which for 20 years has retained its original form and looks, but is as solid as a rock.

HARD ON BLOBBS.

It was late when Mr. Blobbs got up in the morning, and he hustled around his bedroom like a wild man. When it was time to put on his trousers he plunged into a wardrobe and pulled down all the garments that were on the hooks. Then he fell on his knees and pawed the pile over nervously. He handled every garment twice and did not find what he wanted. He went red in the face, and then shouted "Mary!"

There was no reply. Blobbs poked his head out of the door and yelled again "Mary!"

"What's the matter, dear?" asked someone at the rear end of the passage.

"Come here."

Mrs. Blobbs came into the room. Her face was flushed with breakfast preparations, and there was some soot on her nose.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Where's them grey trousers of mine?"

"What grey trousers?"

"Them grey ones that's been hi[ng] ing in that closet for two month[s]

"Aren't they in there?"

"No, they ain't in there. N[o] what have you done with them?"

"Were they greyy with a little [s]tripe in them?"

"You know well enough [t]hey were. Don't stand there like a [s]tupid my. Where are they?"

"Grey ones with red stripes," [s]es Mrs. Blobbs.

"I'm sure I do not know. Oh, yes, I do, now; I exchanged them with a man at the door [f]or some crockery."

"You what?" gasped Mr. Blobbs.

"Exchanged them for some crockery. You didn't want them, [d]id you?"

Mr. Blobbs was so mad that, [r]ushed frothed at the mouth. He [t]ore whom and shouted around the room. [H]e kept this up for ten minutes. [T]hen he saw that Mrs. Blobbs didn't [s]eem to and he tried other tactics. "I'm [s]orry you sold them," he said, "not [b]ecause I needed them especially, but because you did yourself an injus[t] list of How so?" asked Mrs. Blobbs, [i]nterestedly.

"Why, I had ten dollars in one [o]f the pockets of those trousers the [o]ther day, was going to use to get you a [p]resent next week. I kept it th[e] so that I would have no opportunity to spend it. Now, aren't you sorry you sold the trousers?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mrs. Blobbs, sweetly, for she saw through the scheme immediately. "You see I went through the pockets and found [t]he money. I went shopping with [t]he yesterday."

Do you wonder that Blobbs would not eat his breakfast?

After listening to a poor young man's tale of woe it's up to the heiress to give him a helping hand.

If boys are boisterous it is up to girls to be girlstorous.

Girls to 1 o'clock.
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A REMARKABLE FIGURE

CHINA'S DOWAGER EMPRESS IS OVER 70 YEARS OLD.

She Was Born in Poverty and Became an Emperor's Wife at 16.

The most remarkable figure in all Asia since the death of that sturdy old Afghan the Emperor Abdurrahman Khan is the famous Empress Tsi An, who has been well called "the only woman in China," and who has just celebrated her 70th birthday.

Her origin wrapped in mystery, her position anomalous and illegal under the Salic Constitution of China, her methods open to criticism, though never to investigation, this truly marvellous old woman has for thirty-three years played a winning game against mighty foreign Powers, not to mention home opposition. Her life has been like a play, with the curtain not yet rung down, and not once has she surrendered the part of leading lady.

She has risen from the picturesquely low to the picturesquely high. Born into abject poverty somewhere in the west of China in 1834, she was the daughter, some say, of a baxter; others, of an impoverished Manchu nobleman. He sold her in childhood to a rather amiable old General, and, part slave, part adopted daughter, acquiring a certain accomplishments with eagerness, this Becky Sharp of royalty began early to "be her own mamma."

THE DRAMATIC POINT

of her career was when, in 1850, in company with 600 other young girls, she stood on her big feet, which had never been bound than or since, at the portals of the imperial palace, whence the Emperor Hsien Feng had issued a proclamation for secondary wives. An ambitious slip of sixteen, she had insisted on the adventure.

She was one of the ten aspirants chosen. Between the mere secondary wifehood and actual empresship a great gulf yawns. She bridged this with beauty, brains and the birth of a son. Emperor, Empresses, superior and inferior nobles—all passed under her almost hypnotic influence, and under her compulsion taught the statecraft. Her first important interference was in the problems of national policy following the capture, in 1860, of Pekin by the French and English.

Then Tsi An began to enjoy the intoxication of power. Coincident or not, the aged Emperor died almost as soon as his young wife began to "find herself." Male regents were, of course, appointed by his will for their infant son. Tsi An having other plans, the court and country were stunned a few days after the imperial funeral by the appearance of an edict, supposed to represent the mature deliberations of the little four-year-old monarch, which appointed his mother and the imperial Empress as regents. Upon their protesting the heckless male regents were graciously permitted to hang themselves, while the public executioner cut off the head of the Secretary of State. Tsi An then openly took

THE REINS OF GOVERNMENT.

Under her administration the Empire was safely conducted through the Taiping rebellion, as well as a series of other insurrectionary crises, which included the Mohammedan rebellion in Yunnan, that of Yakub Beg in Kashgar, all of them actual national dangers. The quarrel with Japan in 1874 was adroitly smoothed over without a rupture of relations.

When Tsi An's son, Tung-chih—a weak incapable—ascended the throne and manifested some absurd notions about doing his own ruling, his determined parent set aside his decrees. Soon the young Emperor, Tung-chih, "mounted to heaven" — not, some have whispered, unassisted —and in January, 1875, the Empress, calmly ignor ng the laws of succession, had her baby nephew, Kwang-su, snatched from his bed on a bitter winter night, carried to the palace and proclaimed Emperor.

Nevertheless, Tsi An's kaleidoscopic character has its bright lights. Not long ago, when there was a famine in one part of her empire, she had it published in the Pekin Gazette that she could not bear to eat expensive viands while her people were starving and that she had cut off her allowance of fresh pork for a week. Recently she issued a most edifying proclamation denouncing that vice "graft" by which she has amassed her personal fortune. It was either kindness or a grim, Gilbertian sense of humor which made her, when in 1900 the embassies were besieged and the fate of the European inmates seemed sealed, make courteous inquiries after the health of the members of the Diplomatic Corps and send them fresh vegetables and flour for their support in the intervals of the onslaughts.

One of her latest actions was the recognition of the seventh birthday of Mr. Ting-fang Lee by granting him permission to ride his horse within

THE PALACE PRECINCTS.

And now, in her seventies, this clever woman is becoming—not conservative, but progressive. She has given receptions to the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps—an innovation; she has shattered precedent by holding audiences in the most sacred hall of the Forbidden City, which women are prohibited entering. Things foreign are being introduced with her sanction. Now she is making great favorites, and indeed, counsellors, of two charming girls, half American by birth, wholly Parisian by education—the Misses Nellie and Lizzie Yu Kenz, the pretty daughters of the late Minister to Paris. One day, so the story goes, the suspicious-natured Empress asked one of these girls, who, of course, are thoroughly conversant with the French language, to translate a French state document whose alleged translation by a member of the Chinese Foreign Office had been handed her.

Needless to say, she found the two versions were different. Since then the Misses Yu Keng have been the pets of the palace, where they have taken up their residence—not afraid, apparently, of their capricious royal mistress, of whom, after an interview some one said:

"People who have seen her eyes raised talk of their marvellous quickness; people who have seen her smile talk of the smile's coldness, ladies who have conversed with her speak of the furious anger of her expression as she reprimands an attendant, succeeded instantaneously by the most urbanity as she addresses a guest."

BRITISH AGENT A CAPTIVE.

No Afghan Visits the Agency in Kabul.

Owing to the fact that she has been engaged uninterruptedly for eight years in medical work in Afghanistan Mrs. K. Daly, who was appointed medical officer to the Afghan Government, and physician to the Queen of the country, has had exceptional opportunities for studying affairs in that quarter.

Concerning life in the harem and the court, Mrs. Daly said that next to the Amir himself the chief political factor in the country is the royal wife of the late Amir, who is known as the Queen. She is about forty years of age, of considerable beauty, and particularly intelligent and well-informed. She is virtually a prisoner in her palace, which is regarded with almost as much suspicion as the British Agency, owing to her pronounced British sympathies. The Amir's wives and other royal ladies do not live in the voluptuous and idle state usually associated with a harem. They take a great interest in knitting, embroidery, and other feminine pursuits, and the chief wife has a sewing machine, with which she makes her children's clothes. One of the Amir's wives, who is of royal birth, wears English dresses of the style fashionable thirty years ago.

An atmosphere of seplonage pervades Kabul, says Mrs. Daly. The natives are extremely suspicious, and to be seen speaking to any of the staff of the British Agent (who is virtually a prisoner), means instant banishment. No Afghan is allowed to visit the Agency.

Russian influence, says Mrs. Daly, is not much in evidence at Kabul. The Court and the common people are anti-Russian, and the latter favor a closer connection with the British.

"It was generally believed last year that there was a Russian emissary in Kabul," says Mrs. Daly, "and soon after the Amir came to the throne presents of Russian guns and ammunition were refused by the Afghan Government. From my own knowledge and observation I should say that the Russian advances meet with no favorable response from the Amir or his advisers."

DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND.

Curate of An English Church Talks of Gossiping.

"Afternoon tea," is condemned as the playground of the devil, and gossip is variously defined as an infectious disease, moral murder, and eternal suicide by the Rev. H. de Treveley, curate-in-charge of Holy Trinity Church, Claygate, Surrey, England.

The fact that Mr. de Trevelee has been a victim of tale-bearing was briefly stated when his acceptance of an apology from a Surbiton lady for a slander was reported.

Mr. de Treveley, who has resigned his position after a year's service in the village, preached a striking sermon on Sunday from the text :

"And withal they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house and not only idle, but tattlers also, and busy-bodies, speaking things which they ought not." (1 Timothy v. 13.)

"That text," he said, can be summed up in the one word, 'Gossip.'

"The chief offenders in this respect are women. In every parish there are a number of persons who, having nothing to do, spend their time in tattling about their neighbors. They are busy-bodies, speaking things which they ought not to speak about.

"Gossip is a specific, moral and spiritual disease. It is also an infectious disease, and its chief place is that pernicious institution, afternoon tea, where idle women chiefly collect for nothing else but gossip.

"That institution may be said to be special playground of the devil. It is there that parochial scandal is heard and nourished, characters lightly taken away, motives falsely criticized and damned; and our fair friends go home and relate to their husbands and before their young children the tit-bits of their delightful intercourse.

"Not the least of the evils lies in the fact that young girls now accompany their elders to afternoon tea, and at a comparatively early age are initiated into the joys of 'moral murder.'

"Men also are apt to beguile the time by gossip in the railway carriages going to and from business.

"Lastly, gossip is eternal suicide. Am I exaggerating? Not a bit. These truths are not mine. They are Divine decree.

"Therefore, you people of Claygate, learn to avoid gossip, wandering from house to house; learn not to be mere tattlers and busy-bodys, lest a great and lasting evil may come upon you some day."

"So you want me to marry my daughter?" remarked the old gentleman. "I certainly do," replied the youth. "Well, what are your prospects?" persisted the old gentleman. "My dear sir," replied the youth, "the prospects of any fellow who marries the daughter of a man as rich and influential as you ought to be splendid."

JOHN BULL AS A ROBBER

STEALS FROM HIS SUBJECTS RIGHT AND LEFT.

Stole the Torpedo Idea—Big Profit Out of Confiscated Goods.

A striking instance of the celerity with which John Bull snaps up ideas is shown in connection with the torpedo. This destructive engine of warfare was invented in 1797 in England by a man whose name has been forgotten. But the credit of having invented the torpedo as we know it to-day must go to the late Mr. G. A. Henty, the famous novelist.

During the siege of Sebastopol a number of Russian men-of-war lay between the British fleet and the line of forts, upon which our ineffective fire was directed, and it was imperative that the intervening Russian vessels should be removed. For this purpose Mr. Henty, who was attached to our commissariat department, invented a torpedo capable of travelling under and designed to explode in contact with the enemy's hulls.

The machine was not very sucessful, but Great Britain, recognised its utility immediately, and cribbed the idea, without as much as "By your leave, Mr. Henty."

In 1816 Sir Francis Ronalds laid down in his garden at the Upper Mall, Hammersmith, the first practical telegraph. He made his first experiments with a frictional electrical machine through eight miles of overhead wires suspended upon poles. At each end of the wire he had a pith ball electroscope, and at the two stations were dials revolved simultanously by clockwork. By this method whole sentences could be dispatched

FROM STATION TO STATION.

Ronalds also laid down an underground telegraph line, and this invention, together with the overhead one, was brought to the notice of the Postmaster General, but the G. P.O. replied that "electric telegraphy was wholly unnecessary," and the snub resulted in Ronalds allowing his discovery to lapse. John Bull pilfered the idea, however, a little later on, with the result that does not need reiterating.

It is generally believed that Britain cribbed the idea for the reaping machine from America, but, as a matter of fact, it was stolen from the Rev. Patrick Bell, an Irish clergyman.

This gentleman designed the pioneer reaping machine in 1826, and it took an average fourteen cows a day. Bell got little or nothing out of his invention, notwithstanding that similar machines were being used all over England a year or two later.

Eight years ago there was much gossip over a new explosive that had been discovered. It was called "Fulmite" and was the invention of Herbert Sawbridge, of Exeter. The War Office was interested in this new gunpowder, which would drive a bullet over four miles.

One day Sawbridge had the misfortune to be blown to pieces by the explosion of some nitro-glycerine, with which he was working, and the secret of the manufacture of "Fulmite" died with him.

John Bull, after Sawbridge's death wanted the explosive more than ever, probably because he thought he could get it for nothing. He had Sawbridge's house searched from attic to cellar, and discovered nothing. Sawbridge left no papers describing the invention of "Fulmite," and John Bull was unable to "commandeer"

THE NEW EXPLOSIVE.

At one time America grew the world's cotton, now it is grown by Britain. Cotton spinning was first practised in Italy, and finally, India tried her hand at it. At the end of the eighteenth century John Bull took the cotton industry in his own hands. Last year he used up something like 4,000,000 bales, and monopolised seventy per cent, of the world's trade in manufactured cotton.

John Bull stole the idea for lace from a Nottingham laborer, now the lace-making industry employs nearly 50,000 persons. So long ago as 1768 the Nottingham laborer in question was accosted by a stranger as he was working in a field, who explained that he was homeless and starving. The kind-hearted workman took him home to his humble cottage, and gave him board and lodging for a week. The wanderer, when he left his benefactor presented him with a piece of fine lace. The Nottingham man had not seen anything like it before, and, after carefully studying the texture and manipulation of the threads, he invented a mode of applying a stocking frame to the manufacture of a similar fabric.

The lace he manufactured was sought for by the richest in the land, and John Bull stole his invention and set up as a lace-maker on his own. The inventor of the lace machine died in penury, but John Bull made millions of pounds out of the poor fellow's brains.

John Bull is the world's champion pickpocket, and he confiscates property belonging to his subjects to the extent of over $10,000 annually. And he not only steals to that amount, but

HE SELLS THEM AGAIN!

Up in the north-eastern firths of Scotland owners of fishing smacks do not at all approve of John Bull, for he is constantly catching them trawling in forbidden waters, and taking possession of their nets and other fishing tackle. As the nets are worth from $35 to $150 each, John Bull makes a very good thing indeed out of his looting. Of course he doesn't keep the nets himself, but sells them with the other things he steals at the "Government Sale of Confiscated Property," held every year end.

The poachers that are caught redhanded every year are so numerous that Scotland Ybrd could not state the right number off-hand. When a poacher who carries a gun is captured, the State takes possession of the firearm, and stores it temporarily in its vast warehouse. Last year over 2,000 guns so pilfered were sold at the Government auction rooms, and they fetched $6,500.

Bicycles are confiscated by John Bull to the number of seventy to one hundred yearly. They belong to various breeds of thieves mostly, and when caught committing an offence with the aid of the machines, they are confiscated. The majority of the bicycles belong to farmyard thieves, for chicken stealers frequently use them in their illegal business.

As a farmer John Bull makes an annual profit of something like $1,-000,000. He owns about 6,000,000 acres of arable land, 5,000,000 acres being grass land and heath, and the remaining 1,000,000 acres crop land.

The best part of this ground has been pilfered by him in various ways during recent years. A lot of it at one time belonged to notorious convicts, and John Bull, when he sent them to prison, took possession of their land and kindly farmed it for them, not forgetting to put the profit in his own pockets.

John Bull has over 2,000 acres of fruit orchards, and these he leases to tenants. His shooting moors bring in $100,000 a year, and he "commandeered" most of them.—Pearson's Weekly.

TIPS OF LONDON WAITERS

SOME NEAT FORTUNES HAVE BEEN ACCUMULATED.

One Head Waiter Is Now a Country Gentleman Down in Sussex.

The opening of a "no tip" restaurant in London, England, has led hotel proprietors to consider following the example. Inquiry is made as to what sum would satisfy the employes who have hitherto depended upon gratuities, and it is added that if an agreement for the substitution of wages is arrived at the employes will be expected to refuse all tips.

It is argued that the public alone are responsible for the tipping system, and as an instance of how hard it is to suppress the habit the experience of the new restaurant is significant.

Many patrons of the cafe are unable to resist the instinctive desire to reward the waiters' attention to their wants. Despite the announcement that all gratuities will be appropriated by the management, nearly $25 was given in tips during the first week.

NOW COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

Down in Sussex there lives a gentleman whose generosity and public spirit have endeared him to the countryside. He gives large shooting parties, and owns a fine motor-car. His horses are all throughbreds. He retired from the headwaitership of one of the best-known restaurants in Regent street, London, seven or eight years ago after the death of the proprietor.

In those days he used to "take" between $250 and $360 a week as tips.

In one of Messrs. Lyon's establishments where tipping is permitted the waiters can earn—including a commission on sales paid by the firm —from $20 to $25 a week, while in isolated instances twice as much is taken every week.

At a well-known chop-house in the city, where customers pay their bills through the head waiter, the tips are "pooled," and divided on a scale of position the head waiter makes an income of $4,000 a year.

POOLING SYSTEM.

The "pooling" system is the one most generally adopted, and seems to be the fairest method.

"Some waiters may have few customers at their tables" explained Mr. Pruger, the manager of the Savoy Hotel, "and it is only right that the tips should be collected and afterwards divided, consideration being given to a man's position and length of service.

"The habit of tipping has grown upon people," said Mr. Pruger, "and like all other habits, it will die hard, if it ever dies at all.

"Of course, the whole matter is in the hands of customers. If they do not want to tip waiters they need not, and there is an end of it all at once.

"The system has developed extensively, but is not so tyrannical in London as in one continental town, where omnibus passengers are expected to give a gratuity to the man from whom they buy their tickets."

WAITERS PAY TO SERVE.

Something like consternation is felt at the discussion of the question by the manager of a certain west end restaurant, where the waiters pay for the privilege of serving.

"It is not that the practice of tipping is likely ever to die out," he said, "but customers who are of a saving turn of mind will limit their gratuities. A shilling will become sixpence; sixpence will be replaced by a three-penny bit.

"Then waiters will begin to complain. They will want fresh terms, and that," he admitted candidly, "must result in reduced profits for my proprietors."

The opinion of the waiters themselves seems pretty evenly divided. Some, who do not appear to have been over generously dealt with by customers, declare emphatically for a regular weekly salary; others believe that tips are much more lucrative.

She—"Has your friend long been bald? He looks so young!" He (pathetically)—"He was born so." She (much moved)—"The poor thing!"

Bookkeeper—"I would like a little more salary, sir. I'm married now, and——" Employer—"And need the increase for your family?" Bookkeeper—"No, sir; for myself. You see, my wife knows just what I'm getting now."

There is no ... children for it ... other harmful ... gists.

...ing next ... to 1 o'clock. 47-2

THOS.

BIG FAMILIES OF QUEBEC

EVIDENCES OF ASTONISHING BIRTH RATE.

Grants Have Been Given to 2,437 Fathers of Twelve Children or More.

The remarkable fecundity of the French Canadian population of the Province of Quebec is illustrated in official statistics in the public offices of the Provincial Government here, writes a Quebec correspondent of the New York Sun. It is shown, for instance, that up to the present time no fewer than 3,437 applications have been made for the state reward of free grants of land for fruitfulness in the marriage state.

The rewards were provided for by an act adopted by the Legislature of Quebec some fifteen years ago, when the late Count Mercier was Prime Minister of the Province. The legislation was prompted by a desire to enlarge the sphere of French Canadian influence in North America by encouraging large families of children, and was largely based upon the law passed in the early years of New France by the great French Minister of State, Colbert.

As the law now stands, the Government of the Province records a grant of a hundred acres of land to every father and mother of twelve or more living children, and as already stated more than 3,400 married couples have already applied for the legislative prize.

Some interesting experiences are recorded by the officers to whom these applications are made. In the country districts of French Canada, the cure, or parish priest, is entitled to a tithe of all the farmer's products, which tithe has been fixed at the

ONE-TWENTY SIXTH PART

of the whole. And so in some instances he has had offered to him twenty-sixth child, whose education has not infrequently been provided for at his expense.

One applicant, who produced the birth certificate of thirteen children, could not obtain the grant because only eight of the number were living. In a few months he returned and successfully renewed the application, having in the meantime married a widow with six living children.

Owing to the high death rate among the children of French Canadian families, the figures shown in the public statistics fail to convey any idea of the birth rate in the Province of Quebec. But for the heavy infantile mortality in this element of Canada's population, the number of claimants for the Government's land prize would probably be three times as many as it actually is.

In the poorer classes of the community the mothers—active, strong and industrious, as they almost invariably are—are so over-burdened by maternal cares and the rapidity with which one child succeeds another that the little ones are necessarily deprived of the closer watchfulness and attention which wards off infantile disease, and which is so much more readily forthcoming in the cases of smaller families and of those who can afford to pay for a proper supply of nurses and attendants. The French Canadian mother's responsibilities and duties are not infrequently added to by the birth of twins or triplets.

Large as is the number of applicants for the state bounty of land, it falls far short of that which would be forthcoming provided that all who are entitled thereto duly filed their claims; for only a comparatively small proportion of those who rejoice in a family of a dozen or more children take the trouble to make the fact known to the Government, since to dwellers in cities and towns a hundred acres of wild land would be

RATHER AN ENCUMBRANCE

than otherwise.

One father of a large family withdrew his application when told that it was necessary to produce a certificate of marriage.

Not infrequently has the demand been made for a double or triple allowance of land on the ground that over twenty-four or thirty-six living children, as the case may be.

So rapid is the increase of the French Canadian population of the Dominion that these people have left their English speaking fellow countrymen in a hopeless minority even in what were a few years ago the almost exclusively English speaking eastern townships of this Province. Here they constitute now a majority of the population of several counties of eastern Ontario, and have very large and promising settlements in western Ontario, in Manitoba, and in the Northwest Territories.

This enormous birth rate must not be attributed solely to the simple manner of living that marks the majority of the population. Early marriages are the rule, dictated largely by the wonderfully early development of the people.

The rapid growth of vegetation in the short but hot Canadian spring and summer finds its counterpart in the early maturity of the youth of the land. Many French Canadian girls 14 and 15 years of age are more fully developed specimens of womanhood than English or American girls of 19 or 20.

The duty of fruitfulness in the marriage state is urged by the French Canadian priesthood, and patriotic devotion to country is popularly believed to be proved by the rearing of large families of children.

"Yes, I have seen the day when Mr. Rich, the millionaire, did not have a pair of shoes to cover his feet." "And when was that, pray?" "At the time he was bathing."

Clerk—"I would like a small increase in my salary, sir." Merchant —"I don't see my way clear to that, but I can do the same thing another way. You know that time is money?" "Yes, sir." "Well, hereafter you can work until six, instead of leaving at five."

SMALL GERMAN INCOMES

THRIFT AND PLAIN LIVING IS THE RULE.

Life Is on a Plainer Scale Than Prevails in America or England.

Alfred Sidgwick contributes to a recent number of the Critic an interesting paper on the cost of living in Germany. The paper is one of a series on the relative expense of living in America or in Europe. Speaking of the slender income which seem to be the rule in Germany Mr. Sidgwick says :—

"A German lady told me the other day that when she was at home last year she wished to buy a dressing bag with silver fittings, for a wedding present. She was in one of the wealthiest towns in Germany, and she went to one of the best shops in the town, but she could not get what she wanted. No one had ever asked for anything better than plated fittings. It was necessary to go to what Germans call an 'English' shop, where imported goods are sold at prohibitive prices to the small number of people who have money to buy them.

LIFE ON PLAIN SCALE.

"Where nearly everyone is what the Americans and English call 'poor' life is necessarily on a plainer scale than in America or England. A well-known German economist divides his country people according to income, into four groups. He reckons that only 250,-000 families, 'the aristocratic and well-to-do,' have more than $2,250 a year. The 'upper middle class,' in which he places 2,750,000 families, have incomes ranging from $772 to $2,250. In the lower middle class he assigns $450 to $675, and, lastly, he reckons that there are more than five million families who never rise above $225 a year. The headmaster of a high class public school only gets from $1,250 to $1,500 a year, with a house and free education for his children. A major in an infantry regiment gets from $1,-000 to $1,250. Forty pounds is a common salary for a clerk, even in an expensive city like Hamburg, but young men somehow keep life together on it.

EDUCATE THEIR SONS.

"A friend of mine, whose father was a Lutheran pastor in Ruegen, left the impression on my mind that her parents at $500 a year, brought up a large family and gave their sons a university education. When I enquired further she explained that a pastor in the country is often something of a farmer, too, and lives more or less, on the produce of his fields, and that if a young man gives a few lessons and finds admission to a 'free dinner table,' he need not cost his parents much while he is reading for his degree. For the purposes of this article I made some enquiries of another friend whose brother is in business in a small town on the Rhine, and who has a house and garden, bought of his savings. A wife, a child and a servant. I expected to hear that he spent $2,000 and that his budget would be one I could use. But I found that he had never made more than $750 a year, and had never lived up to his income.

TYPICAL INCOMES.

"The fact is that the Germans, like the French, perform prodigies of thrift. Of course, the way of life and the expenses of life, vary a great deal. They vary with place, with profession, and above all, with character, as they do elsewhere. But it was necessary to take the low average of income into account before deciding on the sum spent by our typical family. Obviously, the $5,000 a year spent by two people in England was too high for a country where a man must be a major-general before he receives $3,-000 a year. The typical German family should consist of the parents and three children, a daughter of 16 and two boys still at school, and their income must not exceed $2,500 a year. Out of this the man, if he is prudent, will put by $150 a year, either for investment or for a life insurance."

ONLY LADY MASON.

Story of the Irish Girl Who Hid in a Room.

The old story of the first and only lady Freemason is a familiar one, though no official records exist of this historical and unique incident. The lady in question was Elizabeth St. Leger, a daughter of Arthur, First Viscount Doneraile. Either by intention or accident she was concealed in the alcove of a room in Doneraile Castle in which a lodge meeting was held. Attempting to make her escape, she was stopped by the guard at the door. After an anxious discussion, and it is said, by the intercession of two brethren, her own brother and Mr. Richard aldworth, M.P., the latter of whom afterwards married her, it was decided to make her pass through the same solemn ceremony which she had witnessed. The date of her initiation is uncertain, though it must have taken place before 1744, in which year her name appears on the list of subscribers to a Masonic work. She would then have been in her thirty-ninth year.

She lived to the ripe age of eighty, dying in 1775, a year before her husband.

Her remains lie in the crypt of the present cathedral of St. Finbarre's, Cork, transferred thence from the old cathedral, and the stone slab is to be seen on the floor of the little chamber situated at the top of the great tower. Her apron is still preserved at Newmarket House, County Cork.

DON'T BE SILLY.

She—Are you sure you love me for myself alone?

He—Did you think I loved you for your mother?

MOST PRACTICAL QUALITY

Hope Does More for Man Than Any Other Gift of Grace

We are saved by hope.—Rom. viii., 24.

Columbus is the type of hope for men who plan large things. A stranger in Spain, penniless, without friends, one day he walks by the seashore; suddenly a wave rolling in from the west cast a limb upon the shore. The wood was strange and new, suggesting a world beyond the horizon. It set Columbus' imagination on fire. In thought he passed from the pebble caught in the crack of the log, to the vast continent from which it came; he leaped from the bough to the forests of which it was a part. In that hour Hope lent him wings and supported him in his work.

One day he set sail in pursuit of yonder setting sun. On the prow of his ship there stood an invisible pilot—the Angel of Hope. When his men became alarmed and would have turned back, Hope pointed to the lands of gold, yellow as the western sky. When winds were contrary and waves were high, Hope whispered that the greater the obstacle the greater the victory once it is overcome. When he had sailed many days farther than he had expected, Hope urged that the broader the sea the larger and vaster the land must be lying beyond. When the sailors threatened Columbus with violence, Hope suggested that he offer a rich reward to the one

WHO FIRST SAW LAND.

One morning Columbus noticed a golden bough with scarcely faded leaves floating in the wave; on the bough a strange bird had alighted to rest its wings. In that hour Hope's plumage took on a golden hue. When Columbus landed and gave to the world his new continent, when he sailed homeward to receive the idolatry of the people and the welcome of kings and adulation worthy a god, he carried with him the consciousness that the faculty that had saved him and made him equal to his task was the faculty of hope.

Planting his thoughts and words like seeds, man must wait for his harvest, and Hope helps him. Daily it is his staff and support. Indeed without this joy-producing faculty, man could not live. At first childhood is saved by hope of coming youth. In the youth the boy, conscious of his rawness and immaturity, is saved by hope of a coming mature development; in old age, when the man sits upon the western plaza and waits for the sunset signal and realizes that his life is now all behind him, he is saved by hope that his plans that are rooted on earth will ripen and wave their fruit in heaven.

Not one other quality is so practical. Hope does more for field, factory and office and library, than any other gift of grace. Ambition plants the seed, faith waters it, work tills the soil, but Hope points to

THE COMING HARVEST.

Look at these new immigrants, come to drudge in street and mine, and forest and field. What saves during their homelessness and their bitter discouragement? They are saved by the hope of a coming competence, of a little cottage of their own, with their own vine and fig tree. It is Hope that saves the poor seamstress, climbing the garret steps; it is hope that guides the boy setting forth to make his fortune; it is hope that arms the boys who come to the city to make their fortunes, with weapons for their battle and victory.

Hope is a refuge from life's fierce heat; it is a hospital for hurt hearts; it is a shield for defense; it has wings to uplift; it is also the star toward which man journeys. Great is the power of work, of courage and persistence, but it is hope that nourishes, invigorates and sustains the other faculties. Hope delivers the great and small out of discouragement. All good work includes time; that is a poor harvest that represents the sowing of yesterday and a reaping next week.

Here is the parent sowing the good seed of wisdom for the child. But apparently all is in vain. It is as if the handfuls of grain had been sown in the watery furrows of the sea. Teaching and example fail. Little by little the boy breaks away. One by one the home ties are severed. One by one the sentiments of fidelity to the family weaken and the threads part. The child wanders away and disappears. Life holds no sadder hour for

THE PARENT AND TEACHER.

Then Hope comes in and saves. It whispers: "Come soon or come late, the hour will come when the child will return to the faith and life of its father"; that "train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, perhaps here, perhaps there, he will not depart from it"; that the earth itself is a large spool and the father's love is a golden thread wound around it, and, though the youth go everywhere in his wanderings, at last the word of love will draw him back to scenes and paths long forgotten. And when time has passed Hope is vindicated.

Perchance some youth to-day will read these words and be reminded of his father on the farm, to whom he has not written for months or years, or his mother, to whom he has been unfaithful. This very afternoon he will write home, and the hand that will guide the pages and pour a flood of happiness into his heart will be the hand of Hope. Do not delay, young man! Act on your nobler impulse. Do it immediately, ere their hearts break with the long waiting. So Hope shall save those who abide in the old home. To-day enrich your life.

It is Hope, also that saves all workers. We make much of the great men, generals, millionaires, statesmen, but the humble workers are saved by Hope. There is not a single tiny spring of happiness dug but it will widen into a vast river when Hope's work is done. Therefore, toil on.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW, DEC. 18.

Golden Text: Thou Shalt Worship the Lord Thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve. Luke 4. 8.

FOR SENIOR SCHOLARS.

As an Introduction to the review exercise which follows, the "Preview" for the Quarter, preceding the first lesson, may be referred to, and in addition the following questions answered: What is the general topic of study for the Quarter? Approximately how many years of Jewish history do the lessons cover? With whose reign in Israel do they begin? What lesson is of necessity omitted from the review?

In Lesson I., Elisha Succeeds Elijah, Elisha returns from beyond the Jordan in the spirit and power of his great predecessor. What two miracles are recorded in this lesson? What was the purpose of performing them? What goodly heritage have we as Christians?

In Lesson II., The Widow's Oil Increased, we saw a parable enacted. Tell the story. What lessons did the miracle teach? Repeat the Golden Text.

In Lesson III., Elisha and the Shunammite, the prophet restored a boy to life. Who was the boy's mother? Where was Elisha? Who called him? What did he do? What lessons did the miracle teach.

Lesson IV., Elisha and Naaman, told about the cure of a leper. Who was the leper? What do you know about leprosy? How was the knowledge of God spread by this miracle? Is sin like leprosy in any respect?

With Lesson V., Elisha at Dothan, our study of the story of Elisha ends. Who sent an army to Dothan to capture Elisha? Why? How did the undertaking prosper? What did this lesson teach us about "help invisible"?

In Lesson VI., Joash, the Boy King, we learned how the royal line of David was preserved by the loyalty of two persons. Tell the story. How may our loyalty to Christ further his kingdom? What other fruits may it bear?

In Lesson VII., Joash Repairs the Temple, we learned about plans which failed and a plan which succeeded. Who were the two leaders in this undertaking? What lessons were drawn from the story in our Application?

In Lesson VIII., we studied Isaiah's Message to Judah. What can you tell about Isaiah's life? What did he said about Israel's unfaithfulness and ingratitude? How have these affected the moral life of the nation? its internal national prosperity? What points were made in the Application?

Lesson IX., was a Temperance Lesson. Isaiah warns the drunkards of Judah. Against whom is the first "woe" of his message directed? How was his message received? What was his reply to those who mocked him? Give the points made in the Application.

In Lesson X., Hezekiah Reopens the Temple, we learned about another king who was a reformer. What did he do? Why? Give briefly the history of the temple. What did the sacrifices symbolize?

With Lesson XI., Captivity of the Ten Tribes, our study of Jewish history closes for this year. How long had the northern kingdom now existed? What was the cause of its downfall? Had God warned the nation? Does sin always bring ruin to nations?

FOR INTERMEDIATE SCHOLARS.

Lesson I.—Elisha Succeeds Elijah. 2 Kings 2. 12-22.—What did Elisha say when he saw Elijah taken away? What miracle was wrought as he returned? How was he received at Jericho? What effort was made to find Elijah? What miracle was performed at Jericho? What is the petition in the Golden Text?

Lesson II.—The Widow's Oil Increased. 2 Kings 4, 1-7.—What troubles had come to the widow and her family? What did Elisha tell her to do? What was to be done with the empty vessels? How much oil was obtained? What was done with it? How is the Golden Text illustrated?

Lesson III.—Elisha and the Shunammite. 2 Kings 4, 25-37.—Who was the woman, and what did Elisha know of her? What had just happened in her home? What did Elisha order to be done? How was the child brought to life at last? Who is the Giver of all life? (Golden Text.)

Lesson IV.—Elisha and Naaman. 2 Kings 5, 1-14.—Who was Naaman? What suggestion was made to cure his disease? To whom was Naaman sent? How did he come to find Elisha? What instructions were given him? How was he at last induced to obey? Who is the Great Physician? (Golden Text.)

Lesson V.—Elisha at Dothan. 2 Kings 6. 8-23.—What service did Elisha render to the king of Israel? What was done to capture Elisha? What means of defense did he have? What was done with the Syrian army? What treatment did they receive? How was the Golden Text shown to be true?

Lesson VI.—Joash, the Boy King. 2 Kings 11. 1-16.—What did Athaliah do to make herself queen? How was one saved from the massacre? What arrangements were afterward made to make him king? How was the plan carried out? What became of Athaliah?

Lesson VII.—Joash Repairs the Temple. 2 Kings 12. 4-15.—Why was the temple out of repair? How was the money for repairs collected at first? What changes were made in the plan? What spirit was manifested by those who did the work?

Lesson VIII.—Isaiah's Message to Judah. Isa. 1. 1-9, 16-20.—Who was Isaiah, and when did he prophesy? What accusations did God bring against Judah? What chastisements had been given? What requirements are made? What promises and warnings are given? What message from God is in the Golden Text?

Lesson IX.—World's Temperance Sunday. Isa. 28. 1-13.—To what people were the words addressed? What special sins were they practicing? What destruction was threatened? What classes of people were given to drunkenness? What answer was made to the taunts of the false prophet? What is the safe rule and practice in respect to intoxicating beverages?

Lesson X.—Hezekiah Reopens the Temple. 2 Chron. 29. 18-31.—What neglect of the temple made renovation necessary? What was done to prepare it for services? What offerings were first made? What were the musical features of the service? What offerings closed the exercises? What worthy promise is in the Golden Text?

Lesson XI.—Captivity of the Ten Tribes. 2 Kings 17, 6-18.—How was Samaria captured? What was done with the people? What causes are given for the destruction of the nation? What warnings had been rejected? What abominable forms of heathenism were practiced by the Israelities? What eternal truth is given in the Golden Text?

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

The Present Conflict Keeps Up the Ghastly Record.

Other arguments, of course, are in place. War is waste, irrationality, colossal folly. In the present state of men's moral development these arguments are even more effective than the one of which we are speaking. They are possibly, therefore, more practical, and should be used for all they are worth in the "war against war." But the final argument against war is found in its deeds—its butcheries, its mad charges, its mangled flesh and bones, its raging passions—in its horrors of the flesh and its more repulsive horrors of the spirit. However, noble the causes or aims of any war may be thought to be, its deeds are always, from any high moral point of view, hideously wicked. How can any humane man, any man of conscience and moral sensibility, look these deeds in the face and then consent to go and do them?

These reflections have been occasioned by the war now raging in the Far East, where it has again been proved that "war is the business of hell," where its essential horrors have repeated themselves on a scale and with an intensity that have made the civilized world shudder. If the facts correspond with the reports—and they are probably much worse—these horrors have never been surpassed in anything bearing the name of "legitimate" war. But in essence they have had their counterpart in every serious conflict ever waged.

The cutting down of a body of six hundred Japanese, who had raised the white flag, by the Russians, in spite of the flag of truce, is indeed, if the report be true, a ghastly tragedy. But over and over again in savagely contested wars does history record the violation of the white flag. And how does this action of the Japanese in shooting down a body of their own men, who had proposed to surrender, differ in spirit from that of the regimental commander or company captain who, to save his lines from breaking, levels his revolver on a soldier fleeing to the rear, and shoots him dead if he does not continue to fight? And how much baser, tell me honestly, is this supposed butchery of six hundred men than the stealthy torpedoing of a great ship which carries down to yawning death six hundred men in one struggling writhing mass? The one is "legitimate" warfare, the other is not; but which of them, in the name of simple sense, is the baser?

Many of the blood-curdling horrors enacted about Port Arthur and in the vicinity of Liao Yang—men tumbling headlong in masses into blind ditches craftily set with sharpened stakes to impale them, men dying with their teeth set in other men's throats or fingers buried in others' eye sockets—are only "legitimate" warfare, carried to its extreme savagery, and ought to surprise no one who knows the history of war.

PIGEONS IN WAR.

The pigeon post is largely used by both the naval and military forces of Japan. A movable loft is attached to the headquarters. Scouts are furnished with a knapsack capable of holding two birds; when they wish to communicate with headquarters they write out the message and place it in a tube, which is attached to the bird's leg. The pigeon is then liberated and flies to the movable loft, where its message is read. These birds fly at a velocity of over a mile a minute.

Aunt Jane—"Dear me, Peter, how dreadfully pale you look! Whatever has happened?" Peter—"Why aunt, in fact is, I've been present at an execution." Aunt Jane—"Oh, don't. How dreadful! Whose?" Peter—"My own. That confounded landlord put it in."

Fashion Hints.

THE RAGE FOR TUCKING.

No trimming lends itself more delightfully to the newest lines of dress designing than tucking. Combined with a handsome braid, plain or ornamented, it forms the sole decorative scheme of many a handsome gown.

A stunning gown in a glorious shade of red has a vest of the same color silk chiffon shirred at the bustline, and falling over a girdle of red velvet in a darker shade. Above the bustline the vest merges into a little square yoke of tucked silk. The yoke is quite narrow, and is finished with crosswise strips extending to the armpits, and finished with bands of black silk braid embroidered in French knots. On either side of the vest the tucked trimming finished with braid is repeated on the bodice, and where the braid is stitched over the shoulder seams it extends over the top of the sleeves in low effect, being twisted into fanciful shapes.

In the skirt sufficient fulness over the hips is provided by massing fine tucks from the waist down to follow the outlines of a pointed yoke. The tucks are, of course, put in by hand. At the bottom the skirt is finished with a tucked flounce headed by bands of the braid. Besides being smart, tucks and such self-decorations have the advantage of relieving the plainness of a one-toned effect, producing a variety for which costume makers are ever seeking.

It is surprising the quantity of lace that is used upon street gowns. Entire hip yokes, as well as yokes of bodices, are designed of laces, dyed to match the gown. A very pretty gown in Havana brown taffeta intended for street wear has a yoke of dyed lace, irregular in shape, and reaching almost to the knees. Below the yoke there are three deep tucks, then comes a deep flounce of the silk, finished at the bottom with appliques of heavy brown lace, finished with little ruchings of lighter lace.

The bodice is shirred over a belt of brown silk, and the yoke droops in points over the shoulders, and at the front. This, like the medallions on the skirt, is finished with pale tinted lace ruching. The sleeves are formed of two puffs, finished with a cuff of lace and taffeta.

Still another dainty gown in blue English serge has a simple skirt, trimmed with a wide band of blue lace, laid over silk, and lined with white chiffon. The jacket is a jaunty little affair, with rather narrow belt, finished with four blue silk buttons, and falling below the hips in graceful ripples. The opening is crossed and finished with insertion of lace, backed with blue silk. The vest of net lace, is lined with blue chiffon, and given a jaunty effect by the addition of tiny little taffeta bows, placed at frequent intervals, and caught with cut steel buckles

ELABORATE COATS.

This is a season of elaborate wraps for all occasions. The increasing fussiness of the tailor-made jacket has made it necessary to radically change outer wraps, especially as far as sleeves are concerned. Any design as long as it is strapped and stitched and trimmed with handsome braid, or row after row of buttons is de regeur. There are so many styles upon which Dame Fashion has stamped her approval that it is impossible to lay down any general rule to be followed in making coats.

In making an evening coat, as many shirrings and gaugings as possible, with pleasing effect, should be employed. The Irish and guipure lace coats lined with fur are extremely chic, and one could not do better than select one, since some kind of an evening coat is indispensible to every up-to-date wardrobe. If fur as a lining proves too expensive, it can be effectively substituted by quilted satin or an interlining of flannel between two foundations of taffeta.

Charmingly simple is a coat in oyster white cloth, which reaches almost to the bottom of the skirt. It is finished with a deep flounce of the same material handsomely embroidered in heavy white silk. Above the flounce is a corded heading which gives a very pretty effect to the design.

A unique feature of the trimming is a deep surplice cape drooping almost to the head of the flounce at the front and extending in quite as long a point at the back. This cape is also embroidered along the edges and the full flowing sleeves are trimmed with a border of embroidery and frills of ochre and cream lace.

Accompanying the coat is a hat of brown velvet with high narrow crown around which are red velvet roses and shaded leaves, combining brown and green.

An innovation in the matter of finishing flounces for cloth suits and coats is pinking. This has found quite some favor among well-dressed women, but is hardly suited to substantial wear.

Many very smart gowns are made with collars and guimpes of lace, which lend a very pleasing effect to the ensemble. The writer has in mind one especially chic costume in greycloth. The bodice was curiously built, the draped front of cloth being a sort of a cuirass buttoned on the shoulders, with three large velvet buttons. The bodice under this cuirass was of accordion plaited grey chiffon, and this showed on the sides and under the arms. The sleeves were also of accordion plaited chiffon and were puffed to the elbow.

The very full skirt was plain and long. With the gown was worn a charming hat of grey velvet of a modified sailor shape, trimmed with a wreath of white gardenians. Underneath the brim was a smaller wreath of the white flowers with a cluster of violets on one side.

Japanese embroidery makes a charming trimming for any gown regardless of the material. It is, unfortunately, very expensive and for this reason enjoys favor among fashion's elite.

Among the old shapes in hats are also to be found in the little cap-like effects made of strachan and beaver, trimmed with feathers and silk ornaments. They are demure, 'tis true, but the face beneath them must not only be youthful, but beautiful.

Applique trimmings of cut out cloth and embroidery stitches make a handsome trimming for both satin and silk gowns, especially the numerous shades of brown and red so much in vogue. Much also is done with fancy stitching upon cloth dresses. To be strictly genine it faut the stitched design should be slightly in raised effect.

There are sufficient stunning modes, however, to satisfy the yearnings of the most exacting woman. The three-cornered toques lined with tucked chiffon and edged with fur, are particularly fetching. A bunch of tips or cluster of fruit is usually the trimming required.

Satin and satin finished materials are more in demand than ever. In white they have a shimmering effect that appeals to many women and has a native richness that proves a boon to the women who cannot afford many of the luxurious trimmings of the season. A design which can be copied without too great expense has a full skirt with a series of pulled flounces reaching nearly to the waistline. The bodice is shirred front and back directly in the centre and the front opens over a vest of lace trimmed with the tiniest of silver buttons which hang loosely from white silk cords.

THE POKE NOT A SUCCESS.

Admirers of the quaint little poke-shaped bonnet will not welcome the news that the attempt to make it a leading mode have not been successful; it is true, however, and so seldom are such models seen that when they do appear they are rather conspicuous. Truth to tell, pokes are just a little sensational, and to wear them requires not only an appropriate gown, but an expression of countenance.

BOERS DISCONTENTED.

Promises not Kept—Self-government Only Remedy.

"The British Government may intend to carry out its promises to the Dutch in South Africa," said General Kritzinger, "but it may be that all of them will be dead before those promises are fulfilled."

The General and the Rev. P. S. Van Heerden were present at a meeting of the New Reform Club in London, under the presidency of Mr. J. Ellis Barker, and their object was to speak of the grievances of the Dutch in the Orange River Colony, especially with regard to the teaching of the Dutch language in the schools.

General Kritzinger acknowledged that nothing could be done until a Liberal Government came into power. As for the present position, said the general, it was difficult to realize that the people of England were living under the same flag as those in South Africa.

The Rev. P. S. Van Heerden made an appeal on behalf of the 800 or 900 orphans of the people in the Orange River Colony who lost their lives during the late war. Many of these children were with people who were in dire poverty, and who had some difficulty in keeping their own children. Mr. Van Heerden then went on to speak of the defects of the education system in the Colony.

Mr. Molteno, M. S. A. (Cape Colony), said that there would be no remedy for the present state of things in South Africa until the people had been granted complete self-government. And when that complete self-government had been granted there would be no more loyal and contented portion of the British Empire.

TROOPS TO LEAVE EGYPT.

Britain Acting in Conformity With Pledge.

It has been decided by the British Government that the army of occupation shall be practically withdrawn from Egypt. The native army will be left in possession, and a new police force will be created.

The command of the British force in Egypt now held by Major-General A. B. Sladen will be abolished, and a minor officer will act as military commandant over a British garrison at Cairo. For a year this garrison will consist of a field batter, a mountain battery, and two battalions. There will be a further reduction subsequently.

The new police force, which is to be called the Egyptian Military Mounted Police, will consist for the present of about 100 men, half of whom sailed in the Dunera from Southampton on Friday. The force will be under the command of Captain C. Burroughs, of the Dublin District staff.

The withdrawal of British troops is approved by Lord Cromer, Lord Kitchener, and the finance authorities.

Egypt pays £87,000 a year for the loan of British troops, a sum which will now be greatly reduced. It will be remembered that Great Britain gave a pledge to withdraw the troops as soon as the country could take care of itself.

The Egyptian army, which is in an efficient state, will remain as it is at present constituted, with British officers in command, and under the orders of a British Sirdar. Nine years ago the army was 12,000 strong. To-day, it numbers over 18,000 men.

The average man has no use for a chronic kicker—unless she is a ballet girl.

YOUNG FOLKS

PEACHES AND PATCHES.

It was Dorothy's birthday, and she was seven years old for the first time in her life.

She had had beautiful presents. Mamma had given her a silver thimble with D on it, and papa had given her a lovely drawing-slate. Aunt Edith had sent her a book, and grandma a dear little box of handkerchiefs.

But the biggest gift of all had come by express from Aunt Jennie.

And it was nothing more nor less than a pink gingham dress with a pocket in it! In all her seven years Dorothy had never had a pocket before, and she begged to be allowed to wear the new dress to school, that all the girls might see the wonderful pocket.

"But you can take a holiday if you like," said her mother, "and stay at home from school because it is your birthday."

"No, mamma," said Dorothy, "I want to go to school speshly to-day; and I want to carry my patches in my pocket. And, oh, can't I have a piece of the sky?"

"Yes," said her mother, smiling, "as it is your birthday, you may have a piece of the sky."

You see, Dorothy's little school was kept by two dear, old-fashioned ladies, who taught sewing as well as other lessons. And the beginners in the sewing class always made patch-work.

And Dorothy was a beginner. Every day she took four neatly cut pieces of silk, and came home with them all sewed together in a lovely block for her quilt.

Her mother cut the pieces for her from different colored silks, and, of course, some were prettier than others. But loveliest of all was a yard of light blue satin which Aunt Jennie had sent for this very purpose. It was such a fair, clear blue, that Dorothy called it her "sky," and was always glad to sew a block cut from it.

So on her birthday she happily folded the carefully cut pieces of sky in a bit of white tissue-paper, and deposited the parcel in her convenient new pocket. Her new thimble also went in, and one of grandma's new handkerchief's.

Then the happy little maiden kissed her mother and ran off to school, which was only three blocks away. As she went out of the gate she met the grocer's man coming in.

"It's my birthday!" she saidi for she was well acquainted with him.

"Arrah, is it?" he said. "This I'll be afther givin' ye a token. Here's two peaches for ye. They're not big, but they're ripe an' sweet, an' they'll do ye no harrum."

Dorothy thanked the good-natured man, and putting the peaches in her new pocket, complacently thought how many nice friends she seemed to have.

Stopping to talk to the grocer nearly made her late for school, but by hurrying a little she reached there just in time to march up-stairs in the line.

Then came singing and other opening exercises, and at half past nine the sewing class was called.

"It's my birthday!" she said, for to Miss Katherine, "and I have a lovely blue-sky block to sew."

"That's nice," said the teacher. "Let me see it."

Dorothy dived down into her pocket but quickly pulled back her hand in dismay. You see, the peaches were very ripe, and as Dorothy was not in the habit of sitting very still, but often wriggled about, and occasionally bumped against a desk or a chair or the little girl next to her, those peaches had just smashed themselves into a jelly, and you can imagine what the sky-blue satin bits looked like!

Dorothy tried not to cry, but she was naturally a tidy little girl, and the stained, sticky blocks and peach-filled pocket just seemed as if they were going to spoil her whole birthday.

But Miss Katherine said kindly, "Oh, what a sad accident! But never mind, deary, you can be excused from sewing to-day."

"I don't mind so much about the block," said Dorothy, still bravely fighting back her tears, "but my new pocket is so—so horrid!"

Then what do you think Miss Katherine did? She just took her scissors and ripped out that little pocket, and took it away into another room. And she threw away the soft peaches, and washed and ironed the pocket and the handkerchief, and rescued the little silver thimble, and then she sewed the pocket in Dorothy's frock again, and the sun shone once more. But Dorothy learned a lesson never to put peaches and patches in the same pocket.

TOMMY'S LESSON.

I thought when a boy was old enough to have a slate and book and go to school he was big enough to take care of himself and go the way that he wanted to; so I did not go straight down the road, as my mother told me, but I climbed the fence to go across the field. By and by something said, "Bow-wow-wow!" and there was a big dog running right at me. Didn't I run? That dog almost caught me before I got to the fence, and I tumbled over, and scratched my arm, and broke my slate, and tore my clothes; so I had to go home to mamma.

She said: "Ah, Tommy, boy, people never get too old to go in the right way instead of the wrong one. The straight path is the safe path. Remember that."

And that is all the lesson I learned in my first day at school, 'cause I didn't go.

MARKING YOUR WASHING

DEVICES USED IN FOREIGN LAUNDRIES.

Strange Methods Adopted For Identifying Contents of the Wash-tub.

In parts of France the washing comes back with the whole name and address of the laundry stamped upon it, and an additional geometrical design to indicate the owner. Complaint is useless, as in France the laundries have all-powerful unions which dictate to the residents.

In Bavaria every patron of the wash-tub has a number stamped in large characters on his linen. This system was devised by old-established laundries to prevent persons moving their custom to rival shops. In other parts of Germany a small cotton label is attached by a hot-water-proof adhesive.

Italian washerwomen generally mark their patron's linen with varied colors, to facilitate sorting.

In Sicily everything that goes to the wash has a small eyelet worked in the corner, and into this the laundryman ties a colored thread. The law-courts of Messina lately decided that marking with the owner's name was insufficient.

Spanish washerwomen affix white paper labels with the owner's initials stamped in black. These labels are supposed to withstand the water, and are removed after washing.

In Bulgaria each laundry has a large number of stamps, engraved with designs, such as triangles, crosses, and so forth. These signs are stamped first on each article to be washed, and then in a book

OPPOSITE THE OWNER'S NAME.

In Russia the laundries mark linen with threads worked in arrow-shapes. By arranging each of half a dozen arrows horizontally, vertically, diagonally, and so on, hundreds of different combinations may be obtained.

Names marked on Russian linen are never written in the Russian alphabet, but almost invariably in Latin characters. This is a survival of the time when Russian dandies sent their linen for washing to Holland.

In some Russian towns the police periodically issue regulations for laundries. In Odessa books of marks are furnished annually to the laundry proprietors, and these marks and no others may be used. By this system criminals and revolutionary agitators are often traced.

In Greece small safety-pins, each bearing a little placque stamped with a number, are attached before, and removed after washing. The owner's mark is generally written in red indelible ink.

Country laundries in Austria mark each article in a patent ink which defies soap and water, but is removed by a bleaching powder before the goods are sent home.

Austrians of rank have their crests and coronets worked on their underwear. A case was tried in the Viennese courts not long ago in which a swindling self-styled Count had his linen marked with the initials and coronet of the Austrian Premier, Count Goluchowski.

In Finland the laundry-mark is made with light brown dye, leading strangers to believe that the mark has been scorched in

WITH A HEATED STAMP.

In Portugal each article washed bears three signs, the owner's name, his laundry mark, and the laundry's own monogram, which appears most prominently. The laundry mark is a certain definite number of stitches which are left in after washing. Towels are marked with stencilled figures often an inch long.

Servians have carried linen-marks into the domain of high politics. After the murder of King Alexander, the Obrenovitch party put black crosses after their names on their linen, whereupon the adherents of the new King retorted with His Majesty's cipher.

Turks seldom mark linen at all, but trust to the honesty of the washer.

A Cook's tourist once had his linen returned unwashed from a Mohammedan laundry in Smyrna because it was marked with his crest, an Arab's head, the laundryman protesting that representations of any part of the human form were strictly forbidden by the Koran.

In Egypt all Mohammedan laundries use a secret mark to distinguish the linen of "believers," and keep it from polluting contact with "infidel" garments. This mark is carefully removed before the linen is returned.—Pearson's Weekly.

KING IN THE EAST END

Proposal that His Majesty Reside in Greenwich Palace.

A scheme is on foot in England to revive the former glories of Greenwich palace as a royal residence, with the idea of bringing the crown in closer touch than at present with that toiling mass of humanity which inhabits the east end of the mighty metropolis. It may be recalled to mind that Greenwich was the residence of the kings of England as far back as in the thirteenth century. Henry VIII. and his daughters, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, both were born there, and King Charles II. pulled down the ancient palace and erected the present stately and beautiful pile of buildings, according to the designs of Sir Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones. With its terrace of a thousand feet in length, skirting the broad bosom of the river, and with old Greenwich Park full of centenarian trees as a background, it is in every way a worthy home for the monarch of a great empire.

Of course the one drawback to the scheme is that the Thames is terribly polluted below London Bridge, and that the stream at Greenwich is apt to be foul smelling, especially at low tide. But when the works have been completed which, by means of a series of huge locks, will render the river from Gravesend up independent of the tides, the drawback of course will disappear, and it certainly would be no hardship for either the King, the Prince and Princess of Wales, or some other members of the royal family to make use of the palace as a suburban and riverside residence once more, thus according to the masses in the east end of London a glimpse of that royalty for whose benefit they are firmly convinced that they are taxed.

When one reflects how much the proximity of the River Thames adds to the stateliness and to the magnificence of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, with their terraces along the water's edge, and to the primate's palace of Lambeth just opposite, and to the picturesqueness of that ancient royal residence, the Tower of London, it is a matter for surprise that Buckingham palace should have been located at such a distance from the river instead of on its banks.

FROM RUSSIAN TRENCHES

LETTERS BY THE SOLDIERS TO THEIR FRIENDS.

Adventure of a Jap Prisoner — Scenes at the Battle of Liao-Yang.

Many of the Russian soldiers can't write, but the following letters, written at the front prove that some can and do it well:—

"I have seen but one Jap, so far, at close quarters, and may I never see another. This Jap got right into our wire entanglements and was stuck like a fish, until he was hauled out. . . . He was put in a hut near headquarters and I was set to guard him. All night he jabbered at me, and I answered each time 'Ne ponimaiu,' ('I don't understand'). At dawn, suddenly he got quiet, and I looked in at the door and there was no Jap. There was a hole in the roof. I ran on a ladder close by whence I could see the roof and there lying flat as a doormat, lay monKey-face. I put up my rifle and shouted, 'Get down or I'll fire.' Down he crept and instead of being ashamed of his treacherous conduct, getting a poor sentry into a fix he smiled and offered me a cigarette.

"Then the Jap began to draw pictures of me, writing underneath them in monkey language. . . . . At last I couldn't look angry any longer so I grinned and the Jap grinned still more. He gave me matches and cigarettes by the dozen. . . . . However, I had a bad fright, and don't want to guard any more prisoners."

READY FOR THE ENGLISH.

"We fear every day," writes Private Matveyeff, "that the Japs are coming against us. Yesterday our sergeant told the men that the English ships were outside Port Arthur. 'How would you like to fight the English on land?' he asked. Of course, we all said it would be good sport. It appears that the Queen of England has had a big rebellion in India, and our men are going to help the poor unfortunate Indians and teach them Christianity. I asked the sergeant if the English were Christians, and he answered, 'Yes, of a sort; they worship a god named Zheludok.' (Russian for the stomach) . . . . . We have several in our army who fought against the English in the Crimean war. Borovsky, an old man who sells food to the soldiers, fought against the English at Kars. He says the English had a great general, but that the Turks were no good. However, we're not afraid of English any more than Japs."

SLAUGHTER AT LIAO-YANG.

What the battle of Liao-Yang meant to many corps may be judged from the following letter from a private in General Zarubeyeff's division:

"It was left to our men to keep off the Japs, under their General Oku. They made six attacks upon us in two days. The slaughter was awful. In the 3rd Battalion were five men (here follow names) from Andreyevo and all are dead. Toporsky had his head taken clean off by a shell, and the shell without bursting went on clean through his brother Ivan. I myself saw Yakushkin bayonetted by a Jap, who stuck in his bayonet to the hilt, and then gave a yell that made my blood run cold. Kuznetsoff also came from Andreyevo was killed by a bullet which went into his mouth and stuck in the back of his neck. . . . The Jap schrapnel and machine guns killed every man within ten yards of me, and for a quarter of an hour I was the only man standing in that part of the works. I nearly fainted, and every time I saw the flash of a gun said to myself, 'Thank God, I'm dead at last!' "

TUNE WAS STOPPED.

Describing the same great battle, a private named Bulgakoff, says, "Wherever he had a moment's rest old Yevgenii took out his reed and played a tune. The bullets kept hissing around him and around us too, but as long as he played tunes we felt happy. When we had orders to fire down would go Yevgenii's reed into the trench; there would follow a volley, and up the reed would go for another tune. Each man shouted for his favorite song, and it was, 'Yevgenii, play us "the German Pedlar's Cat,"' 'Yevgenii, play us "Ludmila and the Stars,"' and so on. Finally I got so excited and proud that he chanted, 'Listen, boys, here is a tune of my own; it's called "The Yellow Yaposha."' We never heard it, for at the first note a bullet went through his shoulder, and all the music he could squeeze out was a groan."

People who sneeze should, as a necessary sanitary precaution, be isolated at least forty feet. The annual report of the Local Government Board states that there is a grave danger of influenza infection to anyone being within forty feet of a person sneezing.

BY GEISHA GIRL'S CURSE

THE BRITISH SHIP KELVIN MET HER DOOM.

New Vessel Went Down in a Calm Sea—Strange Story.

A strange story is told by the survivors of the British ship Kelvin, who have arrived in New York, after being taken off the sinking vessel by a passing steamer.

"We left this port on October 5 with about $1,000,000 worth of general cargo on a ship valued at $500,000. A first-rate boat she was, new and staunch. Yet in forty hours by the log she was started on her way to the bottom in a perfectly calm sea.

"It was about 5 o'clock that she was recorded as listing to port. That was the evening of October 6. There had been no seas, the cargo was packed tight and the coal had not shifted. An hour later the log noted she was over to port five degrees. By 7 o'clock she was over ten degrees.

"At nine came the call to quarters. The deck was like the side of a tent fully 25 degrees over. The port rail was flush with the water, and the ship was driving ahead, bow down and astern up. The pumps were started, and every minute we feared we would turn turtle.

"The captain's wife and boy came on deck and two sailors were detailed to them, and the captain and the carpenter went below. The rest did as they were told—

CLEAR THE BOATS!

"'Clear the boats!' the captain ordered, as he came up from below. The sea was washing over half the deck. The bow was below the surface. There was a wild scramble for dunnage, biscuits and water at the word. The sea was like a mill pond. The engines were stopped the last thing, and with her dynamo lighting the ship she rode on alone.

"Dawn came with an angry sky. 'Rally to the ship,' came from the captain's boat, and we rowed to the Kelvin, now awash. The captain went aboard with the crew and we dropped over sixteen mail bags consigned to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres. We were no sooner back in the boats than the stern whipped across the sea and we thought we were lost.

"I was sweeping the horizon with a glass, and away off, five miles or more, caught sight of a sail. I shouted to my men and they let out a cheer.

SIGHTED A SAIL.

"I had sighted the Cordelia Hayes, Capt. Ross, one week out of Philadelphia for Bernuda, with ten in crew and provisions for two months. Her chief officer had sighted us. We thought our troubles were over. They were only beginning.

"The storm broke over us as we made for the Hayes. It filled our boats and pounded their sides, but we got aboard with only one mail sack lost.

"The storm began to toss the little schooner. Fifty-one men on a schooner provisioned for ten, and running before a gale, out of the track of navigation, called for starvation rations.

"For ten days we rode in the wind eastward. Not a sail crossed the horizon. We were reduced to bread and water, the crew sleeping on deck. Then came six days of calm. The sails did not stretch an inch. The last mouthful of bread was eaten. We had only water left. Tobacco had gone long before. Soon but little water was left. We were face to face with starvation, on a boat whose crew grumbled and regarded us as ill-omened.

"But on Friday afternoon a sudden trade wind came, the sails filled and then everybody cheered. The next day we were in Ponce.

GEISHA GIRL'S CURSE.

"I ain't saying the Kelvin was a Jonah. But she was cursed at Kobe," said one of the crew mysteriously.

"A sailor that was one of the crew then, he deserted since, got a geisha girl in love with him and she tried to make him desert. He wouldn't and she put a curse on the ship for taking him away. It worried him a lot and he finally dropped his dunnage bag over the side one night in New York—and went after it. That's why the Kelvin foundered."

The lost steamer had been only a year on the sea and had not returned to England since starting on her first trip round the world for cargo.

"DOWNFALL OF ENGLAND."

Austrian Lays Albion in Dust in His Own Way.

The collapse of the British empire is an ever popular theme with a certain class of continental novelist; writes the London Express Vienna correspondent. Every few months a book is issued—usually in Germany—which deals in some form with the invasion of England and the humiliation of her people.

The latest Anglophobe novelist is Lieut. von Mushzynski, an Austrian army officer, whose visions of British ruin fill a volume of some 200 pages.

The book, which is entitled "England's Downfall; or, The Anglo-Franco-Russian War of the Future," opens with the conventional raid of Afghan hands, instigated by England. This overture to a European war is played on "July 19, 19—."

After the Transcaspian Railway station has been destroyed by the Afghans, internal troubles occur in Russia, India and Europe (?). Russia seizes this opportunity to declare war against Great Britain, with the approval of France.

Herat is taken. The Russians are led to victory by Gen. Skobeloff, newly resurrected for the occasion.

France lends a hand. Lord Cromer is assassinated at Cairo, and the khedive, as well as the sultan, joins forces against England.

The allied Franco-Russian fleet from the Mediterranean and Admiral Fournier inflicts a crushing defeat on Admiral Sir John Fisher.

Meantime, the Russians are merrily murdering on India, and Lord Roberts is sent to Kandahar, and arrives in time to be killed by the victorious Russians, who, at the same time, smash the British forces.

Naturally the vivisection of the British empire is a mere child's play after these events. The crushing blow is dealt after the battle of Brighton, where the British army is decimated and the victorious French enter London under Marshal Jamont. By a "peace able play of destiny" the first Frenchman to set foot on English soil is Colonel Marchand.

"The fleet of England is no more," continues this Austrian prophet. "Defeated and crushed, proud Albion lies at the feet of her conquerors, who in the treaty of London dictate their terms of peace."

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Next month an electric beacon will be fitted on St. Edward's Tower at Westminster Cathedral.

Though only a very small room, the furniture in the Marquis of Anglesey's private salon recently realized £800.

Mrs. Catharine Scott, who celebrated her hundredth birthday at Hilst, has two sons and four daughters, forty-three grandchildren, and forty great-grandchildren.

The Penmaenmawr and Llanfairfechan Gazette is the name of a new Welsh newspaper, which has just made its appearance. The title, it is thought, will worry newsboys.

On condition that it is maintained as a breathing space for the people, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have offered an acre of land in Portland street to the Southwall Council.

At a meeting of the Liverpool Cathedral Committee the Bishop of Liverpool announced that members of the Earle and Langton families were donors of £25,000 for the erection of a lady chapel.

"The English home is losing strength by restlessness; there is a breaking up of home life," said the Bishop of Durham at the foundation day festivities of the North-Eastern Counties School at Barnard Castle.

A patent lock was the cause of the downfall of Henry Bettison Crabb, the treasurer of the Cornwall Football Association, who was sent to prison for six months for misappropriating the funds of the association. He financed the patent boot with the football funds.

Charged with misappropriating about £700 entrusted to him for investment, Mr. George Cosens Prior, a well-known Portsmouth solicitor, whose affairs are in bankruptcy, was committed for trial, bail being allowed

During October, 18,387 aliens arrived from the Continent, of whom 9,692 were en route to places outside the United Kingdom. This compares with 12,783 in October, 1903, of whom 6,685 were reported as passing through.

To-day there is not a single one of King Edward's 300,000,000 subjects in prison for treason or disloyalty, said Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., at Canterbury, whereas in Germany hundreds are in prison, in Russia thousands, and thousands are exiled from France.

When sentenced to three months' imprisonment at Marlborough street a foreign woman went completely mad, fought the policemen like a tigress, threw her hat, money, and other things all over the court, and was finally borne shrieking from the dock.

On the seat of a tramway car from Dowlas, the conductor found at Merthyr terminus an old dress pocket containing £84 in sovereigns. The owner, a workingman, who had received the money by way of compensation, rewarded the driver and conductor, says the Western Mail, with 5s. each.

In a letter regretting that his recent accident will prevent him attending the annual Jewish military service on December 4, the Duke of Connaught, says the Jewish Chronicle, considers that the growth of the number of Jews who are now soldiers is due to the energy and zeal of the Rev. F. L. Cohen, the chaplain to the Jews in the army.

Because he does not approve of free whiskey and soda and cigars being handed around at the meetings, Mr. W. G. Stoneham has resigned his seat on the Windsor Chamber of Commerce. He says that the atmosphere created by the free supply is not conductive to free discussion. Mr. William Shipley, the chairman, who is also the mayor, denies the insinuation and claims the right to exercise such hospitality. He does not do it, he says, simply because he happens to be mayor.

"Doctor, a week ago you gave me something that you said was good for dyspepsia." "Yes." "Well, now suppose you give me something that's bad for it. It's been humored enough, sir."

A church of solid coral is a curiosity of the Isle of Mahe. This island, rising to 3,000 feet, is the highest of the Seychelles group in the Indian Ocean, and its buildings are all from square blocks hewn from massive coral and glistening like white marble.

SOME LONDON STATISTICS

HOW THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS GROWS.

Facts as to Ownership Collected By the County Council.

The London County Council is a practical, orginal, and painstaking body, and it sets itself many stiff tasks whereof the newspaper reading ratepayer knows nothing, says the London Daily News. Spring-gardens and its maze of offshoots must include a map-making department, where, as day succeeds day, a cluster of careful draughtsmen toil with fine pens and steady hands. They must also include a suite of rooms, where cool mathematicians, obedient to a master mind, are for ever counting, adding, deducting, dividing, averaging, and setting forth tabulated results in unambiguous caligraphy.

Before Spring Gardens set itself the great task of tracing the ground landlords there were all manner of vague surmises as to the way in which the metropolis was divided among its landed proprietors. The data already collected disproves one general belief—namely, that about half of London is owned by six members of the House of Lords. The facts are bad, but not so bad as that. The statement was true once, but the growth of London has left it very wide of the mark.

LONDON LANDLORDS.

Two other important and welcome facts have been brought to light by these industrious map-makers. There are far more London landlords than was supposed, and there is a tendency—largely caused by private acts unchaining the padlock of settlements—to further sub-division of ownership. Spring Gardens has already discovered 13,500 distinct estates in London, and one-sixth of the ground remains unexplored. Many more occupiers own their freeholds than was supposed.

All in all has been said, 13,500 freeholds stand in contemptible comparison with the number of houses that make up London. The London County Council version of the 1894 map shows, as has been said, all buildings, new and old, in the county, but the two totals, if they have been ascertained, have not yet been published. The figures for each borough and for the city have, however, periodically to be supplied to Spring Gardens, and the statistical office is thus enabled to give the grand total in his annual "Review." From this document I learn that the number of rated premises, inhabited and uninhabited, in the administrative county last year was 612,028. The comprehensive character of that total need not be questioned, for it is supposed that the man who can keep a property off the rate-book has not yet been born.

SEVEN TO A HOUSE.

There are 612,028 houses in London, and, it may be incidentally mentioned, more than 10,000 of them licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors! The first total is not so formidable as the latter is deplorable. The 4,536,541 persons who inhabit London—to take another figure from the statistical "Review"—seem tolerably crowded together. The average is more than seven to a house.

ROYALTIES' TIPS.

King Edward Is Very Liberal With His Presents.

Though the days of extravagant Royal tipping are to a great extent past, King Edward's gratuity bill runs into many thousands every year, for he makes a point of never spending even a few hours at the house of a friend without recompensing the servants handsomely for the extra trouble his visit has entailed. It costs $30,000 to entertain the King for the short space of a week-end only, and in return for the enjoyment he derives from the visit King Edward leaves behind $1,000 in gratuities. If, however, the retinue of servants is an unusually large one this amount is often increased to $1,500, or even more. In the case of shooting parties each beater receives according to the number of days' sport enjoyed, this, of course, being exclusive of the amount left for the servants of the household.

The King always leaves his tips in notes. On the day before the Royal visit terminates a secretary bestows the amount in an envelope upon the head steward, whose duty it is to see that each servant gets his proper share. Where a large stable is kept a further sum is set apart for the employes there, even the stable-lads fingering the crisp paper of the Bank of England.

When the King visits another court his outlay in gratuities is much larger. For instance, when he visited the Emperor of Austria last year he left $5,000 for the servants, and a similar sum was given away when he attended the funeral of his sister, the Empress Frederick.

Among European potentates the Emperor of Germany is by far the most liberal tipper. During his visit to Cowes, on the occasion of the death of Queen Victoria, he left behind him $10,000, but $5,000 is the usual amount he leaves for the servants of his English friends.

The Czar of Russia during his visit to England left $15,000 also in the form of a cheque on his bankers in London, but the Court officials, which must have brought up the expenditure to double that sum.

Nearly the entire output of radium is now obtained from American ores.

One way for a young man to make a hit with the girl's father is to strike him for a loan.

We often hear of a middle-aged man, but never of a middle-aged woman. A woman is either young or old.

HOMES OF FAMOUS FOLK

DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE-PLACES OF PROMINENT MEN.

Some Ideal Country Homes in Beautiful Rural England.

It is one of the many advantages the prosperous man enjoys over his less successful fellow-man that he can have a delightful holiday haunt all the year round, of his own designing and in the part of the country he loves best, to which he can escape the moment he is able to free himself from the fetters of London life, says London Tit-Bits.

The men and women who are thus blessed by Fortune can be counted in hundreds, and so charming are the country homes some of them have made for themselves that the wonder is they can ever tear themselves away from them. The Lord Chief Justice has such a delightful pleasure-house on the sunny slope of a Surrey hill, from which, over a glorious stretch of country, he can catch a glimpse of the sea. Here among his books or at his beloved organ, at a game of cricket or a ride among the pine lanes, he can forget that there is such a thing as a court of law.

His brother judge, Sir Alfred Wills, has two delightful holiday homes to escape to, one in a lovely part of Hampshire and the other, appropriately called "The Eagle's Nest," perched high among the mountains of Haute Savoie; Mr. Justice Grantham has

AN IDEAL COUNTRY HOME,

Barcombe Place, Lewes, where he can play the squire and farm or shoot to his heart's desire; Sir Robert Romer luxuriates in Hertfordshire; and Lord Justice Vaughan Williams is happy among his sheep and cows at High Ashe's Farm, in the lovely Jorking district.

Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy is a "jovial squire" at Letheringsett Hall, in Norfolk; Mr. Justice Darling loves to rusticate in his Hampshire home at Brockenhurst; Sir Edward Clarke has a beautiful home at Staines, near his beloved Thames; the Attorney-General is true to his native land, and has his rural home in the Highlanhs; Sir Edward Carson finds a peaceful refuge at Rottingdean, where he has actually been seen throwing pebbles into the sea; and to find Mr. Lawson Walton rusticating you must go to "beautiful Bucks."

Mr. Rider Haggard makes holiday all the year round, in spite of his hard work as a farmer, magistrate, and author, at a fine old house in Norfolk—Ditchingham House where his wife was cradled; Mr. George Meredith is just as happy at Flint Cottage, Boxhill, which is much more idyllic than its name would suggest, with its glorious flower-garden and the outdoor study where he spends so may busy hours.

Mr. Kipling has deserted Rottingdean and transferred his affection to Burwash, where he finds his admirers less embarrassing in their attentions; Mr. Quiller-Couch looks down on

HIS BELOVED SEA

every morning from the Haven, at Fowey; and Mr. Stanley Weyman gets quite out of the world in his Welsh retreat, Pias Llanrhydd, Ruthin.

The Poet Laureate has one of the most charming houses in England in Swinford Old Manor, Kent, and it is worth a long journey just to see the garden he loves and has made so beautiful; Sir A. Conan Doyle is true to Hindhead, where he has built himself a beautiful house in pineland; and Mrs. Humphrey Ward finds Tring even more to her taste than Haslemere.

Mrs. Oscar Beringer has a plain, two-storyed cottage to retire to at Hindhead—"quite a simple little dwelling," as she says, "covered with roses and very pretty"; and Miss Flora Annie is never happier than when she can get away to her equally modest cottage, "the haunt of peace," at Winchelsea, and drive her pony like a female Jehu along the lovely Sussex lanes. Sir Edward Elgar finds his musical inspiration among the Worcestershire hills. Mr. E. A. Abbey, R.A., spends two-thirds of his year at Morgan Hall, his Gloucestershire home, where he finds his work twice as easy as in Tite Street; Mr. H. W. Tate has an ideal environment in the beautiful country round Guildford; and Mr. Luke Fildes is equally happy in his Thanet home.

JEWS FIGHT FOR CZAR.

Many of Them in the Siberian Regiments.

The latest list of casualties shows a considerable number of Jews who served in the Siberian Sharpshooters. It is full of irony that Jews who are forbidden, in the ordinary course, to live on Siberian territory, should now have to lay down their lives for the Czar under the flags of Siberian regiments. The mobilization in the Odessa district has caused great consternation among the Jewish families, as the call to arms came quite unexpectedly. Fortunately, the Russian Government can only send a small part of its available force to the front, and of the 300,000 reservists, only 9,500 were selected. Of the 7,000 from the City of Odessa 1,000 are Jews, among them being sixty doctors. Whenever possible, only unmarried men were taken, although the Jews had in this matter to furnish numerous exceptions, and in one case the father of a family of seven was called up for service. All married reservists among the Jews who have been incorporated in the army, have left their wives bills of divorce, enabling them to marry if they should be killed.

When a young man tells a girl he loves her for herself alone it's equivalent to an injunction against interference from the rest of the family.

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Eldorado.

S. WEST, V.S.,

Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto.

Office and Residence—St. Lawrence Street, Madoc.

Treats all diseases of domesticated animals. All calls promptly attended to, day or night.

Do not Run your Buggies or Cutters until the Paint wears off

or cracks, for if you do it allows the weather to get at the wood and it will also check or rot. Now is the time to

GET YOUR BUGGIES PAINTED

Then they will be firm and ready for running in the spring. Now, I do all classes of

Painting, Burl Work, Mottled Work, Rosewood Graining Striping and Varnishing.

Leave rigs at Sandford & Brooks.

C. H. SANDFORD,

Business for Sale

L'Amable Station, Ontario.

Owing to failing health I have decided to sell my boarding-house, together with the out-buildings, consisting of two stables and shed, and about twenty acres of land suitable for pasture and garden, well watered. The house is new and convenient for the business. A good paying business is done, with prospects of increasing. No incumbrance. Possession given immediately. Address

CHAS. McGUIRE,
31 L'Amable Station P.O., Ont.

What do You Lack ?

Watches
for a consideration.

Glocks
for a consideration.

Specs or Eye Glasses
for a consideration.

Give Irving a call,
and make it a mutual consideration.

He needs the dough. The baker kneads the dough. We all need dough. Supply and demand.

WHAT A CONSIDERATION ! ! ! !

REPAIRING AND ENGRAVING.

JAMES H. IRVING,
West of Dominion Bank,
St. Lawrence st., Madoc.

..... BATHS .....

why not have a bath with every accommodation when it is within your reach?

EACH 25c., OR SIX FOR $1.00.

Special attention paid to

SHAVING AND HAIR-CUTTING

AT

VANDERVOORT'S BARBER SHOP,
Next Wilson's Drug Store.

GO TO

Thompson & Dafoe,

—FOR—

Furnaces,
Ranges,
Stoves,
Tinware,
Graniteware,
Horse Blankets,

Washing Machines, Maple Leaf, Greyhound, Monarch, Runner CROSS CUT SAWS, Disston Files, Axes, Axe Handles, Butcher Knives, etc.

Just received a large shipment of

OLD NUERNBERG WARE,

and SILVER WARE, suitable for Christmas Presents. Don't fail to see them.

THOMPSON & DAFOE.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

Makes the hair grow long and heavy, and keeps it soft and glossy. Stops falling hair and cures dandruff. And it always restores color to gray hair. Sold for fifty years.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF

FURS

JUST ARRIVED

CHEAPER THAN EVER

PRICES DOWN, DOWN DOWN, DOWN

Men's Coon, Corsican, Bishop and Fur-Lined

Ladies' Astrachan, Bokharan, with Sable Lapels.

Fur-lined capes, Sable Ruffs, Children's Grey caps and collars, mitts.

B. O'HARA.

MR. BUSINESS MAN.



TOTAL up your profits for the month. Are they as large as you like, or do you wish to double them? If you do, then you should advertise. Let the public know you are in business and you will get business. The best goods in the world will not sell if the public do not know their merits. A chat with the public through the columns of our local paper will put you in touch with the people who will buy your goods, and your money will not remain tied up indefinitely.

...New...

Barber Shop

W. SCRUTTON

has opened a new Barber Shop in the

St. Lawrence Hall Block.

and invites the patronage of his friends and the public.

First class work guaranteed.

SHOP,—One door south of main hotel entrance.

W. SCRUTTON.

JAS. WHYTOCK

BUTCHER,

DEALER IN

Groceries and .....Provisions.

MADOC, — ONTARIO.

Madoc, June 30, 1903. 27-3m

To Rent.

The shop lately occupied by Stewart Empey, south of Cox's Harness shop.

47-1 JNO. MOUNCEY.

WANTED

MEN AND WOMEN in this county and adjoining territories, to represent and advertise an old established house of solid financial standing. Salary to men $21 weekly, to women $12 to $18 weekly with Expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address, Blew Bros. & Co., Dept. A., Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 41-6

Boarders Wanted.

A few boarders can be accommodated. Terms reasonable.

Plain sewing taken in.

MRS. LENA CRAWFORD.

Madoc, Oct. 24th, 1904.

JACOB HUFF,

Licensed Auctioneer

for the County of Hastings,

MADOC, — — ONT.

A WOMAN KNOWS



We take pride in making garments which in material, fit and workmanship, trimming and style, will have the cordial approval of the most critical lady who has an interestin your appearance.

R. E. COLLING.

Valuable Farm for Sale

A valuable farm containing 215 acres is offered for sale. There are two complete sets of buildings, two barns, one dwelling of brick and one frame, a hop house, drive house and stable for fourteen cows. Three orchards of some two hundred trees and small fruit and good spring water, twenty acres of wood, ninety acres cultivated land, outside fencing is cedar, church on the place, school house thirty rods away, is two and a half miles from the cheese factory and less than three miles from Shannonville station. The purchaser can leave $3000 on mortgage at 5 per cent. the balance to be paid in cash. A good title can be given free from all encumbrances and possession given this fall. This valuable farm is in the township of Tyendinaga and well suited for farming purposes. For further particulars apply to

THOS. EMMONS,
or his Solicitor, Shannonville,
F. E. O'FLYNN,
Post Office Drawer 1064, Belleville.

QUESTION

—AND—

ANSWER.

Where can I get a good Suit of Clothes? At the Big 4.

Are they well made? Yes, they are.

What can I get a good Suit for? He has Men's from $3.70 to $12.00.

Has he Black Suits, Long and Short Coats? Yes sir, and good ones too.

Where can I get a good Hat? At the Big 4.

What price will I have to pay? He sells Christie's Fedoras for $1. They keep the shape and color and wear just as well as a $2 Hat.

What else does he sell? Oh, everything. Top Shirts, Overalls, Odd Pants, Sox, Boys' Clothes, Rubber Coats, and Dry Goods, all very cheap and good.

Who keeps the Big 4? Why

THOS. McNAMARA.

CHOICE LOTS FOR SALE.....

On reasonable terms, and when required, assistance given to erect residences on conditions that will be within the reach of small capitalists

The undersigned has made arrangements for the above named purpose, and anyone wishing to purchase lots on easy terms or avail themseves of the conditions of building, can get full information by application to the undersigned or to A. F WOOD, Esq.

Prices of Lots range from $75 up, according to location. Building and lots can be arranged for from $400 to $2,000.

F. E. SEYMOUR.

TRY MORRICE & SON

—FOR—

Men's Fine Boots,

Ladies' Fine Boots

Children's School Boots,

Men's Working Boots.

Trunks, Valises, Shoe Polish.

Boots and Shoes made to order.

An assortment of Home-made Work always on hand. Mending done promptly.

MORRICE & SON.

---

suitable ... It will be between six and seven miles long.

North Hastings Review.

"PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."

J. R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. TERMS, $1.50 ; $1.00 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

27th Year.—No. 51. **Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, December 22, 1904.** Postage Prepaid.

....Canadian Christmas.... Poems.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

Come happy morn, serene and fair,
With outstretched hand, thy breath a prayer;
Come with thy faintly smiling eyes,
And brow whereon majestic rise
Suns of eternal morn.

Come, happy morn, for see and hark!
A world lies waiting in the dark,
With throbbing heart and straining gaze,
To catch thy first up-springing rays,
O happy, happy morn!

The whispering stars will see it first,
From star to star the tidings burst—
Their paling faces earthward bowed,
While men and angels worship loud
The Christ who is the Morn.

A CHRISTMAS QUESTION.

What can you give for Christmas?
It is not the gift that is brought,
But the love that goes with the giving
The remembrance and the thought,
That fills the life with gladness
And the eyes with happy tears,
That warms the coldest winter
Of the heart along the years.

What can you give for Christmas?
Just keep your tired hands still
For a gift that is wearisome doing
Its message does not fulfil;
But a simple memory token
Of love you can always send,
That will breathe a silent greeting
From the heart of friend to friend.

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

A wish, a thocht for ane an' a'
On this glad Christmas day,
As gathered i' the ancestral ha'
The near and far away
Meet once again in converse sweet
While everywhere the bells repeat
A message frae the Mercy Seat.

A wish, a thocht for ane an' a'
When ye again maun sever
May God's guid haun' protect ye a'
An' keep ye safe forever.
Aye lichtsome be yer lot an' may
The memory o' this happy day
Shed gowden gleams across yer way.

North Hastings Conservative Convention.

To Meet in Madoc on Wednesday, January 4th.

The Conservatives of the old Riding of North Hastings will meet in Convention in Madoc on Wednesday, January 4th, 1905, to select a candidate for the approaching election for the Ontario Legislature, and transaction of other necessary business.

The constituency of North Hastings remains the same as at the last local election when Mr. J. W. Pearce was elected.

After the business meeting on the 4th prox., a grand open rally of the party will be held, at which the following among other prominent gentlemen will speak:—Andrew Broder, M.P., Dundas; Andrew Miscampbell, ex.-M.P.P., Sault Ste. Marie; A. W. Carscallen, ex.-M.P., W. B. Northrup, M.P. for East Hastings, and the candidate selected.

For the County Council.

Two New Men Chosen For the Sixth Division.

The nomination of County Councillors took place on Monday last. In the Sixth Division, the nomination was held at the Town Hall, Eldorado, before a fair turn-out of electors. The late representatives, Messrs. Angus Nicolson and P. P. Clark, gave an account of their stewardship for the past two yeaas. The following gentlemen were nominated:—Angus Nicolson, P. P. Clark, James English, Thos. H. Tumelty, Hugh M. Blair, Luther Cornell, and Alex. Glover.

All retired with the exception of Messrs. Tumelty and Cornell, who were declared elected by acclamation.

Shot His Sister.

Fatal Shooting Accident in Monteagle.

Bancroft Reporter:—Miss Bertha Miller, daughter of Ernest Miller, of New Carlow, was accidently shot and almost instantly killed last Sunday. Her brother Max was handling his rifle after having, as he supposed, emptied the magazine, but one cartridge had remained and was discharged. The bullet entered his sister's breast and passed out at her back. The deceased was about 21 years of age and much respected. The mother also had a narrow escape, the bullet passed through her arm inflicting a nasty flesh wound.

Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family in their sudden affliction.

Frank Neiuman, of Monteagle, was sentenced by Judge Lazier at Belleville, on Friday last to serve 10 days in jail on a charge of appropriating to his own use a steer, the property of Fr[illegible]erick Grozhlags, a neighbor.

The Clerk's Supper.

Mr. O'Hara Entertains the Council and Officials.

The members of the Madoc Village Council, officials, and, of course, The Review, supped and made merry at the expense of the popular village clerk, Mr. Benson O'Hara, on Thursday evening last. This was the third or fourth time Mr. O'Hara had constituted himself "host" for the same kind of a hungry crowd, which might be described as a gathering of "successful office-seekers." The thought or possibility that perhaps in the near future some of them might receive a mandate that would disqualify them from gracing a similar festive board next year, did not appear to either dampen the spirits or interfere with the appetite of any of them—either councillor or official. Such is life!

The supper was served at Moon's Hotel, in Landlord Curry's best style. The bill of fare was most tempting and appetizing—oysters, game, fowl, salads, confectionery, &c. Friend Curry can do many things much worse than serving up an enjoyable supper.

After full justice had been done to the spread, a pleasant hour was spent in reminiscences and story telling. Not one one in the bunch could sing a song, but from His Excellency, the Reeve, down, some most entertaining stories were told. And not a Sunday School journal reporter present!

Before separating, a cordial vote of thanks and good wishes was unanimously accorded Mr. O'Hara, with sincere wishes for "many happy returns of the day."

The guests present were: Reeve Whytock, Councillors Harper, Harrison, Weir and Milne; Collector Casement, Street Surveyor O'Riordan, Assessor McConnell, Messrs. Fraser Aylesworth and J. R. Orr. One or two officials were unavoidably absent.

Nominated For the Assembly.

A Former Madocer Honored in the Great West.

Mr. Charles W. Cross, of Edmonton, N.W.T., son of Thomas Cross, Esq., of Madoc, is rapidly rising to prominince in the great West. As a lawyer Mr. Cross has been eminently successful, and as a politician he is evidently also on the high road to a prominent position. At a Liberal convention lately "Charlie" was selected to contest the Edmonton electoral division in the Territorial Assembly, for which House a new election is likely soon to be held. In his speech accepting the nomination, Mr. Cross makes some characteristic remarks, from which we select the following which will be appreciated by Madocers:—

"He wanted to win the election. * * * Where he had been reared and had taken part in elections it had always been as the under dog; and for eighteen years the family to which he belonged had turned out the lights and gone to bed early on election nights. He had had all the experience he wanted in losing elections in the East. Here in the West he wanted to win."

As an old Madoc boy we wish him sucess.

Municipal Qualifications.

The law respecting the qualification of candidates for municipal office has been amended to read as follows:—

"In cities, towns, and incorporated villages every candidate for the office of mayor, reeve, controller, alderman, councillor, water commissioner, and street railway commissioner shall on the day of nomination or at any time before nine o'clock in the afternoon on the following day, or when such last named day is a holiday, then before 12 o'clock noon on the afternoon of the succeeding day, file in the office of the clerk of the municipality a statutory declaration in accordance with the terms contained in section 311 of this act, or to the like effect, that he possesses the necessary qualification for the office, and in default of his so doing such candidate shall be deemed to have resigned, and his name shall be removed from the list of candidates and shall not be printed on the ballot papers."

In the past qualification papers have been filed after polling; now they must be filed before.

Death of Sergeant Stubbs.

Bancroft Times:—On Tuesday morning at Bird's Creek Samuel Stubbs, a Crimean veteran, answered the last roll call and was gathered to his fathers.

The deceased, who was 81 years of age, spent twenty-one years in the regular service, and for fifteen years held the post of recruiting sergeant in the 41st Welsh Regiment and Co. Dublin Militia.

He had been a resident of Bird's Creek for a number of years, coming here from Madoc. The remains were interred in St. John's church cemetery, Rev. C. Dixon performing the funeral obsequies.

The Rawdon Conservative Association held its annual meeting at the Town Hall last week, Mr. T. C. McConnell was again chosen President for the next year.

A Famous Church Reduced to Ruins.

St. Michael's, Belleville, is Destroyed by Fire. Loss is Over $75,000.

Belleville, Dec. 17.—St. Michael's Church, the only Roman Catholic church in this city, was this morning destroyed by fire, and the Roman Catholics are heartbroken.

The fire was discovered about 1.15, and when the firemen got there the entire interior was a mass of flames, which were bursting out of the windows and doors. A few minutes after the firemen arrived the roof fell in. This morning only the massive stone walls are standing.

CONGREGATION IS HEART-BROKEN.

The parishioners of St. Michael's feel their loss very keenly. The aged parish priest, Rev. Monsignor Farrely, who a few years ago celebrated his golden jubilee in the priesthood, is completely prostrated with grief.

WAS A BEAUTIFUL STRUCTURE.

St. Michael's Church was the best building in the city, and its altar was not surpassed in any small sized city in Ontario. The church was of Gothic architecture, its massive stone walls giving the idea of enduring solidity. The interior of the church was imposing to a degree, containing masterpieces of art, polished marble pillars and some almost priceless souvenirs. But it was on the altar most of the expense was lavished. The ladies of the Sodality liked nothing so well as adding to its beauty.

LOSS EXCEEDS $75,000.

The loss sustained cannot be expressed in figures as some of the things lost cannot be replaced, but a conservative estimate places the loss at over $85,000. The church was built about 16 years ago and was in splendid repair.

How the fire originated is not known. There had been no fire in the furnace for some days, but there had been fire in the basement.

There was an insurance of $20,000 on the interior decorations of the church.

To the Editor of The Review,—

Dear Sir,—In publishing my report of the minutes of the Township of Madoc Council for October 10th, in the Review, an error crept in by some means which I wish to correct. A motion was passed, granting a rebate of one-third the taxes of Messrs. Wm. Ellis and John N. Moore, not one-half as was inadvertantly published. Please insert this correction and oblige

Yours truly,
Wm. T. Allen,
Tp. Clerk.

Cooper, Dec. 20th, 1904.

East Hastings Conservatives.

Annual Meeting For This Riding For Dominion Purposes.

(Tweed News.)

A largely attended and enthusiastic meeting of the Liberal-Conservatives of East Hastings was held in Murphy's Opera House yesterday afternoon. The meeting opened at one o'clock for the transaction of business and election of officers. Mr. W. J. Allen, ex-M.P.P., president of the association, occupied the chair and opened the meeting with a brief address. After the reading of the minutes by the secretary, Mr. W. J. Moore, the election of officers was proceeded with resulting in the re-election of Messrs. Allen and Moore as president and secretary respectively. Mr. Robert Gordon, of Tweed, was elected treasurer.

Addresses were then delivered by R. R. Gamey, the man from Manitoulin, W. B. Northrup, M.P., J. W. Pearce, and A. A. Richardson, the latter the Conservative candidate for the Legislature in East Hastings.

The Farmer's Christmas.

Among the best things of 1904, we welcome the annual Christmas number of the weekly "Farmers Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont. Like Canada itself, it grows better, and it grows better fast. The progressive farmer is justly proud of so able an ally in his work and enterprise. To have produced so magnificent a number as a regular weekly issue, is a splendid tribute to the capabilties of the editorial and business management. Lovers of the horse and children will be delighted at the tasteful cover. The articles discussing the great problems of practical interest to farmers and homemakers, as well as those of a more entertaining character are both able and graphic, and the illustrations are superb. To properly appreciate the number it must be seen and read, and like the regular issues, must go a long way toward making the farmer's home intelligent and happy and his business prosperous.

Best Remedy For Constipation.

"The finest remedy for constipation I ever used is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says Mr. Eli Butler, of Frankville, N. Y. "They act gently and without any unpleasant effect, and leave the bowels in a perfectly natural condition." Sold by all druggists.

SUGGESTIONS FOR 'XMAS BUYING.

PERFUME.
Latest odors, Best makes, attractive packages. 10c to $3.00.

STATIONERY.
The kind that people approve and admire. Newest shapes and colors. Writing Paper in fancy boxes with Envelopes to match.

HAIR BRUSHES.
Ebony & Cherry Solid Back Brushes, Military Sets. All marked so low that the prices will startle you.

CHOCOLATES.
Christmas joy will not be complete unless you have a box of Ganong's Chocolates. "The finest in the land."

A good stock of Mouth Organs, Purses, Hymn Books, Prayer Books, Bibles, Children's Picture Books at

The Corner Drug Store,
ALEXANDER
Druggist Stationer Optician

Killed by a Pencil.

Little Boy in Peterboro Falls on it to His Death.

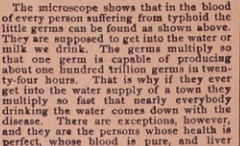
Peterboro, Dec. 19.—Harold, the 6-year-old son of Norman Gainer, Otonabee township, died suddenly today. The boy was sitting on his knees in a chair which was leaning against a table. He slipped and fell heavily to the floor. A slate pencil, which he held in his hand, penetrated his nose for a considerable distance, and inflicted such injuries that the blood clotted in the organ and caused paralysis of the brain. He died a few hours later.

Lingering Cold.

Withstood Other Treatment But Quickly Cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"Last winter I caught a severe cold which lingered for weeks," says J. Urquhart, of Zephyr, Ontario. "My cough was very dry and harsh. The local dealer recommend Chamberla'n's Cough Remedy and guaranteed it, so I gave it a trial. One 25 cent bottle of it cured me. I believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be the best I have ever used." This is one of the most staple medicines in use. Thousands have testified to its excellence. It not only cures a cold quickly and effectually but counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. It is equally valuable for children and may be given to them with implicit confidence. It always cures and is pleasant to take. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains no opium or other harmful drug. Sold by all druggists.

TYPHOID GERMS.



The microscope shows that in the blood of every person suffering from typhoid the little germs can be found as shown above. There are supposed to get into the water or milk we drink. The germs multiply so that one germ is capable of producing about one hundred trillion germs in twenty-four hours. That is why if they ever get into the water supply of a town they multiply so fast that nearly everybody drinking the water comes down with the disease. There are exceptions, however, and they are the persons whose health is perfect, whose blood is pure, and liver active. When the germs get into a healthy body they are thrown off with the other poisons. Recent Chicago statistics show that one-eighth of all the deaths in the past two years in that city have resulted from pneumonia.

The best advice we can give is to put the body into a perfectly sound, healthy condition. Be assured that you have rich, red blood and an active liver.

Many years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, who is consulting surgeon to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y., found certain herbs and roots which, when made into an alterative extract (without the use of alcohol), seemed to be the very best means of putting the stomach, blood and vital organs into proper condition.

This seemed to him as close to nature's way of treating disease as it was possible to go. For over a third of a century Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has had a wonderful sale and the cures resulting from its use are numbered by thousands. It is a tissue-builder, better than cod liver oil because it does not sicken the stomach, or offend the taste. It strengthens or renews the assimilative or digestive processes in the stomach and puts on healthy flesh when the weight of the invalid is reduced below the normal.

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." Nothing else is "just as good."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

Ontario Business College

is the most widely attended in America, and its famous bookkeeping text book, "The Canadian Accountant," is sold throughout the English speaking world. Send for illustrated Catalogues of each to the Principal and author,

J. W. JOHNSON, F.C.A.,
Belleville, Ont.



Sensible 'Xmas. Gifts.

Christmas buyers who are looking for gifts that bear the marks of quality and choice selection will find some things here a little better than elsewhere.

Pocket Knives.
Every kind one can think of, 10 cts. to $1.25.

Table Knives.
The kinds that cut when the meat is tough, 75c. per set up.

Carving Knives,
In pairs or in sets and all good Steel, 75 cts. up. Also a fine line of Carving Sets in Oak Cases,

Razors and Straps.
The Real Safety Razor, only $2.00. The only safety on the market that has the one great thing required of any Razor,—A Full Concaved Blade.

The Real is not a scraper. It is a Razor (Absolutely safe.)

Bokers Razors, 75c. to $1.75 each.

Razor Straps, 25c. to 90 cts.

Also a fine assortment of Genuine Badger Hair Shaving Brushes.

Skates and Hockey Sticks.
A large assortment of patterns and sizes in Henry Boker's celebrated Hockey Skates, 35c. to $2.50 per pair.

Hockey Sticks, 10c. to 50c. each.

Sleds, a good assortment of Sleds, 25c. to $1.25.

Sleigh Bells.
Genuine Swedish Sleigh Bells. Their tone is of exquisite quality. Noted for strength and durability.

Don't buy your Sleigh Bells until you have heard the Genuine Swedish Sleigh Bells.

We also have a full line of Shaft-Gongs, Team Bells, etc.

Food Choppers.
Our Russwin Food Choppers are sold with a guarantee and are warranted to give satisfaction. Two sizes.

We have also a full line of Lamps, Burners and Chimneys, Silverware, Heavy Gloves and Mitts, Cross-cut Saws, Axes, etc.

M. W. CONNOR & SON,

Pennoline Brand American Coal Oil is the best illuminating Oil in the world. Try it. Only 25c. per gallon.

THE DOMINION BANK

Capital and Reserve, $6,000,000
Total Assets, - $35,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, — TORONTO
T. G. Brough, General Manager.

MADOC BRANCH.

A general banking business transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of $1 and upwards received, and Interest allowed at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly.

F. COTTLE,
Manager.

JAMES C. DALE,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office—J. C. Dale & Co., Bankers.

F. E. O'FLYNN,
Barrister and Solicitor.
Belleville, - - Ont.

W. J. MOORE, B.C.L.,
Barrister and Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer.
Office—Over the Review Office, Madoc.
Money to Loan,
Solicitor for the Dominion Bank.

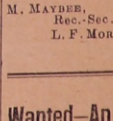
D. E. K. STEWART,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Madoc, Ontario.
Money to loan on first mortgages at lowest rates.
Solicitor for J. C. Dale & Co., Bankers.
Solicitor for Murphy, Gordon & Co., Bankers, Tweed.

WILLIAM CROSS, LL.B.,
Barrister and Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer.
Appraiser at Madoc for The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation.
Money to loan at 5 per cent. on good farm security. No commission. No valuation fee.
Office—Wood Block, Madoc.

DR. HARRISON,
Physician, Surgeon, etc.
Graduate of Queen's University, Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.
Special attention given to Diseases of women and children.
Office—Opposite Methodist Church

DR. HARPER,
Graduate of Trinity University
Fellow of Trinity Medical College, Licentiate of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
Office—Durhamstreet, Dale's Block, Madoc.

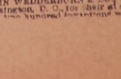
Madoc Lodge, No. 195, A.O.U.W.



The Ancient Order of United Workmen meets every first and third Friday of each month in Moon's new block. Visiting brethren are cordially welcomed.

M. Maybee, Master Workman. W. H. McBain, Recorder

Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I.O.O.F.



Meets in Oddfellows' Hall, Wilson Block, every Monday evening at the hour of 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren will always be cordially welcomed.

M. Maybee, Rec.-Sec. J. C. Dale, Noble Grand
L. F. Morrice, Fin. Sec.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer [illegible]

About the ....House

SELECTED RECIPES.

Apple Dumplings (No. 1)—One cup of chopped suet; two cups of flour; one teaspoonful of salt; mix with cold water into a dough, put the apples in as for pudding; tie in little cloths; drop into boiling water; boil one hour. Use any sauce, or sugar only.

Apple Dumplings (No 2)—Stir a beaten egg with a cupful of thick cream. Sift one teaspoonful of baking powder and a quarter teaspoonful of salt into three cupfuls of flour. Make into dumplings, inclosing pared and cored apples, and boil half an hour. If the dough is too stiff add more cream or milk.

No-Egg Cake—One cup of sugar and one-half cup of butter, beaten to a cream. One cup of milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one cup of raisins, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Spice with cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. This can be used as pudding with sweet sauce.

Lemon Butter—One-half pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, three eggs, the grated rind and juice of two lemons. Mix and simmer, stirring all the time until thick. This is very good as a relish with bread and butter.

Zweibach—Cut light white bread three-quarters inch thick, dry in oven until it can be crushed between the fingers. Be sure and do not brown. Now put into a toaster, pass quickly over a hot fire until light brown. If you brown in the oven itis spoiled. It should dry in a warm oven three hours.

Paprika Snitzel—Cut two pounds of thick veal steak into small pieces, roll in seasoned flour, fry brown in salt pork fat. Remove the meat from the pan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour to the remaining fat, brown lightly, and pour in gradually the strained liquor from a pint can of tomatoes. Add a slice each of onion and carrot, three bay leaves and a bit of mace, then return the meat to the sauce, cover closely and simmer three-quarters of an hour. When done, remove the meat, add a little more salt if necessary to the sauce, a large pinch of paprika and strain on to the platter. (The pork fat helps to season it.)

Corn Meal Muffins—One pint of meal; a level teaspoonful of soda; the same of salt. Into this pour a pint of buttermilk. Mix thoroughly. Into this break an egg and beat all together. Have muffin molds quite hot (I used iron molds) and greased with lard, the size of a walnut. Pour the grease from the hot molds into the batter, stir together and put into the molds. Flour muffins and graham flour muffins are made in the same way, using white flour or graham flour instead of meal. Bake muffins in a quick oven.

Baked Bean Croquettes—Press cold beans through a ricer or sieve. To each pint add a few drops of tabasco sauce, two tablespoons of tomato sauce, and, if baked, a teaspoon of grated horseradish. Shape into balls with a teaspoonful of whole beans in the centre of each; roll in sifted bread crumbs, cover with beaten eggs and roll again in crumbs. Fry in fat and drain on paper, serving at once.

Eggs Benedict—Split and toast English muffins. For each half muffin have a poached egg and some thin rounds of ham, and for three eggs some Hellandaise sauce. Make the sauce by beating one-quarter cup of butter to a cream, beat in yolks of two eggs, add a dash of salt and pepper; cook the mixture with one-quarter cup of boiling water and a tablespoonful of lemon juice until it thickens. Dip the edges of the muffins in hot, salted water, spread with butter and cover with ham. Place eggs above the hams and pour over the eggs the sauce.

Hot Ham Sandwiches—Spread half the slices of bread for sandwiches with butter, the ther half with minced ham. Press slices together; beat an egg, add half a cup of cream and soak sandwiches a few seconds. Heat two tablespoons of butter and brown the sandwiches on both sides.

Ginger Jelly—Make ordinary lemon jelly, according to directions on gelatine package. Just before the jelly is hard stir in half a cup of preserved ginger. Set away to cool and serve with whipped cream, flavored with a tiny suggestion of brandy.

Roast Lamb and Banana Croquettes—Rub salt and pepper over a leg of lamb, dredge with flour and set on rack in baking-pan. Baste frequently with bacon fat melted in hot water. Remove coarse shreds from bananas, trim to a cylindrical shape. Roll in egg, then in sifted bread crumbs seasoned with salt and pepper and fry in hot fat. Drain and serve with parsley on dish with the roast.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Milk should be used to cleanse oil cloth.

A pinch of salt put into starch will prevent its "sticking."

A bit of raw onion will remove fly specks from gilding withopt injury to the gilding.

A rough flatiron may be made smooth by rubbing it when warm over a teaspoonful of salt.

The white spots on a varnished surface will disappear if a hot flatiron is held over them for a second.

Hard soap is better than grease to quiet squeaking doors or to make unwilling bureau drawers submissive.

A tablespoonful of powdered alum sprinkled in a barrel of water will precipitate all impurities to the bottom.

Dip your brooms in a kettle of strong suds every week or two; they will last longer and be easier on the carpets.

A young woman florist of London has adopted with success the rather novel idea of tying her boquets with black velvet ribbons.

One great secret of washing flannels so they will not shrink is to dry them quickly. When nearly dry they should be pressed with a not very hot iron.

Silk fabric that is to be laid away should not be folded in white paper, lest the lime used in bleaching it may have an injurious effect upon the color of the silk.

A free use of salt is suggested as a preventative of the buffalo moth. picture wires and cords off their hooks. It saves much climbing up and down.

Canned sardines, carefully browned on a double-wired gridiron and served with lemon, are appetizing.

The best way to discipline one's heart against scandal is to believe all stories to be false which ought not to be true.

Canned tomatoes are more delicious baked than stewed. About ten minutes before removing from the oven spread buttered bread crumbs over the top.

Where it is desirable to see the tongue of a very small child, the object may be accomplished by touching the upper lip with a bit of sweet oil, which will cause the child to produce its tongue.

To keep irons from rusting wrap them in common brown paper and put them away in a dry place. If they have become rusty they may be made smooth and bright by putting some white sand on a smooth board and rubbing the iron over it several times.

A simple way to treat a burn is to cover all portions of it and the surrounding flesh with oil—sweet or castor oil answers very well—sprinkle heavily with dry flour and bandage at once with linen. The first object is to exclude the air and relieve the pain.

Now shoes can be worn with as much ease as old ones if they are stuffed to the shape of the foot with cloth or paper and patiently sponged with hot water. Or if they pinch in some particular spot, a cloth wet with hot water and laid across the place will cause immediate and lasting relief.

In summer time children and girls of larger growth are apt to have their white dresses injured by grass stains. One of the best remedies, indeed, it is the only effective one, for removing these stains is to rub molasses on them thoroughly, letting it remain until the garments are washed in the usual way, when it will be seen that the dark, green stains have disappeared.

Says an experienced housekeeper: "I believe that the keynote to flannel washing is 'never to rub or wring,' and the other conditions will not affect the case. The water may be hot or cold; the irons, which are more or less rubbers, should be used as sparingly as possible, and should, therefore, be used very hot; the soap must, of course, not be rubbed on, and, to put the matter into a nutshell, 'let there be no rubbing or wringing,' and there will be no thickening or shrinking."

OLD-TIME CUSTOMS.

The German children probably believe more firmly in Kriss Kringle, or Santa Claus, than do the children of any other nation. Germany is the birthplace of Kriss Kringle, and the wonderland of fable and poetry. German children are taught to love the Christ Child. In many parts of the country it is the custom on the morning before Christmas to let a figure representing the Christ-Child move past the window of the room where the little ones sleep. Half awake only, in the grey of the morning they see this little child-figure flit dimly past, and they go to sleep again in the blissful consciousness that the Christ-Child has not forgotten them, and that they will have an abundance of presents around the tree in the evening.

A beautiful custom in Norway and Sweden is the Christmas feeding of birds. Bunches of oats are placed on the roofs of house, on fences and trees. Cartloads of sheaves are brought into towns for this purpose, and both rich and poor buy and place them everywhere. The sentiment is that a man must be very poor indeed if he cannot spare a farthing to feed the little birds on Christmas Day. In many of the valleys watch is kept during the whole of the night, and all are merry; candles are kept burning at the windows and the people flock to church at four o'clock in the morning, each carrying a torch.

In some districts, immediately after the service, everyone hurries from church, either on foot or in sleighs, for there is an old saying that he who gets home first will have his crop first harvested. At this holiday season the peasant girls throw straw at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack a lover will come courting during the year.

In 1652, the question of Christmas was brought up in parliament. They decided it was not in harmony with the Scriptures; pronounced it "anti-Christian" and abolished it. So the jolly Lord of Misrule became an outlaw, and the old picturesque Christians faded away in the severity of the Puritan atmosphere, but with the nineteenth century came a revival. The new Christmas was merry, but quieter. What it lost in noise and frolic it made up in cheerfulness and good-will."

She—"Women may gossip sometimes but they have better control of their tongues than men have." He—"You are right. Men have no control whatever of women's tongues."

Miss Dillon's Doubts

Miss Dillon watched them from the drawing-room window. They had finished their set of tennis and were seated, cooling themselves, on the garden-seat.

His straw hat was tilted back, revealing iron-grey hair about the brows, and plain, rugged features, strongly marked by experience. Her hat had been thrown aside; the youthful, golden hair and pretty, but characterless features stood out in strong contrast to his. The watcher sighed.

He was Miss Dillon's old and trusted friend, Roland Mathwaite; she was her niece, Enid Nevill. Mathwaite would never see thirty-eight again; the girl had only six months ago emerged from her teens. Marriages with that disparity in years and between such opposing temperaments are not always the happiest ones. So Miss Dillon sighed.

Next moment she corrected herself with a little pat for her foolishness, and feverishly resumed her kitting. As usual her imagination was running away with her.

Only a romantic old maid could possibly see anything loverlike in their relations. Roland was studying Enid as a man vividly interested. In human nature—its shallows as well as its depths—studies some bright-winged butterfly that flits into his track.

It could never be supposed for an instant that one who had seen life and had hewn out of difficult circumstances a character standing four-square to all the winds of Heaven, would marry a girl, frivolous as a fairy, unstable as a weather-cane, without one of the high mental interests that engrossed him.

So Miss Dillon rated herself for her folly.

The next minute she looked up. The knitting-needles collapsed in her lap.

Without apparent cause the couple on the garden-seat had drawn much closer together. Roland had bored with the handle of his racquet quite a big hole in the turf—and a man only does that when he is either angry or about to make love.

Enid, too, had lost her careless attitude, and was studying with attention—far more diligent and persistent attention than she ever bestowed on any one thing—the excavation which he was unconsciously making. Unless they suspected the existence of hidden treasure—no, it was impossible.

Although there was little danger of her being seen from below, Miss Dillon drew the window-curtain rather more in front of her.

A few more stitches, but it was no good; Miss Dillon simply had to look again. And this time she sharply drew in her breath.

Roland had lost interest in the hole and, looking full at Enid, was earnestly addressing her. She glanced up at him, and then, apparently half-frightened by his earnest manner, looked away again. There was no shadow of a doubt now; Roland was proposing.

Had Miss Dillon followed her natural instinct, she would have tapped at the window, and thus interrupted these foolish proceedings.

As it was, she summoned all her will-power to make Enid give a flippant, evasive answer, which would allow Roland time and opportunity to recover from his fit of temporary madness.

But, alas, for the limits of the human will! Enid, looking as serious as she had ever looked in her life, replied something at which his face beamed, and his hand, wavering uncertainly in mid-air, landed on her knee.

With a cold shiver Miss Dillon sank back in her chair. The deed was done.

Ah, if she had not nipped in the bud Enid's late half-serious flirtation with that young man of parts, if not of brains, Roger Monro! It was a vain regret.

When Miss Dillon ventured to look out of the window again, Roland had disappeared. Enid had dropped her tennis racquet on the grass, and was sitting back with upturned face and a far-away look in her eyes, succeeded by a smile of great contentment. At the same instant Roland's step was heard crossing the hall.

Miss Dillon went hot and cold by turns. Down fell the knitting on her lap; another moment would have involved it in a hopeless muddle.

He was coming in to break the news and seek her congratulations. She just would be more than coldly polite. She would require to express keen pleasure at the outcome of events and cordially wish them the happiest of futures together. And Miss Dillon prided herself on her prevailing sincerity of speech!

He was inside the room, coughing nervously, as a man does weighted with intelligence of such great personal moment.

"Ah, Sophy, busy as usual?"

For a pretence Miss Dillon picked up her work.

"Yes, Roland." They had called one another by their Christian names for many years.

"I was wondering if you wouldn't care to come out into the garden for a little. Enid and I are enjoying the sunshine."

He could not deceive her by his assumption of ease and light-hearted superficiality. She read the dire confession trembling on his lips.

"I was thinking of having a doze here. I might only be in the way in the garden."

He looked puzzled.

"In the way?"

"Yes; I saw you in very deep conversation with Enid,"

Why she was helping him out she hardly knew. He did not deserve, and was not to receive, the smallest assistance in disclosing his news. But Miss Dillon was too feverishly anxious to be assured of the very worst to follow her intention.

He pulled a chair towards her and sat down. He was visibly less at ease now. He did not sit straight on the seat, but in an awkward attitude that would inevitably give him the cramp. Usually most self-possessed, he pulled awkwardly at his moustache and smoothed out an imaginary crease in his trousers.

"Sophy, we were talking deeply. It was about you."

She started in spite of herself. He was so appallingly abrupt.

"I think I know what you were saying, Roland. I shan't mind it—not in the least."

It was his turn to look surprised, but only for a moment. Next instant he was down on his knees beside her, with his arm—yes, actually his arm—around Miss Dillon's waist.

"Dear Sophy!"

"I shall be a bit lonely of course at first, but I shall get accustomed to it. And then I shall be happy in seeing you and Enid happy together."

He gazed at her thunderstruck. His arm slowly relaxed.

"You never supposed, Sophy——"

"Not just at first, but when I saw you both just now—oh, I shall get accustomed to it!"

She had meant not to reveal her inmost feelings, and here her agitation had brought about this clumsy repetition. She felt herself trembling beneath his gaze, more penetrative than ever now. If only he would go and leave her quietly to herself!

But Roland had no such intention. He crossed his legs like a man relieved in mind, and with a smile put his hand on Miss Dillon's.

"You've been torturing yourself with vain fears, Sophy. This won't separate us?"

Pride asserted itself in the lift of her head.

"Oh, but I shouldn't think of being with you two; then I should travel. Enid has another sister who could go with me. I've not visited Italy yet. Rome must be a wonderfully interesting place."

Bitterly she realised her poor histrionic abilities. Her pathetic, quavering little voice was carrying no conviction with it. How could she convince another when she was unconvinced herself? If only he would have mercy and leave her!

"Sophy! You've rather misunderstood what Enid and I were saying to one another."

She threw him a look which said "Impossible!"

"We were discussing you. I was asking Enid how she would feel if—oh, surely you can guess now!"

She returned blankly his eager gaze. In her agitation there did not dawn upon her the reason for his pouted lips, outspoken eyes, irresistible surrender of his whole soul through his face.

"If I took you away from her, Sophy?"

"From her? How? Why?"

Perhaps Miss Dillon's denseness was all for the best, since it caused him to abandon restraint.

"To be my wife. My lovely growing love is usually the best; mine has been that. I know your feelings. When you said just now—and repeated—that you would get accustomed to seeing Enid and myself together—oh, it was as though you were ringing your own death-knell."

She shivered and crept into his arms. Revulsion of feeling had arrested all power of speech. Presently she breathed:

"It was a shocking lie. But Enid, Roland? She didn't seem to mind?"

"Rather the reverse! It appears that is spite of all you did to prevent it, she has arranged matters with Roger Monro. I promised to make it all right with you."

The knowledge of possession was too much for Miss Dillion. She looked out at the radiant sunshine—ten thousand times more radiant now than five minutes b)fore—which had brought summer to the world; then back into the face of her middle-aged yet boyish lover who had brought summer to her heart—and said with a sense of not wholly unselfish satisfaction:

"I'm so glad, Roland, it wasn't Enid. You really would not have been at all suited to one another."
—Pearson's Weekly.

AS GOOD AS HER WORD.

Old Mr. Makepeace was in a reminiscent mood. "Did I ever tell ye what mother said to me when I got up spunk enough to ask her — in words—if she'd have me?" he began, to the delight of his grandson, Fred.

"No, but something bright, I'll warrant," chuckled Fred, with a glance at the old lady, who calmly regarded them from her rocking-chair by the fireplace.

"I can't recall the preliminary remarks," Mr. Makepeace continued; "and anyway, I think they were a trifle mixed. But finally, after I'd said something about my prospects, to make it businesslike, I began to think it strange she didn't say anything, and I was afraid I was getting it all wrong.

"'I'll make ye a good husband, Betty,' I said, hoping that was the right thing.

"'If I should marry you, John,' she said, and it was the first time she had opened her lips, 'I will attend to making a good husband of you.'

"And she has!" laughed old Mr. Makepeace, the corner of his eye on his wife.

GOVERNMENT POULTRY FARM.

The Tasmanian Government poultry farm, which has been established since 1899, has been worked at a profit, even though it is not carried out on commercial lines. The particular aim of the farm is to supply persons with desirable birds at moderate prices. At a recent show a judge from New South Wales offered $52.50 for a bird which was purchased from the Government farm for $1.25.

SIFTON ON RECIPROCITY

INTERVIEW WITH MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

West Not Anxious to Have American Duty Taken Off Wheat.

The Toronto News published a remarkable interview with Hon. Mr. Sifton, Minister of the Interior, obtained by Mr. E. W. Thomson, formerly one of the editors of the Toronto Globe and afterward one of the editors of the Youth's Companion, of Boston, who has recently been in Canada writing a series of articles for a Boston paper on Canadian affairs. As Mr. Thomson is well known as a very reliable writer and his articles have all been exceedingly favorable to the Laurier Government, this interview must be regarded as authentic. It is exceedingly important as showing the attitude of the Minister of the Interior on the questions of Reciprocity and Protection.

After an introductory paragraph highly praising Mr. Sifton, Mr. Thomson proceeds to give Mr. Sifton's views on Reciprocity as follows:

Sir Wilfred Laurier, as I disclosed recently in a published letter, would probably favor a conference with Washington on reciprocity, if Washington made advances in conformity with Laurier's proviso that there is no use talking about the thing unless reason can be shown for an opinion that the United States, particularly their Senate, will agree to confine reciprocity to natural products and materials more or less raw for manufacture. First and last I am very much of the same opinion, as I happen to know by having had a talk with him some little time ago on the matter. Now for Sifton:

"I have no objection to your using my name," he said. "Quite willing to be interviewed. You suppose our West to be a unit in favor of reciprocity in naturals. It is not so. Certainly, I used to favor such reciprocity. But I am not like some people we both know—I can learn. I do not say that the Canadian West, and myself, might not approve free, or much more free exchange of natural products with the States. It depends on what arrangements could be made for permanency of the arrangement. We could not afford to risk much on a market that might be hastily closed to us.

NO SHORT TERM TREATY.

"Canadians have not forgotten the lesson of 1866, when Washington abrogated the reciprocity treaty of 1854. This country had got into the way of adapting its production, and very largely its entire business, to the American market. Canada was fattened out for years by the abrogation of the treaty. No more of that for me. We have adapted our production and business to the independent, self-sufficient policy that has been pursued for many years now. Does anybody of good sense imagine we will give that up, and undertake a re-adaptation to the United States market on a bargain extending over any short term, or which could be done away with by a few years' notice from Washington? No.

"Could the necessary permanence be secured? I have not given so much thought to that as would warrant me in replying yea or nay. What use in studying a question that is unlikely to come up soon. Washington has not shown any distinct intention of proposing a conference on the only sort of reciprocity that Canada could judiciously discuss. I am not one of the infallible people who know everything by instinct. Time enough to talk about how to secure permanency of reciprocity in "naturals" when Washington and Ottawa shall have discussed things, and got to an agreement that they would both like to make permanent.

WEST AND FREE WHEAT.

"As to wheat. I am far from surb that the West cares to have the American duty taken off wheat. You stare. But consider that our interest is to have the first-class wheat of our West milled in Winnipeg or Rat Portage, instead of Minneapolis. We want to export it as flour, as much as possible. That will give us two profits. It is true that in present circumstances, with Winnipeg not fully developed as a flouring point, Minneapolis can offer a trifle more for our wheat during a few weeks after harvest than Winnipeg can. But it is just as cheap to haul flour to the sea from Winnipeg or the Lake of the Woods as from Minneapolis. It will be cheaper all the year round pretty soon. I mean as soon as we get our waterways improved to the utmost and our almost dead level first-class rational transcontinental railway built. That completion is only a few years ahead. So we do not need, and do not much wish to have our wheat ground as feeding dependent on Minneapolis prices. At any rate the price paid for wheat is really made in Liverpool, just as the Minneapolis operators told you last fall on the floor of their wheat exchange. I am not saying that there would be no early profit to our wheat growers if the United States duty of 25 cents a bushel on wheat were removed. But it is not the height of wisdom to want the American duty taken off when one of its effects is to promote flour milling in Canada, and hamper it in the States. Of course, Minneapolis might be enabled to grind our wheat in bond, the United States duty remaining, but grinding in bond is a bit bothersome and slightly expensive. No, I see little reason to suppose we would wish, in any case, to put an export duty on wheat for the purpose of preventing Minneapolis from grinding it. The millers there have got to have it—that is the nub of the situation, and Washington will have to take off the duty sooner or later, or let Minneapolis lose its flour trade. Why should Canada care to give much in the way of reciprocity to have the duty taken off presently?

U. S. TRUSTS POWERLESS.

"No. I do not take much stock in the notion that the American milling interest could dominate the wheat growing interest in our West under complete reciprocity. Trusts cannot work in Canada to the detriment of farmers and consumers. Our political system is such that we can knock out any trust in short order as soon as the people want it done. Here Parliament has unlimited powers to regulate such concerns. You saw what we did with the American Tobacco Company last session? Compelled them to give up their monopoly system by arranging to take away their license to manufacture if they should prove defiant. Well, an omnipotent Parliament can get at any trade combination in any way it chooses. We are not made impotent to defend the people against monopolies by such a complication of written constitutions and intricate legalities as favors monopolies in the States.

"Yes, there might be some slight temporary gain to our West if there were complete reciprocity in natural products other than wheat. But that gain is scarcely worth bothering about, much less binding ourselves for, and especially it is not worth the adopting of our business to a treaty that might be abrogated at short notice.

TARIFF ON IMPLEMENTS.

"As to the advantage our West would gain by taking the duties off Canadian agricultural machinery, and other United States manufactures, I tell you that the people of our West are willing to stand the present Canadian tariff. The elections surely showed that. They are not kicking. This Government has got the people of Canada everywhere to recognize that the country can't be developed without a tariff, and the West is aware of getting a fair share of the expenditure that Customs taxation enables us to make.

"Reciprocity is not precisely in the line of our transportation development. The preference to Great Britain is. We have pretty well overcome the difficulties of geography. By the canals and waterways and railways that we have constructed and developed our commerce flows along lines of latitude; not northward and southward. We are fixed now to deal with Europe, and especially with Great Britain. There is an unlimited market there for pretty much everything we raise.

WILL ADHERE TO PREFERENCE.

"It is far from sure that reciprocity with the States would consist with the preference to Great Britain. We are not likely to stop that. It pays us well. If England should reciprocate it would pay us still better. I am not predicting she will. We can get along finely anyway. But, mind this our interest is to favor the country that is naturally and politically inclined to promote our interests to send us immigrants, to lend us money on easy terms, to watch our successes with rejoicing. Best to child is mother. For all that, I am not saying that it would suit Canada to enter into any rigid trade agreement even with Great Britain. If she chooses to give us a preference, well and good. If not, all right. To get one we might possibly bind ourselves to something, but I am not sure we would. No use balking before one sees the cart. That is as good regarding the reciprocity as regarding the Imperial preference business.

CANADA IN GOOD SHAPE.

"Fact is, the only right way to size up the mind of Canada is to consider that we are getting along prosperously, that we are seeking no favors from any quarter, that we do not seem to need any, that our inclination is all to hoe our own row, or paddle our own canoe, that we are a business Government for a business people, which implies that we are not going to throw any good thing away if it be tendered on conditions that we can honorably and profitably accept.

"I don't think I need say any more just now. You are off. Well, don't forget to repeat permanency, permanency, permanency. Or the difficulty of securing it. That is the consideration which seems to me most obstructive of reciprocity with neighbors who are as keen as we are getting to believe we are ourselves.

GOT BEYOND THAT.

One of the principal stockholders in a promising gold-mine was expatiating on its merits to a capitalist and prospective investor. He described the vein in which the miners were working, showed him specimens of the ore, and backed up his statements with the written opinions of experts.

"Well," admitted the capitalist, "it looks as if it might be a good investment. As my old Uncle Hiram would say, it has 'pints.'"

"Pints?" exclaimed the stockholder, carried away perhaps by his overanxiety. "Why, sir, we're in quarts right now!"

MISCHIEVOUS RATS.

In Uganda rats are some of the worst opponents to their work which missionaries have to contend against. The Bibles sent out by the Church Missionary Society to the natives are promptly eaten by the Uganda rats, which overrun the country in enormous swarms and devour any book they come across. Bibles going to Uganda are now bound in tin, which preserves them from being destroyed by vermin.

Mrs. Nolan had made some disparaging remarks about the costume of her husband's bosom friend, Mr. Herlihy, and they were promptly resented. "His hat is turning grey wid age,' is it?" said Mr. Nolan, with fine scorn, "and his boots is rusty and cracked-a-bit, did I hear ye say? Listen now to me. Mary Nolan If every man's hat an' boots covered as warrm a heart as [illegible] Herlihy's there'd be more pro[illegible] min in the world!"

A Christmas Toboggan

In a sheltered cleft on the mountain side where the scraggy pines made polite obeisance to their bare-headed neighbors, the Half-way house had stood, a harbinger of comfort, for a score of years.

And now, though the old stage lay rotting in the valley and the traveler thundered along by rail beneath its very foundations, the friendly gables seemed beckoning to imaginary guests.

To-night, too, the pine branches crackled merrily on the wide hearth, as if the snubs of a progressive public were not worth minding, lighting up the long, low room in the gloaming of the Christmas Eve.

Two women conversed in tender monotone in the cheery illumination, and the elder was saying: "The paper cannot be found and, of course, the property goes to your Uncle Hermon."

The other rose wearily from her place before the fire and stood leaning her head against the black old-fashioned mantel.

"Then uncle really intends taking our home away from us?" she said, interrogatively, looking down into the patient mother face.

"Certainly, my daughter," came the reply in cheerful resignation, "and he expects to take possession soon, too. But your father always made much of the Christmas time, and, for his sake, we will keep the day gladly, you know."

"Yes, I know," and the girl turned away toward the next room, tucking up her sleeves with little gingerly thrusts as she went.

The brace of partridges Brother Ned had snared the day before made a pretty picture as they waited, plump and round, for the last turn of the skewer. After they were ready for the morrow's roasting the tall, queenly girl went over to the open doorway a moment to contemplate the picturesque landscape she had loved all her life.

"Even the scrubby oaks are restful up here," she mused, "and I don't see how I am to bring myself to be turned out like—a beggar!"

Making a sudden dash at her eyes with her handkerchief, she resumed; "Of course, if mother is bent on having a sunny Christmas in the face of it all, why, I won't be shadowy."

Hearing a cheery whistle outside she continued: "Ned doesn't care about it—boys don't. O yes" (correcting the uncharitable thought), "he does care, but not as I do."

The mother rocked to and fro before the fragrant blaze, humming an old refrain. The dusk gathered gloomily in the corners of the room while the dancing light glinted along the smoky rafters as if eager to dispel all thought of loneliness.

Mrs. Cameron glanced upward. In the years agone, when the rafters were not so smoky and the dear old rooms not so dingy as now, the Half-way house was the social hub of the mountain side. But now—

A sturdy lad of 12 years came bustling in with his arms full of holly and his pockets full of mail.

"The road down to the village is as smooth as glass," he said, brushing the snowflakes from his clothes on to the bright hearth. "Horses will have to be sharp shod to make the slide to-morrow, I know."

Handing some letters to his mother, he began to plan for a "jolly good time" the next day, while he separated the sprays of the glossy evergreen.

Attracted by his festive manner, his sister volunteered to help, and fell to sorting the crimson clusters for decorating the table and brightening up the rooms on the morrow.

"Of course he can't care much," she whispered, rebelliously, watching the satisfaction shining on the boyish face.

"We'll have popcorn and chestnuts, and browned birds—and everything," cried Ned, as his plans bubbled over.

"Everything," repeated his sister, bitterly, "and then by and by have nothing."

But Ned did not hear, for his mother was saying: "Here's a note from Cousin Jessie," while a smile lighted up her careworn face.

Then she passed the paper to Edith, murmuring: "All winter long in the dear old house."

"Papa has concluded to let you stay in the house until spring, as he cannot find a tenant before that time. He will stop on his way to Fulton's in the morning and talk with you about the matter," was what Edith read. Then she laid the slip of paper on her brother's palm, wondering if by that time anything would happen that they would not have to go at all.

Ned tossed the note into the maternal lap contemptuously and his sunny face darkened. "Who cares for his charity extension, I'd like to know?" he exclaimed. "It's only because he can't do otherwise and make it pay."

His lip curled disdainfully and quivered into silence. He did "care," after all, poor little brother. And Edith's heart smote her as she kissed his flushed cheek in sisterly sympathy. After all, he had been braver than she.

"It's a veritable toboggan," exclaimed Hermon Cameron's wife as the fine team cantered up the treacherous "slide." "Really I am afraid of an accident."

"Fudge, Mrs. Faintheart; what can happen?" laughed her husband, gayly, as he cracked his whip over the sleek bays.

Truly, it did not seem possible for anything to happen out of harmony with the lovely holiday. Nevertheless, a few minutes later the serenity of the day was all broken up for the Camerons. Frightened at something by the roadside, the horses became unmanageable and, in a twinkling, becoming detached from the sleigh, ran wildly around the upper turning, throwing Mr. Cameron heavily to the ground.

The impetus of the accident sent the vehicle spinning down the glassy incline, its occupants perfectly helpless to stay their mad flight.

The Fultons, startled to see a runaway team dash into their grounds, ran out to recognize it as that of their friend Cameron, and in a short time they were bending solicitously over the unlucky man who, prone on the Christmas snow, was moaning unconsciously.

"We will take him up to the widow's," said Mr. Fulton, glancing in the direction of the friendly gables, "while you go for the doctor," addressing his son, "and then we will look for the rest of them."

Prudence Cameron prepared a couch for her unfortunate brother-in-law, with a queer sensation tugging at her heartstrings. He had meant to stop, but in this manner. Surely there was a Providence in it.

"Here are some papers we picked up," said Mr. Fulton, laying a roll in the widow's hand. "They must belong to him. Examine them and see. I haven't my glasses with me."

In her own room Mrs. Cameron looked the papers over. "Of course they're his," she mused, unrolling the grimy outer wrapper. Unfolding the inside paper she read: "I hereby give and bequeath the Half-way house to my sister-in-law, Prudence Cameron, and—"

She read no further. Down at the bottom of the instrument was the peculiar chirography of her injured brother-in-law.

"It was never lost!" she exclaimed; "but Hermon never meant that I should see this."

Putting the precious document away carefully, she went downstairs with a queer little smile triumphant on her patient face.

The physician and Hermon's family had arrived and the word was saying: "We went right on tobogganing down to the uneven road at the lower turning. Then the cutter went to pieces against a tree and we were upset, but not hurt."

She ended with a hysterical laugh, as she looked toward the white-faced husband.

"Stunned a considerable, bruised a bit, but fairly ready for his Christmas dinner," said the doctor as he took his leave.

In the kitchen Edith surveyed the brace of partridges and wondered if there was "enough to go round." But while she cogitated the Fultons came in with a bountiful dinner.

"We planned for company," laughed jolly Mrs. Fulton, "and we're bound to have it, even if we meet them half-way." And soon the Christmas cheer filled the lonely old rooms.

In the midst of the merry Christmas dinner Prudence Cameron looked across the table at her brother-in-law who, pillowed up in an arm-chair, was munching a browned bird, and said, playfully: "Christmas gift, Brother Hermon."

"I meant to have brought something," he stammered, in confusion, "but—"

"Thank you, I know you did," interrupted Prudence, her face glowing with victory, "and it is all right. Mr. Fulton gave it to me—the will, I mean—and I thank you again."

Had the house tumbled down the mountain side Hermon Cameron could not have been more surprised. He sank back among the pillows with a suppressed groan. "My heart!" he said, faintly. "My heart!"

"You are hurt more seriously than we thought for!" cried the Fultons, in alarm.

"Oh, no," murmured Hermon. "I am just a little overcome."

And so it proved. But, although he revived and chatted with his friend, Fulton, over the toothsome plum pudding, he did not look Prudence Cameron's way again that day.

And that night Ned sat before the crackling fire on the broad hearth, while the dancing light touched his ruddy face and glinted up along the smoky rafters, and whispered between his palms: "Dear Lord, we are so thankful for the blessed Christmastide; but just now we are thankfuller for the upset of Uncle Hermon!"

HOW DID WE GET CHRISTMAS?

The decorated Christmas tree, laden with presents, will soon be the very general centre of attraction in the homes and churches of America. But why do we get this green fir-tree from the mountain-side, and place it in our homes, to dispense its joy to young and old?

When we study the localities where this part of the Christmas celebration was first introduced, and is most prevalent, we shall notice that it is a distinctively German custom. One hundred years ago we might have found the goose and the mistletoe in the Virginia colonies, in the Knickerbocker settlement of New Amsterdam. Santa Claus, good heilig man, distributed his mysterious packages. In Pennsylvania the Christmas tree was then already held in veneration, and, with the spread of the German element, has now become well-nigh universal. We must then look to das Vaterland for the origin of this peculiar custom.

The old Teutonic and Saxon races in Central and Northern Europe, before the introduction and spread of Christianity, had a great veneration for trees. They would never willingly damage them. Under large trees, especially old oaks, the great councils were held and judgment given; and the graves of this people were found in groves,—they always being buried under the roots of a tree. This all was the result of a superstition that their gods lived in those trees. In the linden-tree Berchta dwelt, a benign spirit who took charge of the babies, and rocked their cradles when the nurses fell asleep; in the oak, Donar, the thunder-god; in the willows, all sorts of spirits; in the elder-trees, the dwarfs. Whenever the festivals of these gods were celebrated, their trees were decorated with lights, wreaths, and guesten (tassels), and offerings were hung in the branches, which, however, were plundered again when the festival was over, the gods being supposed only to appropriate the best.

One of the principal festivals was the Joel-feast (pronounced Yule). "Joel" means "wheel," and represents the sun, which at the end of the year is standing lowest, and then again commences to rise. It was in honor of the god of light, Wuotan, and lasted twelve nights, from December 25th to January 6th. Every work was suspended. The gods were said to walk on earth, and every man had to be at peace with his neighbor if he would not receive an unpleasant visit from some dark deities. Yule-logs (yet in England) were burned on the hearth, and burning wheels were sent rolling from the mountain-sides; and in front of the doors fir-trees were planted, and decorated with lights, and garlands, and offerings,—these trees being chosen because the only ones green in winter-time, signifying that nature is not entirely dead.

When the Christian Church, a few centuries after Christ's death, began to introduce its religion amongst the barbarians of Northern Europe, we find the priests making the new religion acceptable to the people by amalgamating old heathen customs with the Christian festivals. The time of Joel-feast falling together with the time of the Nativity, as accepted by the church, customs of the former were adapted to the latter celebration. At the Reformation, the Reformed Church of France and Holland, in its aversion to all symbols, discarded these accesories; and the Christmas-tree at the present day is entirely unknown in those countries, except by importation. The Lutheran Church of Germany, however, which by its doctrines looked still upon the efficacy of representations, retained the Christmas tree.

Few realize that the Christmas tree is older than Christmas.

Goose-dancing in which men wear women's hats and women men's coats is the Christmas amusement in the Sicilly Isles.

The largest Christmas candles made are nearly 6 feet high, weigh about 40 pounds, are of pure white beeswax, and cost $25 apiece.

The people in the Scandinavian island of Dugo have a curious custom of putting five candles on each branch of the Christmas tree.

WHEN MARY, THE MOTHER, KISSED THE CHILD.

When Mary the Mother kissed the Child
And night on the wintry hills grew mild,
And the strange star swung from the courts of air
To serve at a manger with kings in prayer,
Then did the day of the simple kin
And the unregarded folk begin.

When Mary the Mother forgot the pain,
In the stable of rock bezan love's reign;
When that new light on their grave eyes broke
The oxen were glad and forgot their yoke;
And the huddled sheep in the far hill fold
Stirred in their sleep and felt no cold.

When Mary the Mother gave of her breast
To the poor inn's latest and lowliest guest,
The God born out of the woman's side,
The Babe of Heaven by earth denied,
Then did the hurt ones cease to moan,
And the long-supplanted came to their own.

When Mary the Mother felt faint hands
Beat at her bosom with life's demands,
And nought to her were the kneeling kings,
The serving star and the half-seen wings,
Then was the little of earth made great,
And the man came back to the God's estate.

HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

In the Middle Ages we find the holly called "Christ-thorne," because tradition says Christ's crown was made of holly. When the briars touched his brow they became pointed leaves, and the berries, which before were white, were dyed scarlet with his blood.

The holly trees bristle with thorns to the height of ten feet; above this the leaves are smooth at the edges.

There is an old rhyme:

"Holly and ivy, box and bay,
Put in church on Christmas Day."

This was religiously done each year and the greens allowed to remain until February 2nd, when all the branches must be carefully removed, for if so much as a leaf or a berry should be left, death was supposed to visit the family in whose pew it was found; so the mothers, ever mindful of this tradition, made sure that the church was thoroughly cleansed of every green scrap before any of the family ventured inside.

The wood of the holly is close grained and elastic; it is whiter than any known wood, but when very large the heart wood becomes brown and hard; it is used extensively for whip handles.

Birds can eat the berries without suffering, but upon people they act as a violent emetic.

In Rutland no holly must be carried into the house before Christmas Eve; then, if the leaves be smooth, the wife will be the master for the year; if otherwise, the master himself will rule; they are respectively known as the he-holly and the she-holly.

The American holly is not so dark and glossy, and its berries are less bright than its English cousin, but it is easily grown in dry, loose soils, and especially thrives on the Atlantic coast.

From the time of the Druids until now the mistletoe has always played an important part in English winter festivities. It is a parasite, and in America is generally found at the top of some oak or gum tree right in the middle of a large pool of water. Its brittleness makes it easy to break off.

The people in ancient times used to pay the Druids handsomely for a bit of the precious plant to hang around the neck as a charm against witches.

It was considered sacred because the berries grew in clusters of three, an emblem of the Trinity. The chief priests, robed in white, cut the mistletoe from the oak with a golden sickle.

In Austria a sprig is laid over the doorsill to drive away the nightmare.

In Bavaria it is tied with palm and savin to a hazel stick and hung above the entrance of dwellings so that no witches may come in.

CHRISTMAS PHILOSOPHY.

A holey Christmas stocking catches no gifts.

Cupid is as busy as Santa Claus these days.

A winter opening.—The Christmas stocking.

A white Christmas makes a grave undertaker.

The charity that covers a multitude of sins ought to be ample enough to fill the Christmas stocking of a needy neighbor.

Christmas is the only holiday of the year that brings the whole human family into communion.

Christmas "lippers"—Those who kiss beneath the mistletoe.

A cast-iron turkey may be a substantial Christmas gift to a poor relation, but it is ruinous to digestion.

Christmas Eve proverb.—One stocking on the mantelpiece is worth two on the feet.

Christmas is present time that should always prove pastime.

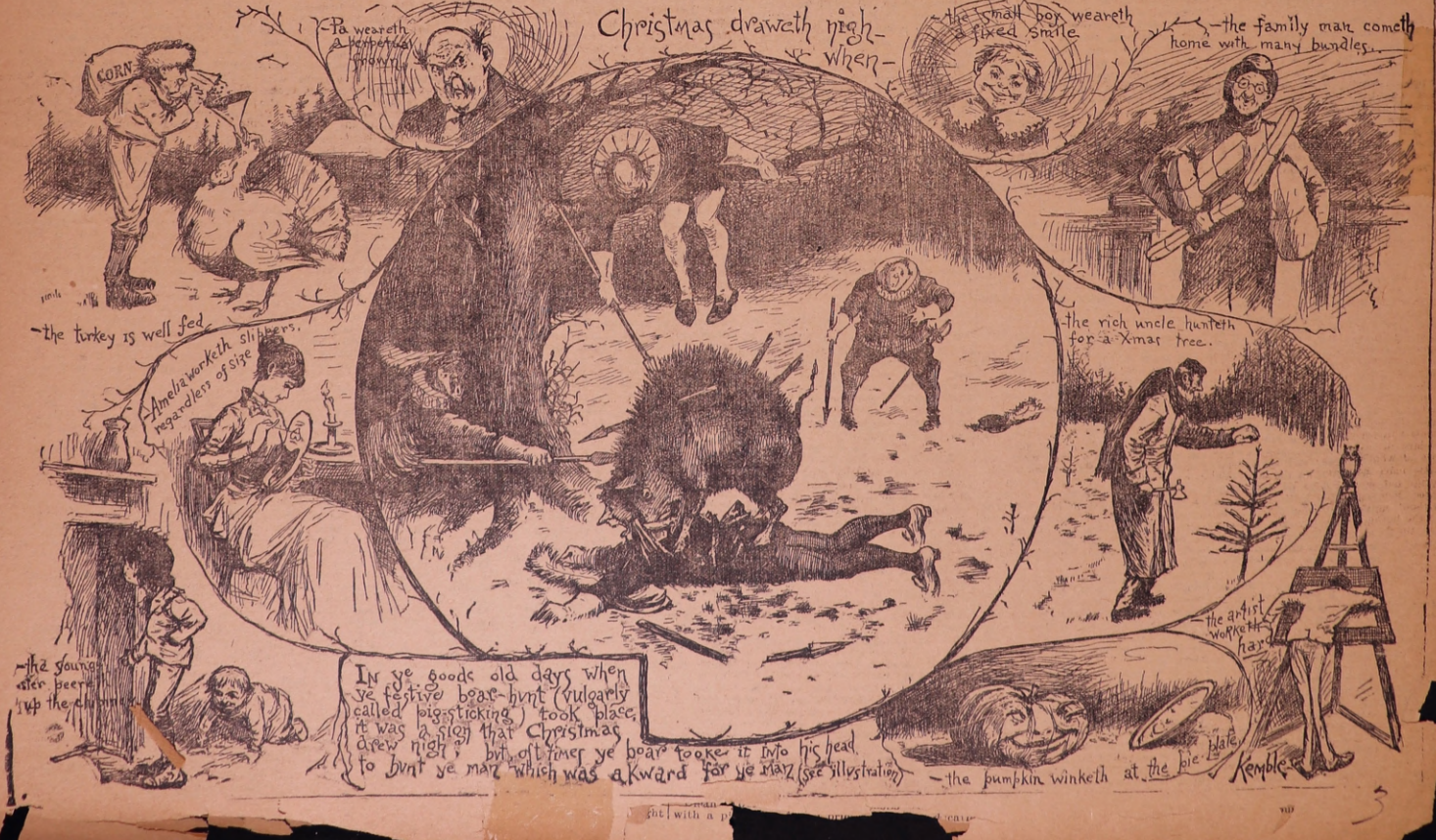
If the sun shines through the apple trees on Christmas Day, there will be an abundant crop the following year.

The mantle of Christmas charity is more comfortable than a fur-lined circular.

A cheap Christmas present.—Offering your heart to the girl whose money you love.

It isn't the longest stocking that catches the most Christmas gifts.

Christmas is coming, but the sweet "buy and buy" is already with us.



THE ETERNAL FOUNDATIONS

Man Must Be Willing to Sacrifice Himself For His Fellow Man

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.—St. Matthew, xxiv., 35.

Amid all this restlessness and dissatisfaction and iconoclasm of the time, the voices of many can be heard asking for some place where they can dwell in peace. They are asking for plain, simple, indisputable facts upon which they can base their lives and build up their characters. They want some facts that are beyond discussion, that are not the products of time or conditions, but are unchanged and eternal, as God Himself.

To meet this demand for fundamental truths we must go to Jesus of Nazareth. To whom else shall we go? He alone has the words of eternal life. The world is coming to realize that the statement He made concerning the enduring value of His teaching was not the assertion of an egotist, but the utterance of one in whom all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

What then are the basal principles upon which the Lord Jesus founded His society and which He has given to us for the upbuilding of a strong and beautiful life?

The first great principal which the Master lays down is that love is the supreme law. He declares that the law which shall govern human conduct is not the law of competition or selfishness or self-seeking, but that the law which must be supreme in life is the law of love. He says that life can be understood and appreciated only as it is interpreted by the law of love.

BEFORE CHRIST'S TIME

the world had been seeking to rule its conduct by some other law than the law of love. It was mainly the law of competition and the survival of the fittest. The strong destroyed the weak; the tribe, the species, which could not defend itself against all comers perished; only the strong survived, all the rest were swept aside in the upward march of life. Then in addition to this struggle for continuance of the tribe or species there came the law of selfishness, when the individual sought for the greatest advantages, regardless of the needs of the other members of the race to which he belonged. Now these two laws are necessary in some degree for the preservation of the life of the universe, but there is another law which is higher and which must be held as supreme at all times and under every circumstance. It is the law of love, and Christ was the first to give this law as the great law which should govern life. He taught that the world could enter into its true life only as it made love the supreme law. Man must be willing to sacrifice himself for his fellow man, and each must learn to bear the others burdens.

This law that Christ gave has changed the face of the earth. All our civilization, all our progress in the arts and sciences, all our knowledge and skill have been the result of the application of this law.

THE CROSS OF CALVARY

stands for more than salvation from death; it stands for salvation to a larger life. That a man must lose his life if he would gain it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt.

The second great principle that Christ lays down for us is that truth is the supreme power. Jesus taught that truth is the one power in the world which cannot be defeated. In this confidence He committed His Gospel into the hands of a few unknown men. With no other weapons He sent forth the little band of faithful followers to conquer the world. He knew that no power could prevail against them because they were armed with the truth.

To seek for the truth, to live for the truth, to die, if need be, for the truth—such is the Gospel of Christ. Error, wrong, falsehood are bound to be discovered and destroyed, only truth can remain. "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be known." It is the unchangeable law of God that truth shall conquer. Christianity itself bears witness to this statement. When Jesus stood on trial for his life He made answer to his judge, the Roman governor:—"To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." And the people cried, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" And Pilate said, "Let him be crucified." And He was crucified. But the truth He came to give the world was not crucified. It lives and grows and

SPREADS AND CONQUERS.

The third great, fundamental principle that we find in the teaching of Christ is that holiness is the supreme ideal. Jesus taught that holiness is the highest state to which the soul can aspire. Without holiness no man can see the Lord. The motto which should be engraven on the arch of the temple of each life should be the motto that God commanded Moses to have engraved on a plate of pure gold and bound on the forehead of the High Priest, "Holiness to the Lord." To strive for purity of heart is the ideal that Jesus sets before His followers. He promises the greatest reward to those who make holiness their ideal. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Here, then, are the three great principles which Christianity gives as the eternal foundations upon which you shall build up your life and character:—Make love the supreme law; hold truth to be the supreme power; take holiness as the supreme ideal—such is the teaching of the One who said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

HOME.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Orange Snowballs.—Boil some rice for ten minutes; drain and let it cool. Pare some oranges, taking off all the thick white skin; spread the rice in as many portions as there are oranges, on some pudding or dumpling cloths; tie the fruit (surrounded with rice) separately in these, and boil the balls for an hour. Turn them carefully on a dish, sprinkle well with sifted sugar. Serve with any kind of sauce or sweetened cream.

Squash Pie.—Boil squash, drain and mash through a colander. Take 3 pts. sweet milk, 4 eggs, teaspoon ginger, 3 of cinnamon and 2½ cups sugar. Beat yolks of eggs, then pour into squash, add sweet milk, sugar and spices. The beaten whites of the eggs are always added last as it makes the pies so light and nice. Bake with one crust until light brown. This recipe is for 2½ qts. of the mashed squash and will make 5 thick pies.

Fig pickles are so rarely offered that they still rank as a novelty in the home preserving list. Use pulled figs and allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit. Make a syrup of the sugar, add a cupful of water to each pound, boil and skim for five minutes, and then drop the figs in and simmer till a straw will penetrate them. Put them in jars in layers with a few cloves, bits of whole cinnamon, and a very little mace between, and cover with syrup, but do not close the cans. For three mornings pour off the syrup without moving the fruit, reheat it to the boiling point, and put it back; the third morning measure it and allow one cupful of vinegar to every three of syrup, boil it up thoroughly, pour at once over the figs and close the cans.

An improvement on old-fashioned chicken pie, which was always a rather insipid dish, is chicken pudding. Cut up two chickens, if a good sized pudding is wanted, and fry them in a very hot saucepan with chopped salt pork and a few slices of onion. The frying is merely to seal the outside, and five minutes is ample time for this. Fill the saucepan [illegible] of boiling water, season with salt and pepper, and stew the chicken until it is quite tender. Remove from the liquor and place in a baking dish. Make a batter with flour, milk, a tablespoonful of butter and three eggs, whites and yokes beaten separately. Pour this over the chicken, and bake. Boil down the liquor in which the chicken was stewed, thicken with flour and butter, and serve in a sauce boat with the pudding.

Maryland Waffles—To 2 eggs, add 1 pt. flour, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup cream, butter size of a walnut, a heaping salt-spoon salt and a scant teaspoon baking powder. Mix baking powder and salt thoroughly in the flour by sifting; rub in the butter. Beat the eggs very light, add the milk and cream and beat thoroughly until the consistency of a thin paste for patties. The iron should be put on to heat some time before using, as in that way it heats more evenly; it should always be heated slowly. When hot, grease thoroughly on one side with a piece of salt pork on a fork, turn and grease the other, close and give the grease a chance to spread, then open and fill. Put the batter directly in the middle and let spread into all the spaces. If filled too full, it runs out, burns and makes a disagreeable smell. A nice sauce to eat with them is made as follows: Make a syrup of sugar and water, and boil it down until it begins to get ropey; take from the fire and stir in a wineglass of sherry and a dessertspoonful of vanilla.

HINTS FOR HOME LIFE.

Old brass which is much tarnished can be cleaned by rubbing with a piece of flannel dipped in warm vinegar. Warm vinegar will also remove paint stains from windows.

Shabby dark leather will look like new if rubbed over with either linseed oil or the well-beaten white of an egg mixed with a little black ink. Polish with soft dusters until quite dry and glossy.

In making ham toast stir a couple of eggs in a saucepan in which an ounce of butter has previously been melted. When thick the mixture is to be spread on hot buttered toast, with grated, cooked ham sprinkled over the top.

Black thread stockings will last longer if before being worn they are washed in a lather of warm soap and water, then rinsed thoroughly in cold; wring, then hang up to dry; do not rub soap on them. It is advisable to wash all stockings before wearing them.

A slate and pencil ought to hang in every well-appointed kitchen, so that anything needed for household use may be entered upon at once directly the discovery is made that the supply is exhausted. Much annoyance would thus be saved.

Never eat anything that you know disagrees with you if you want to keep a good complexion. Indigestion is one of the greatest enemies of the skin, and for this reason the simpler the food one eats the better. Fruit, either fresh or cooked, and green vegetables should be part of the daily diet.

One of the best remedies for cockroaches is to lay at night a piece of fresh cucumber peel about the places they frequent, and in the morning quantities of them will be found dead or stupefied, when they can be brushed up and burned. If this is repeated for one or two nights they will soon be got rid of.

Do not soak potatoes more than a few minutes before cooking them. An excellent plan is to boil potatoes in their skins, as much of the nourishment is thrown away with the peel. Pour off the water as soon as the potatoes are cooked, and set them, uncovered, on one side of the fire to dry. Then peel and dish up for the table.

Grease stains on marble may be treated in this manner:—Dissolve a quarter of a pound of concentrated lye in half a pint of cold water; add to this enough whiting and fuller's earth—half of each—to make a thick paste. Spread a thick layer on the grease stain. Let it remain for several days, then brush off. If any trace of the stain remains wet the dry mixture with boiling water and put on another layer of the paste.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Too much cannot be said against the pernicious and inexcusable habit, practised by many nurses and mothers, of frightening children into obedience.

Naturally, children are fearless; but often while in their early infancy the imagination has been so perverted by the visions presented to their believing infantile mind of the big dog that will get them if they run into the street, or of a big, cross man in a dark closet, and such threats of those who adopt this method of discipling, that the little ones become pitiful cowards, fearing the things that should give them pleasure. Unless possessed of a strong constitution, the foundations are laid for various nervous troubles that will make the adult life a misery.

Never threaten children with darkness, or every shadow or noise will cause them to dread the approach of an unseen foe, and the restful darkness of night becomes a dread and terror. From birth, children should be accustomed to darkness, and without light burning in the room.

Never scold a child for being afraid; nothing is more erroneous. Reason gently with them and accustom them to that which they fear. Fear has a very depressing effect upon all children, and some impressions are never entirely eradicated, and often produce serious physical ailments, and a dwarfed intellect.

VEGETABLE TIME TABLE.

Baked potatoes, 30 to 40 minutes.
Steam potatoes, 20 to 40 minutes.
Boil potatoes (in their skins), 20 to 30 minutes.
Boil potatoes (pared), 25 to 45 minutes.
Asparagus (young), 15 to 30 minutes.
Corn, (green), 12 to 20 minutes.
Cauliflower, 20 to 40 minutes.
Cabbage (young), 35 to 60 minutes.
Celery, 20 to 30 minutes.
Carrots, one to two hours.
Lima or shell beans, 45 minutes to 1¼ hours.
Onions, 30 to 60 minutes.
Oyster plant, 45 to 60 minutes.
Peas, 20 to 60 minutes.
Parsnips (young), 30 to 45 minutes.
Spinach, 20 to 60 minutes.
String beans, 30 to 60 minutes.
Summer squash, 20 to 60 minutes.
Turnips (young), 45 minutes.
Tomatoes (stewed), 45 to 60 minutes.

When vegetables are served with boiled salt meat they must be cooked in the liquor from the meat after it has been removed.

BABY'S BATH.

By the time a baby is running about he should have a dash of cold water on chest and neck at least before stepping out of his morning tub. This produces a healthful glow besides toughening him and rendering him far less liable to catch cold. Indeed, by the time a baby is two or three months old the bath should gradually be brought to tepid instead of the warm water so generally used, as the latter, in proportion to its warmth, is weakening.

GIVING BABY MEDICINE.

Many young mothers have difficulty in getting their babies to take medicine, saying they repeatedly spit it out. Where one is giving tasting medicine it is best just to hold the little hand, or get someone to do it for you, while you hold the nose gently, thus compelling baby to swallow the medicine.

HAD NOT THOUGHT OF THAT.

Our ranking in the world depends on what we do, not on what we can do, and so a young man discovered when he applied to the manager of a large department store for employment.

"What can you do?" asked the manager, abruptly.

"Most anything," answered the applicant.

"Can you dust?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then why don't you begin on your hat?"

The young man had not thought of that.

"Can you clean leather goods?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then's its carelessness on your part that your shoes are not clean."

The young man and not thought of that, either.

"Well, can you scrub?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply.

"Then I can give you something to do. Go out and try your strength on that collar you have on."

[illegible] Three or four of the [illegible] entered the room, and a [illegible] Clean your [illegible] with a [illegible]

BHUMLE PEOPLE AS KINGS

RULED NATIONS AED REFUSED THRONES.

The Czar Is Powerless—Morocco's Sultan Is In the Hands of Kaid MacLean.

John Bull is the most extensive king owner in business. He owns several monarchs and a small army of Indian princes, rajahs, maharajahs, hollars, nizams, sambwas, and so forth, and it is his duty to look after their welfare and keeff them out of mischief.

The Ameer of Afghanistan, for instance, is nominally "boss" of all the Afghans, but he has not only to answer for his own sins and misdeeds, but he is held responsible for the errors of his owner, Mr. J. Bull. The Ameer cannot call his soul his own, and without his master he would have no more control over his country than the man in the street would have.

Rajah Brooke, of Sarawak, considers himself king of that country, but, as a matter of fact, he is merely an employee of John Bull; but the Rajah is a tactful monarch, and is seldom interfered with.

Abdul Aziz, the Sultan of Morocco, was certainly crowned King of the Moore, but, nevertheless, he is practically the property of Kaid MacLean, the famous Scotsman and Commander-in-Chief of the Moorish Army.

FORGING THE CZAR'S NAME.

No Czar has ever had full power in Russia. General Louis Melikoff was the virtual ruler during the reign of Alexander II., and he did not fail to wield the sword to his own interests.

The present Czar, Nicholas II., is one of the saddest of monarchs. He is an Emperor who has to suffer for his own mistakes and those of his servants, who are really his masters. The Czar was said to have robbed Finland of its ancient Constitution; but, to speak the truth, it was M. Muraviefl. This gentleman also drew up and issued the famous Peace Proclamation, and signed it in the Czar's name!

The Emperor of China is, of course, Kuang Hsu; but the Dowager-Empress owns him, and he knows it too well. She it is who exercises the entire functions of Government, and if the unhappy Emperor had the audacity to interfere with her, it is more than possible that he would put his head in jeopardy.

The Favorite Aide-de-Camp of the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire" is not such an extraordinary title, but the man who has the honor of bearing it is nothing less than master of his master, Abdul Hamid, the Sultan.

SPAIN RULED BY AN IRISHMAN.

An Irishman ruled Spain with a rod of iron for nearly thirty years. His name does not appear on the roll of sovereigns, but it will be remembered long after more noble ones have been relegated to obscurity. This astute Irishman was the notorious Leopold O'Donnell, and, like Kaid MacLean, of Morocco, he undertook, in the beginning, the reorganization of the Spanish Army. He rose step by step, until he was given the rank of Commander-in-Chief. Then the crowned head discovered that in employing the Irishman he had made a bad mistake. O'Donnell was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet, and he made up his mind to make himself a power. In the long run, the King became, to all intents and purposes, his private property.

When the German Emperor visited the Paris Exhibition five of his subjects went with him, who were so disguised as to resemble in the minutest detail their Royal master. The Emperor was well aware that he would be constantly watched by journalistic spies, for absolute privacy and freedom is a thing no monarch can have.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

The Emperor desired to avoid being recognized so far as possible, so he conceived the idea of attiring five men, whose faces were similar to his Imperial Majesty's, in the same kind of clothes that he would wear himself. They were of the same height, build, and physique as their Emperor, and their likeness was assisted by the theatrical wig-maker and facial artist.

The late King of Italy, when he visited Vienna some years before his untimely death, and when political riots were rampant in that city, was accompanied by three officers of his bodyguard, who resembled him both in dress and features. The "dummy" kings played their parts with conspicuous success. Crowds of people cheered them as they drove singly through the streets of Vienna, and on one occasion the Emperor of Austria embraced one of them, mistaking him for the King.

Mrs. Frank Sheldon, a famous authoress and explorer, while travelling in Central Africa, was offered, and refused, a kingdom. One day she appeared before the fierce Manyuema tribe in a gaudy crimson costume, heavily braided with gold. The pretty frock had a magical effect on the savages, and they elected her as the

QUEEN OF THE MANYUEMA.

The inhabitants of the large village lying at the foot of the Kilimanjaro, voted her their tutelar deity, while the whole of the male portion of another tribe of savages made her an offer of marriage! All these honors Mrs. Sheldon politely refused, much to the Africans' sorrow.

An Englishman named Waller was offered a crown by the Nucaraguan Provisional Government, but he declined it, for the post, though exalted, was neither a comfortable nor a paying one. When offered the dictatorship, however, with $5,000,000 in cash and 50,000 square acres of land, he seized it with avidity.

Waller's fate was a sad one. He stole a sacred feather cloak, studded with valuable jewels. The crime was brought home to him, and he was hurled from power, tried, and shot at Honduras.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff once declined the honor of ruling over Roumelia. In 1878 he was acting as High Commissioner for Europe for the reorganization of that distracted province, and Prince Doudoukoff Khorsak-off of Russia startled him by proposing that he should become

KING OF ROUMELIA,

and be crowned with pomp and ceremony at Philippopolis. The proposal had come direct from the Czar, but Sir Henry's reply was characteristic of the man. "No," was all he said, and the prince silently withdrew.

Soon afterwards Prince Alexander Vogorides was offered the throne, but he, too, declined it.

The Count of Flanders in 1866 had the opportunity of reigning over the province of Roumania, but he refused the crown, and for very good reasons indeed.

"Gentlemen," said he to the Council of Ministers who brought the offer, "if you can give me a guarantee that I shall not be assassinated, as was M. Catargi, nor interred in a fortress like M. Petrovski, I will be the King of Roumania; failing that I prefer to remain the Count of Flanders."

Naturally the deputation were unable to give such a guarantee, and were forced to depart greatly discomfited at the Count's answer.—Pearson's Weekly.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Prominent People.

When Queen Alexandra wishes to confer a sigaal favor on a lady she presents her with a box of the scent which is manufactured for Her Majesty by a French perfumer, and which is usually reserved for her particular use.

As is well known, the Princess of Wales is an excellent swimmer, and she intends that her children shall go through a course of instruction in swimming and life-saving. Queen Alexandra and all her daughters, too, are good swimmers—a Royal example which it would be most desirable for all women to follow.

In connection with Sir Francis Bertie's appointment as British Ambassador at Paris it is pointed out that this Embassy is the plum of British diplomacy, being worth $50,000 a year. But this princely salary is exceeded by that paid to M. Cambon, the French Ambassador in London. He receives $60,000. This is the largest sum paid to any member of the world's diplomatic services.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie seldom handles a gun, but is an ardent angler, and will linger patiently for hours beside a moorland stream. With the view of improving the angling on his Skibo estate he has constructed salmon and trout hatcheries on an elaborate and extensive scale. The sites of the tanks are on the banks of the River Evilix, and the aid of almost every expert in Scotland has been solicited in order to render the scheme successful.

The only private collection of wild animals where lions have been bred is at Hazlemere Park, Buckinghamshire, England, the property of Mr. Leadbetter. The collection includes lions, a brown bear, a puma, a leopard, tigers, hyaenas, wolves, jackals, camels, vicunas, alpacas, llamas, yaks, pigmy buffaloes, zebus (the miniature cattle of Ceylon), peccaries from Brazil, Syrian sheep, monkeys, macaws, and parrots. In the summer these animals are ranged out in their cages and runs on the lawn in front of the house; in the cold weather they are housed in warm sheds.

The Grenadier Guards can boast of having the oldest soldier in the Brigade of Guards in Drummer J. Woolcock, who has just entered his forty-seventh year and completed thirty-three years' service. He commenced his career in the 82nd Foot (Prince of Wales's Volunteers), and after serving his twelve years with the colors re-enlisted in the Grenadiers. He was transferred to the drums in 1885, and now plays the big drum at the depot. Drummer Woolcock has six long-service and good-conduct badges, has been a marksman every year since he first enlisted, and company shot for five consecutive years. He has only had one furlough in thirty-three years.

The King is one of the most calm and collected of men in speech and the last person in the world to be surprised at anything; but only the other day, when conversing with a friend he punctuates the conversation with a low whistle, and here and there will exclaim, "Really, you do surprise me!" "Hear hear!" or "That's good!" The Prince of Wales, like his illustrious sire, indulges in homely similes when chatting with friends, and often ejaculates, "Jimmy! is that so?" Mr. Balfour favors the expressions, "How peculiar!" or "Positively gorgeous!" Lord Rosebery is fond of saying "You know," "That's an eye-opener," and "Now for the next." When Mr. Chamberlain has heard a doubtful story he will often jerk out, "H'm, that's tall!" or "Pretty elastic, isn't it?"

The Grand Duchess of Baden has just profited by the opportunity of doing a graceful action under very unusual circumstances. On August 6th, 1870, an inhabitant of Hadamar, in Hesse-Nassau, named Joseph Kneip, was wounded at the Battle of Worth by a bullet from a Chassepot. An operation failed to discover the ball, which remained in Kneip's body for the next thirty-four years. On the 24th June last, however, it suddenly made its appearance of its own accord. In a letter to a friend at Trier Kneip recounted the incident, adding that he would had now entirely healed, and that he was in better health than at any time since the date of the battle. The Grand Duchess read of the incident in a newspaper, and wrote to Kneip asking that the bullet might be sent for her to see at Karlsruhe. It was sent accordingly, and Kneip has now received it back again, set in a gold mount and bearing the inscription, "Worth, August 6th, 1870."

YOUNG FOLKS

KENNETH AND A YELLOW-CAT.

Kenneth was a little boy, six years old; Tom was a big yellow cat.

One Sunday morning in November the wind blew the rain in slashes against the window of Kenneth's nursery. Kenneth was very unhappy because mama had gone to church and he was left with his nurse, who could not tell stories. Kenneth gazed upon the back yards and the high white fences being washed by the rain. Opposite his point of vision was a side of a church, the windows of which looked dingy and faded. Next the church was a school for little boys who had no fathers and mothers, and who wore their hair cut just alike.

Kenneth sighed and traced a pig on the window, where his breath had misted the glass. Would the minister ever stop talking and let mama come home?

Soon no less a personage than Tom, the yellow cat, entered Kenneth's dreary world. Kenneth's house was near the corner of the block, and closely faced the profile of a red brick house which stood on a side street. Up the back of this building climbed a vigorous wisteria vine, clinging to a wire and reaching to the roof. It swayed in the wind and was beaten by the rain.

Tom was thin and hungry and the day was cold. He craved a warm, tender Sunday dinner, and remembering the birds' nests of yore, was climbing deftly up the slender vine. He dug his sharp claws into the stalk viciously, and when his support swayed, gave voice to his discomfiture in cat-howls. Up he tore, shaking off leaves, bending and cracking twigs. He reached a bird's nest. Lo, the thing was a hollow mockery! There were no birds in it this time of year. Tom gave vent to his disappointment in howls.

Up the vine farther a sparrow cocked an eye at the intruder inquiringly. What meant this savage climbing? Tom growled and determined to have the sparrow. Ah, how savory he would be! Up Tom climbed. When he had reached a part of the vine which was opposite the fourth story of the house, the sparrow warily fluttered away.

Tom's cat soul was a tempest of wrath. He growled; he dug his claws into the slender vine; he called and cried and showed his misery in every way.

So intent had he been on the prize he sought that he forgot how far he was climbing. He had never been up so high in his life before. The wind blew and the vine tossed and rocked. Tom gazed downward and grew dizzy.

Kenneth had forgotten his wrongs and was watching the drama with interest.

It was evident that Tom could not easily get down. He tried to descend backward, but in this way he broke many twigs and ran a great risk of losing his footing. Once one foot did slip, and Kenneth held his breath. With a howl, the animal dug his nails in deeper, and pausing, contemplated the descent miserably.

The cries attracted the attention of the people in the house. At a window three little children appeared. They stretched forth their hands toward the tossing vine and called, "Kitty! kitty!" Tom surveyed the distance between himself and the window-sill dubiously; then he looked toward the ground. No, the risk was too great! If he should lose his aim—horrible to fancy! Kenneth shuddered.

Slowly Tom tore his way downward, leaving the children beholding him with commiseration.

At a window on the floor below, a young man and a young lady appeared. They beheld the cat's plight and disappeared, to reappear with a bed-slat, which they poked toward the cat, urging him to use it as a gangplank to safety. But the bed-slat frightened poor Tom. He scrambled away from it in terror.

He was nearing the ground floor, and Kenneth breathed more easily. Tom would soon be in the yard. But something happened! Tom became deeply engrossed in a second-story window. Behind the glass was another cat. Forgetting his former cautiousness, Tom leaped. Bravo! He reached the sill! But what was this something between Tom and the other cat? Tom could see through it, but you could not get through it. Tom tried to scratch it, but it was too slippery. He could not climb up it; he could not get into the room; he could not jump down to the yard below. What was Tom to do? The rain beat into his face; he paced up and down the sill like an animal in a cage.

If only the vine would stop swaying! But the vine would not. Back and forth, back and forth it heaved. Tom was hungry. The vine was, at this point in its course, ten feet away. He mastered his courage; he crouched down, he tightened his muscles; he steadied his nerves. The wind paused. He sprang.

Bravo! bravo! Kenneth clapped his hands and jumped for joy. The cat was a hero! He had reached the vine! He was safe!

Kenneth turned. There was mama behind him, and smiling.

"O, mamma, I will tell you about Tom!" cried Kenneth.

NOT THAT KIND.

An old farmer, who by hard work and parsimonious habits, had got together a little fortune, decided that the time had at length arrived when he was justified in ordering a family carriage. He went to a carriage builder's and described in detail what kind of a vehicle he wished to buy.

"Now I suppose you want rubber tires?" said the carriage builder.

"No, sir," replied the old farmer, in tones of resentment. "My folks ain't that kind. When they're riding, they want to know it."

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EXPLOSIONS OF WHISKY

SOME STRANGE SCENES AT BIG CONFLAGRATIONS.

At Glasgow the Streets Ran With Blazing Oil and Turpentine.

Gallons of good, hot punch were recently pouring down the drains of aldgate, London. This melancholy waste of good stuff occurred during the great fire which devastated four acres of property forming the goods station of the London and North-Western Railway Company, when damage was done to the extent of about $75,000.

Thousands of dollars worth of twenty-five cent cigars ended in premature smoke, and bales of wool, paper, cases of crockery, and other merchandise, were destroyed by hundreds.

In one building where brandy was stored, the casks burst, sending a stream of flaming spirit which melted in a few seconds the iron bars which guarded the windows.

Even when the fire had been thoroughly mastered, some three days afterwards, whisky, brandy, rum, and water—quite hot, and pronounced excellent to the taste by those on the spot—were pumped from the basement of the ruined building and ran down the gutters to the drain in a clear, steaming stream.

RIVERS OF BLAZING WHISKY.

The fire which broke out at the Ardgowan Distillery, in the east end of Greenock, Scotland, was hardly less disastrous. During the time it lasted the inhabitants of the neighborhood were in a wild state of panic.

In the distillery upwards of one million gallons of whisky were stored and when, soon after the fire began, these escaped from the casks and rushed down the streets in rivers of blazing blue and green flame, many people fled from their homes in terror. And not without reason.

A large flour mill, in the track of the fiery spirit, was exploded, and unhappily, seven persons were killed, while many were injured, and other property was set alight. Eventually, however, the whisky burnt itself out, but the damage done was estimated at $500,000.

Extraordinary scenes were witnessed, too, at the fire which destroyed the huge hop warehouse of Messrs. Horsley and Co., at Southwark, London, some three years ago.

Twenty fire-engines had been pumping water into the blazing mass unceasingly for two hours, when the whole front of the building fell bodily out with a terrific roar.

SHOWERS OF HOPS.

When the dust and smoke had cleared away a strange scene presented itself. Cascades of hops had poured out of the building. Swollen by the water that had been poured on them, the enormous quantities of hops had exerted such pressure on the walls that at last they had given way. The street outside the warehouse was covered with hops as with his snow, and with tons of broken brickwork and masonry. One could climb on the hop-covered debris to the third storey. Wet hops stuccoed the fronts of the neighboring houses, while the gutters seemed to run with beer.

In the case of the fire which occurred in Glasgow Harbor a year or so back, however, the streets were running with blazing oil. In Stevens' Store at the time were 1,225 barrels of turpentine, 200 barrels of paraffin, 50 barrels of treacle, and 100 tons of celluloid, and the whole of this inflammable material when set free played fearful havoc with the surrounding property.

At one time a large volume of burning oil was carried across the Clyde almost to the opposite bank, but firemen on the ferries and steam tugs checked the blazing current before it damaged any of the craft in the immediate neighborhood.

PICCADILLY IN FLAMES.

A similar scene was witnessed in the William Wright Dock, Hull, about the same time, when a small coasting steamer named Seagull, laden with paraffin and naphtha, caught fire. In a few minutes the dock was converted into a burning lake. When the Seagul sank, her cargo began to float out in casks, each one burning, but prompt measures saved any damage being done to the neighboring vessels.

In Piccadilly, London, not long ago, the extraordinary spectacle of tall columns of flame, fed from broken gas mains, towering fiercely above the surrounding buildings, was to be seen. For eight hours they burnt unceasingly till workmen dug up the roadway and the supply of gas, which fed the roaring flames, was diverted.

This remarkable fire occurred in the demolition of Walsingham House, where a deep excavation had been made. Owing to heavy rains the soil had subsided and the electric cables and three large gas mains, of eighteen, six, and four inches in diameter, being thus deprived of support, immediately collapsed.

The fusing, which was a sequel to the snapping of the electric wires, started a vigorous blaze, which promptly set alight the volumes of gas rushing from the gaping mains.

Another remarkable London fire was that which destroyed, some fourteen years back, several blocks of buildings in Queen Victoria and Upper Thames Streets. The weather was very severe at the time and the extraordinary spectacle of the fire burning among huge depending icicles and frost-covered timbers was to be witnessed. The streets were covered with sheets of ice, while the water froze as it left the hose, running in globular form around the nozzles. The hose also froze to the ground or building with which it came in contact.

Extensive as was this fire, its damage to property fails in comparison with the fearful conflagration in Toronto [illegible] earlier. The loss was estimated at $10,000,000, and was said to be the worst fire that has occurred in Great Britain since the historic one in 1666.

The outbreak commenced in the extensive range of premises known as Corron's Wharf, where were situated the bonded warehouses belonging to Messrs. Scovell.

FORTUNE FROM A FIRE.

They were six storeys in height, filled with valuable merchandise of every description, among which were thousands of chests of tea, coffee, and bales of silk stored away in the upper floors, while in the lower floors and basement was an immense stock of Russian tallow, tar, oils, bales of cotton, hops and grain.

Barrels of tar and tallow floated alight upon the water, drifting merrily, like small islands of flame. At one time about 20,000 casks of Russian tallow were computed to be alight, but after burning for four days and nights the fire eventually burnt itself out.

One man, however, saw fortune in this terrible fire. The Russian tallow ran down the streets in streams, blocking the main and subsidiary drains, and giving employment to a small army of men who did nothing but clear away the obstruction. This individual hired a piece of waste ground and bought every cartload of refuse for a nominal sum from the local authorities. He had grasped the fact that the tallow could always be clarified, and would then realize its original value. His astuteness brought him a rich harvest. When he died, a few months ago, he left $750,000—the remains of the fortune he had made entirely through the Tooley Street fire.—Pearson's Weekly.

DO YOU RUB YOUR FINGERS?

Nervous People Contract Some Curious Habits.

Many persons possessing highly-strung nerves continually perform little tricks without being aware that they are doing so. One man, when in a 'bus or train, is in the habit of rubbing his right thumb and forefinger together very methodically, doing it so often that he has had to give up wearing gloves, as he so soon spoilt them.

Another man dives his left hand into his trousers pocket and counts the loose copper coins; he always has to keep half-a-dozen in that pocket on purpose. He is not exactly conscious of the counting process, and he couldn't tell you precisely how many coins there are.

A further example is that of a man who moves his toes in his boots to such an extent that his socks are worn through with astonishing rapidity; while another is continually consulting his watch; he looks at the time without knowing that he is doing so, and if you were to ask him for the "right time," he wouldn't be able to tell you more than once out of fifty times.

Nervousness is at the bottom of these habits, the victim desires to do something to help him to think or to occupy him. The man who rubs his fingers fidgets because he is late and the train goes too slowly, and he works his fingers as though that would mend matters. Then his nervous action develops into a habit which is difficult to break. It is well to guard against contracting any habits of this kind, for we are just as likely to contract an objectionable as a harmless one.

ROBBED OF HIS REST.

"There!" As the door-bell rang twice in succession Von Blumer jumped up from his seat with a look of intense annoyance and turned around wrathfully to face his wife. "Have you been shopping again?" he inquired, anxiously.

"No, dear," said Mrs. Von Blumer; "I haven't been out of the house today."

"Then," said Von Blumer, throwing down his paper with a gesture of impatience, "it's a caller. No sooner does a man come home from his work at the office, worn out with the day's struggle, and prepared to settle down to a quiet evening, than his peace is disturbed by some confounded bore. Society is all very well in its way, but what do these people care for us, or we for them? Here I was just congratulating myself that I would be able to get a good night's rest; and now the dream is over. I've got to get up and exert myself to be pleasant to a lot of idiots that I wish were in Halifax. It's just my luck—tired out, all broken—Hallon! what's this? A note! Umph! Ah, yes of course! Where are my boots? Not a moment to lose. Show him into the parlor. Dinah. Where——"

"Who is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Von Blumer.

"Who is it?" repeated her husband, as he rushed by her; "who is it? Hooray! It's Dimpleton, with two tickets for the theatre!"

DANGEROUS CURIOSITY.

An Irish judge once had a case in which the accused man understood only Irish. An interpreter was accordingly sworn. The prisoner said something to the interpreter.

"What does he say?" demanded his lordship.

"Nothing, my lord," was the reply.

"How dare you say that when we all heard him? Come, sir, what was it?"

"My lord," said the intrepeter, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with the case."

"If you don't answer I'll commit you, sir!" roared the judge. "Now, what did he say?"

"Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said, 'Who's that old woman with the red bed-curtain round her sitting up there?'"

At which the Court roared.

"And what did you say?" asked the judge, looking a little uncomfortable.

"I said, 'Whist, yo spalpeen! That's the auld boy that's goin' to hang yez.'"

PUNISHED YET INNOGENT

VICTIMS OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

William Shaw Was Hanged For a Murder He Hadn't Committed.

It was not till several months after the execution of William Shaw, for the murder of his daughter, that a letter in the dead daughter's handwriting was found announcing her intention of taking her life by her own hand.

Notwithstanding that he was given to occasional outbursts of passion, Shaw was an upright man, and an affectionate father. Like him in looks, his daughter, Catherine, was also like her father in temperament; but for several years they lived together in harmony.

Then came a time when Catherine met a worthless fellow named Lawson, for whom she developed a remarkable infatuation. Not without reason, Shaw took a strong aversion to Lawson, and forbade Catherine to keep company with him. At the first opportunity, too, he extracted a promise from Lawson that he would cease wooing his daughter. The promise was not kept. Secret meetings took place. Every day father and daughter became further estranged. Indeed, Shaw frequently locked Catherine in her room at the top of a gloomy house in Edinburgh in which they lived

One day there was a furious quarrel. Shaw was heard to rush at fever-heat down the stairs, slamming and locking the door upon Catherine. Profound silence followed, and then the neighbors were horrified at hearing groans from someone apparently in mortal agony.

INNOCENT FATHER SUFFERS.

When the door was burst open, Catherine was discovered lying dead on the floor, a knife beside her. It seemed plain to all that Shaw had murdered his daughter. Soon after Shaw returned to his house, but his grief and terror were taken for remorse.

At his trial he declared his innocence, and explained the fact of blood being upon his shirt as due to an accident. The jury found him guilty and he was accordingly hanged.

A few months later a tenant taking possession of Shaw's rooms found a letter in a hole by a fireplace. It was in Catherine's handwriting, and in it the girl announced her intention of putting an end to her existence. There was not the slightest doubt of its genuineness. Shaw's innocence was established, but the missive had been found too late.

Eighteen years ago a murder was committed in Cheshire, England, which, though the convicted person has since been released, is still enshrouded in mystery It was the murder of Mrs. Jane McIntyre, under peculiar circumstances, and Elizabeth Platt, sister of the deceased woman, and Robert Travis, a publican, were implicated in the affair.

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

About two o'clock on the morning of the tragedy, February 13th, 1884, a man named Dickinson, and his son, who lived in the house adjoining to that in which the tragedy was committed, were aroused by sounds of furniture being smashed, by piercing shrieks and cries of "Murder!"

When the police arrived they found Travis, who had jumped from a first floor window on to the ground, unconscious and bleeding from a severe wound.

In the bedroom upstairs they found Mrs. McIntyre dead, with a deep cut in the back of her head. Miss Platt, fully dressed, sat unconscious in a chair, a number of wounds on her brow and face. As soon as the man and woman recovered their senses they were both arrested and charged with the murder.

At their trial the story each told was different. Miss Platt accused Travis of the murder, and related how Travis had followed her to the bedroom where she was going to sit up for the night with her sister, who was unwell at the time.

There had been a scene in which Travis had twice struck her before going to sleep on a sofa in the sitting-room. The gas-jet was alight, but some time later she was awakened in the dark by her sister's screams, received several blows on the face herself, and before losing consciousness saw Travis jump from the window.

Travis on the other hand, made a rambling statement that he and Mrs. McIntyre had been attacked by two men dressed in women's clothes. This limp tale he persisted in again and again. He continually

PROTESTED HIS INNOCENCE.

After forty-five minutes' deliberation the jury acquitted Elizabeth Platt, but returned a verdict of guilty against Travis, recommending him, however, to mercy.

The case created a deal of excitement in the country, and within a few days no fewer than twenty-one memorials were forwarded to the Home Secretary. The result of these petitions was that the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life; but his friends never relaxed their efforts to prove his innocence.

Finally, the Master of the Rolls was ordered to revise the case, and as a result of his inquiry, the Home Secretary set Travis at liberty. Accordingly in May, 1888, two years after the tragedy, the publican was released, and who really committed the murder is still a mystery.

Never was the web of circumstantial evidence woven stronger round the life of an innocent man than in the case of Serafino Pelizzioni, who was accused of the murder of Michael Harrington. The tragedy occurred on December 26th, 1864. On this day in a public-house in Saffron Hill a number of Englishmen and Italians, in separate compartments, were noisily enjoying themselves, when the Englishmen, opening the door, defied the Italians to enter.

CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Three or four of the braver ones entered the room, and a free fight followed, the Englishmen freely using their sticks and the Italians anything handy. Suddenly one of their number drawing his knife stabbed three men, one of them, Harrington, being found dangerously wounded.

Removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Harrington, in a dying condition, picked out Pelizzioni from among a number of Italians as the man who had stabbed him.

From the beginning things seemed hopeless for the Italian. One after another, five witnesses swore that they had seen him commit the crime. It was useless for Pelizzioni's counsel to declare that another Italian, Gregorio Mogni, a cousin of the accused, had perpetrated the deed. After a quarter of an hour's deliberation, the jury pronounced Pelizzioni guilty of murder, and sentence of death was passed.

Mogni, on hearing the fate that awaited his cousin, was much distressed, and confessed that his was the hand which had struck the murderous blow.

Brought to London the day before the date set for Pelizzioni's execution, Mogni was tried for manslaughter, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Yet the accused was not allowed his freedom.

A new trial was ordered, Pelizzioni this time being charged with the attempted murder of one of the injured Englishmen, when, after an exhaustive examination, the prisoner was acquitted, amidst a scene of unparalleled enthusiasm, and a few days later was given a free pardon for a crime he had never committed. —Pearson's Weekly.

SALISBURY'S LIFE WORK

LORD ROSEBERY'S ELOQUENT TRIBUTE.

Some of the Characteristics of The Great British Premier.

Lord Rosebery recently unveiled a bust to Lord Salisbury at the Oxford Union Society. He said it was still too near the time of Lord Salisbury's death to appreciate fully and entirely his historical position in the country's annals. One dominant feature in Lord Salisbury was his devout religious feeling and zealous churchmanship, but that was an allusion to a topic upon which it would be almost sacrilegious for a mere acquaintance to intrude. The same might be said of his domestic happiness and love of family life. It was his lordship's custom and special relaxation all through his laborious Parliamentary life to gather around him on Sunday evenings at dinner every member of his family who could be collected for the purpose, and some who assisted at those reunions testified that never was Lord Salisbury seen to such advantage as among those he so dearly loved and cherished.

BRILLIANT WRITER.

Passing to other points Lord Rosebery said that Lord Salisbury wielded the most brilliant pen of any Prime Minister of the nineteenth century with the exception of Canning. His public speaking at one time rose to great heights of eloquence. It might not be oratory in the highest sense of the word, but always showed preeminently the literary faculty. There was another point in which Lord Salisbury differed from most men—his absolute scorn of wealth and honors. They were dross to him. His relaxations were not those of a great prince or a wealthy man. His only relaxations were science and the love of his family, and, above all, never-failing, ardent, uncompromising work. A further point in his character in which he was almost unique—his hatred of anything like advertisement.

He was thought to be a proud man. If he were he was too proud to show his pride. He was certainly a shy man. He was charged with cynicism. What was cynicism in speech? It seemed to amount to this—the parching up of a subject by the application to it of a wit so dry as to be almost bitter. Was not that a priceless advantage when some subject was up which it was not desirable to discuss? Perhaps he was a pessimist as regarded the effects of legislation. He took too broad and wide a view of human affairs and the course of human history to set very much emphasis on the virtues of passing legislation.

THREE GREAT EVENTS.

Lord Rosebery then proceeded to touch on three cardinal epochs in Lord Salisbury's life. The first was in 1867, when he resigned office rather than agree to the Reform Bill, which he thought was an outbid by the Conservative party of what had been proposed by their Liberal opponents. Then came the great Conservative majority of 1874, and Lord Salisbury had to make the great choice. Either he would remain almost a political hermit for the rest of his days or join the Government of Mr. Disraeli, who, he considered in 1867, had betrayed his party. He himself thought that Lord Salisbury chose rightly. He thought the country would have suffered enormously if Lord Salisbury had remained an isolated figure, a prophet of whom they knew, indeed, by his subsequent career, how much they would have lost. (Cheers.)

The third epoch would only demand a sentence. He thought Lord Salisbury reached the greatest moment of his life in 1878, when he went to the Foreign Office, succeeding Lord Derby, shut himself up in a room, and then and there, without, so far as he (Lord Rosebery) knew, any assistance whatever from the staff of the Foreign Office, or any external source, wrote that famous despatch on the provisions of the Treaty of San Stefano, which would remain for long generations to come one of his historic state papers in the English language. (Cheers.) From 1885 up to the moment of his death or retirement Lord Salisbury remained the predominant factor in English politics.

WARSHIPS VS PORPOISES

QUEER JOBS DONE BY SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

Act as Firemen at Chelsea Barracks, and Agriculturists in Egypt.

Soldiers with fixed bayonets clearing a London street in this year of grace 1904 seems an extraordinary sight. Yet this did happen not many months ago in Pimlico. There was no popular rising, no riots, and no barricades; but a serious fire had broken out at a wood-yard near Chelsea Barracks. Quickly the Scots Guards doubled out with their fire-engines, before the gleaming helmets of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade were anywhere near the scene of the outbreak, and, under the direction of the colonel, set to work to subdue the flames. Meanwhile, a detachment fixed bayonets, and forced back the huge crowd which had collected.

Some of the jobs which Tommy Atkins is called upon to do in peace time are particularly unmilitary. Recently British soldiers stationed in Egypt have turned agriculturists, and have been destroying the locusts, which otherwise would have preyed upon the crops, and brought bankruptcy and ruin upon the unfortunate natives. The work was hard, and more difficult than it looked; but, with Tommy's proverbial readiness in adapting himself to circumstances, the soldiers were pre-eminently successful in their efforts, and the crops were saved. Information having been received that vast flocks of locusts were advancing from the south, the insecticide army marched into the desert to meet the odd enemy, and in several pitched battles he was defeated with loss, and

EGYPT BREATHED AGAIN.

If British soldiers fight insects, French sailors fight fish. Some time ago the fishers of Britany were on the verge of starvation because of the failure of the sardine fishery. The savory little fish had been attacked by huge shoals of porpoises, which had wrought havoc among them. As a large population depends upon the sardine fishery for a living, it may be imagined how acute was the distress among the sturdy fishermen and their families. Accordingly, French gunboats were despatched to the waters most infested by the porpoises, and their quick-firers thinned out the destructive pests considerably.

One of the most difficult and dangerous peacetime tasks which has ever fallen to the lot of the British soldier was during the plague in India. The ignorant and superstitious natives persisted in concealing any cases of plague that might occur in their families, and this constituted a grave danger to the communities. House-to-house visits of inspection were ordered by the authorities, and the medical officers were accompanied by soldiers, in order that cases of plague which were detected might be removed, for the general safety. Thus Tommy was exposed not only to the risk of infection by a loathsome disease, but to the hatred and malevolence of the ignorant people with whom he had to deal. The way in which the work was carried out reflects the utmost credit on the British soldier.

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

the troops are invariably called upon to grapple with the bush-fires, which occur in the hottest weather. A detachment will turn out and surround a fire, which they will beat out with rifle-butts. Sometimes the blaze proves temporarily too much for the troops; and an officer who won the D. S. O. in South Africa once told the writer that he never ran so fast in all his life as he did with a bush-fire sweeping down on him and the men under his command, the flames towering fifty feet above their heads.

This recalls a little-known fact with regard to the transportation of troops. On every hired transport a peculiar duty falls to the quartermaster. Of course, in case of an outbreak of fire, every man on board has his own duty allotted to him beforehand; but the quarter-master's lot is to go to the ladies' cabin — commonly called the "dovecot" — and soothe the fears of the fair occupants. This has been the traditional duty of the quartermaster ever since the old days of troopships, and it is continued in this age of hired transports.—London Answers.

SNOBBERY IN RUSSIA.

"We were dining in a fashionable restaurant in St. Petersburg," says a writer. "Near us there was seated a dashing young officer in a brilliant uniform, one of the crack corps of the imperial bodyguard. He was accompanied by a civilian. They had finished their dinner and were drinking coffee, smoking cigarets and indolently chatting. Suddenly an elder officer entered, a colonel, also in company with a civilian. He took no notice of the subaltern. The young officer arose, swiftly strode toward his superior's table, halted at a distance of about a yard, stood there stiffly at attention and waited to catch his superior's eye. That gentleman was oblivious—he was carefully scanning the dinner bill-of-fare. When he had selected his dinner he looked up, saw the subaltern carelessly acknowledged the salute and the young officer returned to his table and his friend."

The application of a porous plaster is a great drawback to lovemaking.

In three years the progeny of a pair of rats, under favorable conditions, will number 1,000.

"Jimmy," said the teacher, after reading the youngster's "note from his father" excusing his absence from school the day before, "it seems to me your father's writing is very much like yours." "Yes," replied Jimmy, unabashed; "Pop ain't had no education, and he's learnin' him."

LIFE IN PORT ARTHUR

UNUSUAL INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE.

A Newspaper Printed and Published During the Bombardment.

Interesting glimpses of life in Port Arthur are given by the newspaper "Novi Krai," which has been published continuously during the siege. The latest copies of the newspaper were sent by junk from Port Arthur to Chifu, and lengthy extracts are now published.

The first number issued after the beginning of the siege contains this editorial apology:

"The present number, with shorter text than usual, is issued with the help of a very limited number of workmen, who have remained unflinchingly, despite the shell fragments that fly into the office."

A few days later is this note:

"Yesterday our office was included in the sphere of the enemy's fire. About ten shells exploded in the neighborhood of the office, fragments driving into the walls and breaking the windows, but leaving all our men unwounded."

The first shells caused some panic, as may be seen from the order of the commander of the port, Admiral Grigorivitch, addressed to the port workmen who wished to draw their pay and leave for Chifu:

"Under the influence of some dastardly cowards many of the port's workmen ask for their pay and want to leave. I will not give out the pay! Is it possible that you—Russian workmen—wish to flee? Shame! Work on with the same energy. Be worthy of fame and of the enemy's envy."

Upon other classes of workmen the bombardment had a demoralizing effect. The first day twenty-four men were arrested by the police for drunkenness. On the second day there were twelve culprits. Instead of being fined or put to prison labor the offenders were allowed to expiate their offences by removing the wounded from the field of battle.

WORK FOR DRUNKARDS.

"It was good," remarks The "Novi Krai," "to see how well the drunkards of yesterday accepted their punishment by carrying away the wounded under the enemy's fire."

Bomb-proofs became the fashion. Concerning them The "Novi Krai" complains that "a damp, dark sheeting, even if it hinders the passage of a shell fragment, will inevitably have its effect on one's moral courage. A day spent in a sheeting, with the sound of gunshots reaching you from the outside world will make even a cheerful man downhearted."

An Alimentary Commission was appointed, which made a lengthy report on local conditions.

"In spite of the continous bombardment," says the report, "all those employed in refreshment rooms tea-rooms, and bakeries continue to fulfil their duties unceasingly, although shells sometimes fall close to those places."

A comical figure in the life of Port Arthur was that of an apothecary, M. Bishoff. The "Novi Krai" pursued him so relentlessly with taunts and reproaches for his lack of courage in having left part of the town without its medicines, that after a fortnight's baiting the unfortunate man issued an advertisement informing the towns people of his new address. Meanwhile the bombardment became regular.

"Centuries," says The "Novi Krai," "systematically from seven in the morning until eleven or twelve then from two or three until six or seven. The firing goes on by squares as the appearance of shells is observed simultaneously only within a definite and comparatively small area.

BUSY FIRE BRIGADE.

Exemplary order appears to have reigned in Port Arthur. Wherever a shell dropped the fire brigade hastened to the spot, but in this way many firemen fell victims to the Japanese gunners.

"Now people listen calmly to the shells," says the "Novi Krai," "and speculate as to where the unwelcome guests will fall. The storm is going past; may God grant it will fall in the water,' is a common expression."

Life now begins to return to its normal state, as shown by the advertisements.

A tuner named Kudravtzoff, continues to make daily vain inquiries concerning the whereabouts of a piano that has disappeared from a house in the town.

The Port Arthur branch of the East Chinese Bank announces the dates for certain financial operations.

Another advertiser is anxious to purchase a horse and carriage. Another informs the public that a dog has been found, and suddenly, amid the roar of shells, is heard a desperate cry, "A monkey named Yashka has absconded. Reward offered."

Seven walls appear in as many issues of The "Novi Krai" for the errant Yashka.

IRRIGATION IN INDIA.

Optimists take great interest in the progress of watering India artificially. It is hoped by the English that irrigation and the improvement of railroad facilities will eventually eliminate the horrors of drouths. In the decade of 1890-1900 the length of irrigation canals in India jumped from 9,000 to 43,000 miles. The area now relieved by artificial methods is over 30,000,000 acres. The government controls about one-half the systems. Authorities say India is not so densely populated as is generally supposed. Some three-quarters of her land area contains less than 200 persons to the square mile.

"There is one thing I dread," remarked Johnson, "and that is a premature burial." "You need not worry about that," replied his friend; "the thing is impossible; there's no danger of your being buried too soon."

Clean your iron cooking utensils with a p[illegible]

Ayer's

You can hardly find a home without its Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Parents know what it does for children: breaks

Cherry Pectoral

up a cold in a single night, wards off bronchitis, prevents pneumonia. Physicians advise parents to keep it on hand.

"The best cough medicine money can buy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For the coughs of children nothing could possibly be better."
JACOB BUELL, Saratoga, Ind.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for

Throat, Lungs

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

The North Hastings Review.

MADOC, DECEMBER 22, 1904.

The Season's Greetings.

Year by year, amid the changing seasons, and amid the multitudinous vicissitudes of the centuries, above the clash of contending armies, over bloody battlefields, through plague-stricken cities, over tragedies of sin and sorrow, over hells of cruelty, oppression and fraud, over orgies of foul lust and deviltries of untold crime, the Christmas bells have pealed out their glad tidings, and the Christmas morning has dawned as remembrancer and harbinger,—remembrancer of God's great purpose for humanity, and harbinger of its eventual and inevitable fulfilment. A far cry it seems to us, indeed, in hours of faith's weakness, a far cry in both directions—far to that fair morning when to the affrighted shepherds came the sweet and certain note of the angel's message; far, aye, farther, to that fairer morning when our earth, anew enfranchised from above—"redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled"—shall glow with full flooding of the Sun of Righteousness and rejoice in the full reigning of the Prince of Peace. But that morning is coming; every new Christmas attests its coming, and every new Christmas brings it nearer.

To our readers everywhere THE REVIEW extends best wishes for a Happy Christmas.

County Court and General Sessions.

The court held its sitting at Belleville on Tuesday last, His Honor Judge Lazier presiding. P. J. Anderson, County Crown Attorney, conducted the criminal business.

There were two criminal and seven civil cases on the court docket.

Conley Church v. C. P. Railway Co.—Defts. paid money into court. Question of costs reserved. A. A. McDonald for plaintiff.

Chambers v. McIlroy, et al—Laid over by consent of parties to next term. A. A. McDonald, for plaintiff, Wm. Cross, for defendant.

His Honor, the Judge, took occasion to say that this would be the last County Court and General Sessions with juries held in December and June as formerly, but that this Court according to the recent statute would be held immediately after each Assize to save costs of summoning fresh juries.

Madoc Township Council.

Town Hall, Eldorado, Dec. 15.

Madoc Township council met on the above date. Members present, Reeve Tumelty, Councillors Wright, Reid, Broad and Nickle.

Moved and carried that Charles Rupert receive an order of $5.10 for service rendered as road surveyor for 1903.

Moved by Reid, seconded by Broad, that Hugh Ketcheson have the timber on road allowance, opposite lot 13, between 6th and 7th concessions.

Moved and carried, that Wm. Doughty bank 40 yards of gravel on Bert McCoy's roadbeat, and 40 yds. on John Irwin's roadbeat, at 55c per yd. and pay for gravel.

Moved by Christopher Wright, seconded by Robt. R. Nickle, that Geo. Rooke receive $5.00 per month to support Walton Jarvis while said Jarvis remains at the residence of Geo. Rooke.

(Signed) WILLIAM T. ALLEN, Tp. Clerk.

D. H. Kelly is an aspirant for the Reeveship of the new corporation of the village of Bancroft. The honour of being the first Reeve is quite an attraction, and "Dave" is an old war horse who usually measures his chances well and goes in to win.

The new telephone line is completed and in working order between Maynooth and Bancroft.

Dr. Elizabeth Embury, of Belleville, has taken up her abode in Bancroft.

Be Quick.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlains's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all druggists.

Bancroft is now an incorporated village.

Mrs. John Mackenzie of Ormsby is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever.

A syndicate composed of farmers in the vicinity of Coe Hill, has purchased a thoroughbred Clydesdale stallion for $1800.

Mr. Harry Johnston has disposed of his general store business at Coe Hill to Mr. C. T. Mufflitt, and will devote all his time in future to his other interests around the village. Mr. Mufflitt is an enterprising young man, and is well-known to the residents of Coe Hill and vicinity.

Sergeant John McCrodan, of Belleville, died very suddenly on Saturday morning while engaged at work drawing wood. Deceased, who was about 65 years of age, had for nearly forty years been a member of the police of Belleville.

A little daughter of Mr. Frank of Thornhill, Man., was burned to death by her clothing igniting by a spark from the stove.

The Bancroft Times:—Detectives Chamberlain and Parkinson were in Bancroft on Monday on business in connection with the ballot-box case. They searched the residence of a prominent citizen, and ransacked it from cellar to garret. Even a package of love letters, written probably twenty years ago, were eagerly perused. No wonder the average detective is not held in very high esteem by the general public.

New Advertisements.

Wanted.

A Teacher to take charge of Jr. Department of West Huntingdon school. Duties to begin Jan. 3rd, 1905. Apply at once to

PETER FARGEY,
Sec.-Treas. of West Huntingdon
51b School Board.

Estray.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 6, in the 8th con. of Madoc, about the 1st of December, two Yearling Heifers. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away.

PETER VANKLEEK.
Madoc, Dec. 19th, 1904. 51-3

Estray.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 20, in the 7th con. of Madoc, about the 15th of October, one Sheep. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take it away.

ALBERT NORMAN.
Eldorado, Dec. 19th, 1904. 51-3

READ THIS.

(If you do not I will be sorry.)

On the Third Friday of each month

D. H. ACKERILL
EXPERIENCED VETERINARY

from Belleville, will visit Curry's Hotel Madoc, arriving on the 1.45 train and leaving on the 3.45. I have decided to visit Madoc at the request of many of my old customers in order that they may consult with me near at home.

D. H. ACKERILL, V.S.

P.S.—Dr. Ackerill's medicine for use in the stable and the home are the best and always reliable.

Municipal Election!

To the Municipal Electors of the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

Notice is hereby given that the nominations of Reeve, 4 Councillors and 3 School Trustees, for the Village of Madoc, for 1905, will be held in the

TOWN HALL, MADOC,

—ON—

Monday, December 26th, 1904,

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon,

The polling, if any, will be held in the following Divisions on Monday January 2nd, 1905:

Polling Sub-division No. 1.—Town Hall, B. O'Hara, Returning Officer.

Polling Sub-division No. 2.—Bowen's Building, W. R. Gray, Deputy Returning Officer.

All nominations must be made in writing, signed by both nominator and seconder.

B O'HARA,
Village Clerk.

Madoc, December 9th, 1904.

J. C. DALE & Co.,

BANKERS,

DALE'S BLOCK, MADOC, ONT.

A General Banking Business Transacted. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of One Dollar and upwards received, and interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. Interest added to principal half-yearly, on the 11th of May and the 11th of November of each year.

REFERENCE:—Canadian Bank of Commerce.

J. C. DALE,
Manager.

John Cumming, fireman of Ventnor was killed by the explosion of a Grand Trunk Engine at Vaudreuil, Quebec.

Property For Sale.

Formerly known as the Volume residence. Modern brick house, good barn, good well and over an acre of land.

W. J. ATKINS.

Dog Lost.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 1, 4th con. of Madoc, on the 2nd inst., a Hound. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take it away.

49-3 JOHN LEWIS.

Madoc Public Library

After Saturday, 24th Dec., '04, the Library will remain closed for stock-taking and will not re-open until Saturday, 7th January, 1905. Books that should be returned during the interval may be left at Connor & Co's Store.

FRED E. SEYMOUR
Librarian.

Public Notice.

Albion Hotel, Belleville.

A report has been circulated that I have sold out my business. Such is not the case. It is Captain Bottum of the Hastings House that has sold out. We are still doing business at the "Old Stand" and will be pleased to see all our old friends. Our house is large and warm. Our stables are the largest and best in Belleville. Do not forget the name, Albion Hotel.

GEO H. DROWLEY, Prop.

Municipal Election!

To the Municipal Electors of the

TOWNSHIP OF MADOC,

Notice is hereby given that the nominations, which must be made in writing, for Reeve and four Councillors, for the Township of Madoc, for the year 1905, will be held in the TOWN HALL, ELDORADO, on

Monday, December 26th, 1904,

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon.

The Polling, if any, will be held in the following Divisions on Monday, January 2nd, 1905:

Division No. 1.—Hart's School-house, John A. Ketcheson, Deputy Returning Officer.

Division No. 2.—McCoy's School-house, Geo. Smith, Deputy Returning Officer.

Division No. 3.—Town Hall, O. Johnson, Deputy Returning Officer.

Division No. 4.—O'Hara's School-House, James Bird, Deputy Returning Officer.

W. T. ALLEN,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, December 9th, 1904.

Try

W. SAGER & SON

For your Christmas Confectionery, Groceries, Cakes, Buns, &c.

Fresh Bread always on hand, also all kinds of Candies and Nuts.

We also handle a fine line of Black and Green Tea. Try it.

McILROY'S STORE

is the place where you can get your Christmas orders filled with everything you want in

The Grocery Line

He carrys a full stock of the freshest and best goods in town and his prices are always right. There is where to buy your

Lake of the Woods Flour

It will speak for itself.

A car of Salt, both coarse and fine, by the barrel at $1.50.

Fearman's & Co. Sugar-Cured Breakfast Bacon and Hams and all kinds of Fish.

He will pay the highest market price for Butter and Eggs, and Poultry.

JOHN McILROY

How about Painting.

No matter where you live or what you want painted we will gladly attend to it. We go anywhere for business. We will not overcharge and you will be pleased in every way. We keep Oils, Leads and Colors in large quantities and sell to our customers for whom we are doing work at wholesale prices.

The Reason we can do our work more cheaply than some painters is because we buy our lead, oils, etc., in tremendous quantities, securing the very lowest wholesale prices, and we handle nothing but the best in painters' materials.

We have in our employ only the best of workmen and expert mechanics.

WALL PAPERS.

As to wall papers everyone knows we have the best papers made and that our prices are always lower than elsewhere for commoner goods. Our August sale of wall papers at half price is a boom to home-makers.

Our Decorating. Our paper-hanging, etc., is pleasing everybody both in style and low cost.

C. B. Scanlebury,
Decorator, Belleville.
Wall Papers, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, etc., wholesale and retail.
Write for samples and quotations.

House and Lot for Sale.

Containing about half an acre of land; good comfortable brick house, barn, stable and drive shed, known as the D. W. Wright property, St. Lawrence Street, Madoc. Easy terms for quick sale. Apply to

WM. MULLETT.
Madoc, Dec. 12, 1904.

Hounds Lost.

On November 17th, the undersigned lost two hounds, male and female, seven months old, grey and white, long tan ears. The male was the larger. A few black spots on them. Last seen at West Branch Black Creek, near boundary line between Tudor and Grimsthorp Townships. Any information leading to their recovery will be gladly received.

THAD GUNTER,
Wooler P.O., Ontario.

Notice.

I again forbid any person of cutting or removing any timber of any kind off of lots 26 and 27 in the 3rd concession of Tudor. No excuses will be taken.

JAMES N. CLARKE.
Dorset, Sept. 27, 1904.

To get Up-to-date Engraving done go to

J. H. IRVING

Watches at Great Reduction.

Ladies' Silver Hunting Case Watches, 15 jewelled movements, $8.50.

Ladies' 20 year Filled Case, 16 jewels, $13.00.

Ladies' 25-year Filled Case 16 jewels, $15.00.

Men's 7-jewelled Watches, in Silver Open Faced Cases, Waltham or Elgin $7.50.

7-jewelled Waltham in 20-year cases, $10,50.

Boys' or Girls reliable Watches at $2.75.

Chains on hand equally low priced.

Watch repairing and engraving.

Near the Dominion Bank.

MADOC.

NEW MILLS

The undersigned having purchased a new Gasoline Engine and Grain Grinder is prepared to do all kinds of Grinding at reasonable rates, and customers can pay cash or toll as they choose.

Also all Custom Work in the line of Sash and Doors and all kind of House Furnishing, and will send men to do all necessary work in connection therewith if needed.

Call at Caverley's old Carriage Shop, opposite White's Foundry, and we will endeavor to give satisfaction.

J. W. BENNETT.

FINE NECKWEAR

—FOR—

The Christmas Trade

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Gloves, Underwear, etc.

—CALL AND SEE OUR—

Visor Hood and Muffler,

Keeps the head, ears, face and neck protected from the cold, or can be worn as muffler only, for men, women or children.

FOOTE & ROSS.

Butter and Eggs taken.

A 1 Farm for Sale.

100 acres, known as the Arthur Mullett homestead, lot 14, 1st con. Huntingdon, Hastings county, double frame house, drive-house, stone hog-pen, double barn, good orchard, 3 living wells. Can be had with or without implements, stock, crop, etc. Particulars on the premises. 32

NEW PAINT SHOP.

The undersigned, having fitted up a new Paint Shop, is now prepared to do all kinds of

Painting on Buggies, Carriages, etc

—IN—

FIRST-CLASS STYLE.

Durable work given. Fifteen years' experience. Charges moderate. Shop next door to his residence.

W. J. REED.
Madoc, Nov. 15, 1904.

ALEX. BELAIR,

Merchant Tailor,

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - - MADOC

My stock consists of Canadian, English and Scotch Tweeds and Suitings, Blue and Black Serges, fine Black Venetians, Overcoatings and Pantings. All new Goods.

Your patronage respectfully solicited

Cheesemaker Wanted.

Cheesemaker wanted for The Ridge Cheese Company, Limited, for the season of 1905. Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to January 3rd, 1905. Output last season about 40,000 lbs.

GEO. PATTISON,
President
Coe Hill, Nov. 11th, 1904.

Estray.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 9, con. 7, Huntingdon, on or about Dec. 1st, a spring calf. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take it away.

JOSEPH ROLLINS,
50 3 Ivanhoe, Ont.

DR. PERRY G. GOLDSMITH,

OF BELLEVILLE, will be in

Madoc 2nd Monday each month

at St. Lawrence Hall, for consultation on diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat.

Miss Veda Campbell, A.L.C.M.

TEACHER OF PIANO,

Having taken an Honor Specialist Course at the London Conservatory of Music, is

Prepared to receive a limited number of Pupils

For terms, etc., apply at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Moore.

Removal Notice.

W. C. MIKEL, B. C. L.,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Solicitor the city of Belleville.

Office removed to the City Hall, where he will continue a general practice of Law except as against the corporation of the city of Belleville.

Money to loan at 4, 5, or 6 per cent. according to quality of security.

Telephone No. 195 44

P. WALTER O'FLYNN,

BARRISTER,

MADOC, — — ONT.

Corporation and Private Funds for Investment. Collections promptly made.

OFFICE—North St. Lawrence street, next door west of T. L. Nickle's warerooms.

Merchant Tailoring!

ROBT. McGHEE,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

I have just opened my

New Spring Stock of carefully Selected Goods

so that all classes may find satisfaction. Work guaranteed.

R. McGHEE, Merchant Tailor, Wood Block
Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Welch

MILNE'S HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT

Buy your 'Xmas Gifts from Milne

WHY ?

because he has the Largest Assortment

Just arrived a Large Assortment of

Ladies' Hkfs.
Ladies' Fancy Collars
New Ribbons
New Blousings
New Kid Gloves

Great Sale this week of

LADIES' BLOUSING

A table of Blousing at Thirty Cents, goods up to $1.25 per yd.

ALEX MILNE.

☞ A BARGAIN—First-class Farmers' Cook Stove, price $30.00, at G A. Rollins'.

☞ Try John Sager for 25c. Black or Green tea. Our stock of Confectionery for the Christmas trade is complete. Leave your orders for Christmas fruit cake.

—Because of the closing high prices for cheese it is thought that there is not an oversupply at present and as a consequence it is expected that prices next spring will be high.

—George Metherall, a traveller for a Montreal house, and well-known to many business men in town, committed suicide in Lindsay, where he resided, by cutting his throat.

—Rev. W. W. Burton, Missionary Agent of the Diocese of Ontario, occupied the pulpit in St. John's Church, Bancroft, on Sunday morning, and preached an eloquent sermon.

☞ McIlroy will sell you all kinds of Fish. Just received a shipment of Fresh Water Herrings, Salmon Trout, White Fish and Ciscoes, at rock bottom price. Also a full line of Fresh Groceries. Lake of the Woods Flour a specialty.

—Miss Mabel Dalby Elocutionist, Humorist and Dramatic Reader, of Toronto, has been engaged by the Bethesda Sunday School, Ivanhoe circuit, to assist in their Christmas entertainment to be held in the church Monday evening, Dec. 26. Admission 25c. All are cordially invited to come and enjoy this treat of the season.

Surrogate Court.

Letters of administration of estate of Thomas S. Harrison, late of the township of Limerick, in the County of Hastings, granted to Phillip Ambrose Harrison, Administrator. Estate $2187. Wm. Cross, Solicitor for Administrator.

Newly Incorporated Village.

Bancroft is the "baby" village of the County of Hastings. One of the last acts of the county council was to pass a by-law to incorporate that northern metropolis as a village. Mr. D. Fuller was appointed returning officer for the first municipal election.

Successful Students.

Among the list of new doctors fully qualified by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, at the final examination last week, we are pleased to note the name of N. Ford Sutton, son of Dr. H. H. Sutton, of Madoc.

Another successful Madoc student was Mr. J. P. Marrin who passed the semi-annual examination at the Ontario College of Pharmacy, Toronto, with honors.

We congratulate both these young men.

WANTED a quantity of White Oak, White Birch, Rock Elm, and White Ash, W. J. Atkins.

Ante Leap-Year Assembly.

An ante leap-year assembly will be held under the auspices of the young people of the Sacred Heart Church, Madoc, in the Masonic Hall, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 28th. Music furnished by a first-class Orchestra. Lunch served by the ladies of the congregation. Admission fee, $1.00 a couple. The committee of management—the young men of the congregation—promise an enjoyable evening to all.

St. John's Church Concert.

A very enjoyable concert was that held under the auspices of St. John's Church on Thursday evening last. It is to be regretted that the attendance was not as large as the excellence of the program warranted. Mr. Halle proved himself a delightful singer, while the humorous selections of Messrs. Norman Pilcher and William Brice, of our new electric light staff, were vociferously applauded and encored. Misses Lola Coe and Helen O'Flynn played the accompaniments to perfection.

Make a Note of This.

Every line in a newspaper costs something. If it is for the financial gain of an individual or society it should be paid for. If the grocer were asked to contribute groceries to one abundantly able to pay for them he would refuse. The proprietor of a newspaper has to pay for the free advertising if the beneficiary does not, and it is one of the hardest things to be learned by many that a newspaper has space in its columns to rent. To give it away for anything less than living rates would certainly be as fatal as for a landlord to furnish house rent free.—Exchange.

☞ Hen Feathers, 15c. per lb., suitable for cushions. F. G. Lynde.

Successful Church Services.

As announced in last week's Review the anniversary of the Methodist Church, Madoc, was held on Sunday, 18th inst. Rev. J. P. Wilson, B. A., President of Conference, and a former esteemed pastor, was the preacher on the occasion, and gave two most excellent sermons, the morning subject being "Weary not in well-doing," and in the evening "They could not enter in because of unbelief." Dr. McDiarmid had for a couple of Sundays drawn the attention of the congregation to the present needs of the treasury, and announced that envelopes would be placed in the pews or mailed through the post-office to every member of the congregation and requested that the sum of $550 be enclosed and placed on the plates. The response was most hearty and enthusiastic. At the close of the evening service it was found that $400.00 was contributed. This sum will enable the Trust Board to meet present liabilities and also to overhaul the Electric Light plant in the church. The Review must congratulate this energetic church on its praise-worthy effort, and Rev. Dr. McDiarmid on the grand success that attended his first appeal to his people.

Santa Claus Headquarters !



Christmas comes but once a year and when it comes it brings good cheer.

Fancy Chinaware.

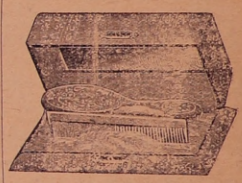
We have an overstock of an elegant line consisting of German, Japanesse, and English Chinaware to be sold this week regardless of cost.



DOLLS.

Little girls who like Dolls should be sure and come to McIntosh Bros. Store this week. We have some real beauties, and actually, you may tell your mammas, we never saw such nice dolls so cheap.

We also secured from Santa a lovely stock of Sleighs, Doll Go-Carts and Doll Carriages, Celluloid Cuff and Collar Boxes, Gloye Boxes, Shaving Set, Toy Snow Shovels, Toy Brooms. This is all that this space will allow us to mention. We invite everybody to come. We will cheer the heart of the old and gladden the heart of the young at



Store open every evening until 9 p.m. during the holidays.

McINTOSH BROS.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan and Insurance Agency

Agent for "London, Liverpool & Globe," "Equity," and "Metropolitan" Fire Insurance Companies. Lowest rates in Tariff and Non-tariff Companies, and risks absolutely safe.

Madoc Pump Works

ALL KINDS OF FIRST CLASS



Wood and Iron Pumps, Wind Mills, Grain Grinders, gasoline Engines, Steam Engines and Boilers.

Sole Agents for the Anderson Force Pump, of Aylmer.

Custom Saw and Shingle Mills on the premises.

We have made arrangements with a first-class Shingle Sawyer to handle this department.

CASH PAID FOR SHINGLE BOLTS

HART BROS.,
Proprietors.

Choice Groceries

—AND—

Provisions, Crockery and glassware,

—TRY—

GEO. WRIGHT'S.

HOME NEWS
Gossip Chas

MADOC, DECEMBER 22, 1904.

—Merry Christmas !

—Municipal nominations will be held on Monday next.

—Read all the advertisements in the Review this week.

—Christmas falls on Sunday next. The day will be observed on Monday, 26th.

—Mr. James Fox will be a candidate for the Council of Madoc township for 1905.

—The public school 'Xmas holidays commence on Friday, and continue until January 3rd.

—Mr. S. Russell, ex.-M.P., for East Hastings has been appointed Registrar of Deeds for the County Hastings.

—Mr. J. T. Leonard, of Landenburg, N.W.T., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Wm. Curry, in this village.

—Mr. Chas. Wellington returned home from Winnipeg last week, and will remain for the winter.

—W. Sager & Son's window and store is the centre of attraction for the youngsters during this festive season.

—The Bachelors of Madoc are sending out invitations for an assembly at the Masonic Hall on the evening of the 27th.

—The electric light will not illuminate the town on Christmas. The work of installing the machinery has proved a bigger task than was anticipated.

—Do not miss the children's entertainment in the Methodist S. S. rooms to-night, (Thursday). A good programme and entertaining time is assured.

—McIntosh Bros. store this year is a veritable "Fairyland." Even the Angel is a conspicuous figure—in fact there is a perfect galaxy of angels. No wonder the store is usually crowded.

—Lieut. A. M. Loutitt, of Marmora, and Miss Weir, of Peterboro, who has been teaching in that village for the past term, were visiting in Madoc on Sunday.

—Mr. Fred Kincaid, who left Madoc for a new residence near Norwood last year, was in town this week. He is well pleased with his present location, and family are well.

—All are reminded of the 'Xmas tree entertainment at the Union Church, Eldorado, on the evening of Monday, December 26. A choice programme of music, speeches, etc. Single tickets, 40 cents; double, 75c.

—The Tweed News says:—"Invitations have been sent out for the marriage of Miss Jennie E. Finley, of Lodgeroom, to Mr. John O Sager, of Madoc. The ceremony will take place on Tuesday evening, Dec. 27th, at 7.30 o'clock.

A.O.U.W. Officers.

The following were elected for ensuing year at the last meeting of the Madoc Lodge:—

Master Workman—N. M. Maybee.
Foreman—Alex. Belair,
Overseer—Robt. McGhee.
Financier—R. T. Gray.
Receiver—W. H. O'Flynn.
Recorder—W. H. McBain.
Guide—A. D. Weir.
Inside Watchman—J. R. McBain.
Outside Watchman—A. Johnson.

Orange Officers.

L.O.L. No. 160, Madoc village, held its annual meeting on Thursday of last week. This Lodge has made wonderful strides during the past few years, under the energetic Masterships of Bro. W. McMechan, first, and latterly of Bro. Thos. H. Thompson. No. 160 now ranks among the strongest in Central Ontario. There was a large turn-out for election of Officers, and the annual Oyster Supper was afterwards spread, to which full justice was done. The following will fill the offices for next year:—

W.M.—Percy Thompson.
D.M.—Nelson Jones.
Chap.—Rev. E. A. Saunderson.
Rec.-Sec.—John Sager.
Fin.-Sec.—John Thompson.
Treas.—John Smith.
D. of C.—W. T. Brown.
Lec—John Sargent and W. Knox.
Com.—John Dougan, Chas. Conley, W. Conley, Gilbert Olson, Johnson Dougan.

BORN

Norman.—At Eldorado, on the 24th of November, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Norman, a son.

DIED

McGee.—In Stirling, on Dec. 12th, Wm. J. McGee, aged 26 years, 6 months and 11 days.

Wright.—In Rawdon, on Dec. 10th, Elizabeth Wright, aged 65 years, 10 months and 10 days.

Fargey.—In Rawdon, on Dec. 5, Samuel Fargey aged 42 years.

Pitman.—In Huntingdon, on Dec. 4, Mary Ann Pitman, aged 73 years.

Sparrow.—In Huntingdon, on Nov. 24th, Agnes Sparrow, wife of Wm. Sparrow, aged 51 years.

—Xmas Day services at the English Church Madoc, will be held at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Unequalled assortment of Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, China and Glassware, Confectionery and Fruits ever offered for the holiday trade at Geo. Wright's.

Ten men were killed, others are dying from drinking wood alcohol in Kentucky

Vice-Admiral Togo reports that the ships at Port Arthur are totally unfit for service.

YOUR LAST CHANCE —

To Get Christmas Goods this year, but still better late than never.

Big Reductions in Everything

Games at half price. Perfumes all reduced.

Stationery at a big discount; also a good assortment of Purses, Brushes, Toilet Articles at reduced prices.

Wishing everybody A Merry 'Xmas and A Happy New Year.

HARRY H. JONES, Phm. B.

N. B.—Everybody says Horehound Cherry Cough Syrup is the best remedy for Coughs and Colds.

WATCHES AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS

We have two very special offers to make in Watches. A watch would make a very pleasing gift. Note the following prices:

In Ladies' Watches we offer a 25-year Gold Filled Case, with a first-class movement at $12.00. Or a Solid Gold Case with a Waltham, Elgin or Regina Movements at $20.00.

For a Boy we offer a fine assortment of Swiss Watches from $3.00 to $9.00. These watches are first-class and would make any boy happy.

A pretty piece of Jewelery always pleases. A Pearl Pendant or Brooch, or a Pearl Crescent is always acceptable. A Gold Locket with Necklace, or a Bracelet, is sure to please.

Sterling Silver Novelties and Silverware in abundance. Any piece makes a nice Xmas gift.

You are sure to find what in need of at

Geo. F. Maybee, Agent for Edison & Columbia Phonograph Company

The Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR

A SECRET REVEALED

CHAPTER IV.

It was dark under the trees in the avenue as Royce walked through it, and in the solemn quietude thought over all that had passed.

He stopped just outside the gate, and emptied the money from his pockets into his hand—it did not require two. There were exactly fifteen shillings and sixpence, and Irene Tresylian's locket. As he looked at the small trinket the sternness of his face softened and something very like a tear gathered in his eye.

She had called herself his sister, and though he had contradicted her, she had been like a sister to him—until to-day. The Earl of Landon and Irene's father, Lord Tresylian, had been bosom friends, and at the death of the latter his daughter had become Lord Landon's ward. The countess loved her as a daughter, and Irene and Royce had grown up side by side, fast friends and playmates, brother and sister—until to-day, when, coming upon her in the oak room, he had discovered that the child had grown into a woman. Her face pale and tearful, her voice full of its sympathetic sorrow, haunted him as he sat there, and almost drove the sting and remembrance of his mother's reproaches away. But they came back upon him presently, and stung and lashed him. He knew that what she had said was true, that she had lavished the whole of her love upon him, her younger son, almost to the exclusion of his brother. Seymour, the earl, and Royce had never "got on" well together; they were totally unlike in form and features, and mind. Seymour spent most of his time in London, taking up one fad and crotchet after another, and making each serve its purpose. He and Royce saw very little of each other, and when they did were just civil and no more. The earl had possession of the estates and the Landon money, excepting the countess' small jointure, there was not much, not enough of it, but he would not have given Royce a shilling, and Royce would have died rather than accept it.

Now Lady Irene was rich, very rich, and the countess had, ever since the fair-haired child had become her ward, cherished a secret hope that Irene and Royce would marry. There would be money enough for her boy then, and all would be well.

But though she loved him as only a mother can love her last born, she was too righteous and too proud to sacrifice Irene to one, even though he were her own son, who had lost his good name. It was her disappointment in him that had lent fire to the passion, and barbed her reproaches with poisoned darts; for my lady, the countess, was ambitious for him. The cardom had gone to Seymour; nothing but her small income would go to Royce. Why should he not, like his father, carve out a name for himself with his sword, and, enriched with Irene's wealth, become a power in the land?

All this Royce knew as he sat there with the fifteen shillings in his hand. And he had pulled down this beautiful castle in the air, levelled it to the dust. He was more sorry for his mother than for himself; indeed he held himself as of too little worth to be grieved over, and after a time got up and strode on, whither he cared not.

The evening shadows grew darker, and as he reached the edge of the common the lights from the fair gleamed like a ring of fire in the summer night's haze, and the muffled roar and din of the crowd came across the silence, and smote on his ear dully. He was harassed and tormented by his thoughts, and the fair offered him a distraction. He quickened his pace, and had come within a hundred yards or so of the edge of the outer ring of booths and shows, when he saw a gypsy's caravan making its way towards him.

He stopped and looked at it absently. It was a living van of the ordinary kind, but its appointments were better than usual, the paint was fresher, and the muslin curtains at the diminutive windows were whiter. On the shaft, driving the big, lumbering horse, sat a young girl with long, unkempt hair down her back, and another girl walking beside, one hand holding a red shawl at her throat, the other hanging down listlessly.

She glanced up at Royce as she passed, and he caught the gleam of a pair of dark eyes; but he did not recognize her as the girl who had told his fortune, and he was walking on when he heard light and hurried footsteps behind him. He stopped and turned so suddenly that she drew back a step and stood with a faint flush on her brown cheek, and a half timid look in her eyes.

"Well," he said, "what is it?" Then as he recognized her he added: "You don't want to tell my fortune again?"

"You were going there?" she said, pointing in the direction of the fair.

"Yes, I was. Well!" he replied.

"Don't," she said in a low voice. "Turn back or keep to the road. There is danger there."

"Danger?" said Royce. "What kind of danger."

"I can't tell you any more; but don't go."

"Oh, but I'm not afraid," he said lightly. "I rather like danger—if by that you mean the chance of a scrimmage."

"I know," she said in the same low voice; "that is why I stopped you."

"Well, I'm much obliged to you," he said gently, "but I'm afraid I shall have to go all the same. My road lies that way, and as I said, I rather like a scrimmage."

"I have warned you," she said almost sadly, and without another word left him and went quietly after the van.

Royce looked after her for a moment or two, then went on in the direction of the fair. If she had tried she could not have hit upon a surer way of driving him there; and in another minute he was in the thick of it. The crowd was denser, the heat greater, the noise more deafening than it had been in the afternoon; but Royce walked hither and thither with a dull and vacant eye now, and without the smile with which he had before viewed the proceedings.

The crowd was not only noisier but rougher, and absorbed as he was in his gloomy reflections, Royce now and again put out his strong hand or shoulder to save some woman or child from being hustled and crushed. He got sick and weary of the din and the heat, but he did not leave the place, for the simple reason that he did not know where to go, and after all, the crowd was some sort of company. The clock of Monk Towers struck eleven, the showmen banged their drums and shouted, "The last time, the last time!" and the crowd began insensibly to thin. The fair was nearly over for that year, and the red-letter day for Cumberleigh was drawing to a close. Royce sat down on a form near a booth, and lit his pipe, and watched some men who were already beginning to pull down the shows and pack up. He was so interested in the silent and adroit way in which they went to work that he was quite lost, when suddenly a gypsy came up and stood beside him. Royce looked up, and met a pair of small sunken eyes fixed upon him curiously, but they shifted instantly, and the owner asked him for a match.

It did not occur to Royce that the man could have got a light from one of the numerous naphtha lamps flaming near them, and absently he took out his silver fusee-box and handed it up to the man.

Uncle Jake—for it was that worthy—looked at the box with a sudden, greedy gleam in his eyes, took a match, and handed the box back with a "Thank you, my gentleman." Royce nodded, and the man, touching his hat, moved on. But he only went behind the nearest booth, and stood there smoking and watching the young man. Presently two men came up to the booth, one was a gypsy, the other the giant Long Bill.

"Hallo, Uncle Jake!" began the gypsy; but Uncle Jake silenced him with a peculiar gesture, and jerked his thumb toward Royce.

The two men drew back and held a whispered colloquy with Uncle Jake for a few minutes; then the three went quietly away.

Royce watched the flaming lamps go out one by one, and some of the caravans start, then he rose wearily and looked at his watch.

The nearest town was five miles distant, and he would have to reach that before he could get a bed. He was tired, physically, and mentally, and he left the fair with a slow and spiritless step, going in the direction which the living van with the two girls had taken, and opposite to that which the rest of the fair folk had gone.

He walked along slowly, smoking his pipe, and every now and then looking up at the sky, lighted only by the myriad stars and a new moon; and he asked himself the saddest of all questions a man can ask—"What is to become of me?" To live, a man must eat; and to eat, one must have money; fifteen shillings and five pence would not enable him to eat long or heartily.

"I can enlist," he said. "Many a better man than I has had to do that; but he hasn't been an officer kicked out of the service. I might have Trace over me, and then," he shook his head. "No, that door's shut. I'm strong, I suppose I could earn my living as a navvy; yes, that's what I'm fit for, a barrow and a shovel. That would be a new departure for a Landon. Anyhow, it's honest, and doesn't require brains, and no one need know."

The thought of Irene, delicate, lily-like Irene, crossed his mind, and he sighed.

"I shouldn't be further off from her as a navvy than I am now," he said to himself. "Dear little Renie!" He put up his hand to push his cap off his forehead as he spoke, and at the same moment a blow aimed at his head fell upon his arm.

He sprang around with the alertness of the athlete, and saw a form on either side of him; one seemed in the dusk to tower like a giant against the sky.

In an instant he took in the situation. He had been followed by these two men, who meant to rob him. He had no more than an instant of time in which to think, for blows from a heavy stick rained upon his head and shoulders. He put up his arm above his head to shield it, then bent down almost to the earth, and sprang upon the giant crying:

"Give me fair play, if you are men One at a time!"

Long Bill, staggered by the sudden attack, lost his footing and went down, and Royce kneeling on his chest wrenched the stick away, and dealt the other ruffian a blow; but the effort released the prostrate giant, and he got to his feet and seized Royce, uttering fearful imprecations. All Royce's weariness and lassitude had fled, and he grappled with his assailant with all the strength he could command. The wrestling bout on the platform was child's play, compared with this struggle, and the giant groaned and panted under Royce's steel-like grip.

But, alas! it was two to one, and the second man, recovering from his blow just as Royce felt his foe yielding, crept up behind him. Something glittered dully in the starlight and Royce felt a sharp pain shoot through his side. It nerved him to make one more effort, and Long Bill fell backwards. Royce disengaged himself and turned quickly upon the gypsy.

"You infernal coward, you have stabbed me!" he said, and he flung himself upon him.

The man raised the knife again, and struck wildly as Royce flung him down, and turned to meet Long Bill's headlong charge at him; but suddenly the sky seemed to reel, and the earth to rock, and before the giant could strike him he fell forward on his face.

The two men stood over him, panting and tugging at their swollen throats.

Long Bill kicked him savagely, then knelt down and dragged out his watch and chain. In doing so he started and drew back with an oath, and looked at his hand.

"I know—I knifed him!" said the gypsy in a low voice.

"We've done for him!" said Long Bill in a husky whisper. "He's—he's dead as a herring," and he looked over his shoulder fearfully.

"Not he! At any rate not yet. Anyhow, you've had your revenge, mate, eh? And if I hadn't given him an inch or two of steel, I reckon he'd have done for one or both of us. I never saw such a fight in a young 'un."

"As strong as a lion, and as game."

"Well," he said, philosophically, "it's no use crying over spilt milk. Besides, it was his own fault. What did he want to try and best two of us; two agen one? Here, look sharp! We'd better make ourselves scarce, for there'll be trouble over this business."

Silently and rapidly they emptied Royce's pockets, the gypsy viewing the smallness of the plunder with disgust.

"Only this, and him a gentleman!" he exclaimed with an oath. "What's this 'ere—a locket?"

"Put that back—it's worth next to nothing—and the watch and chain and a shilling or two. It'll put 'em off the scent. Do you hear?" he added savagely, as the gypsy hesitated.

"It's the best p'rt of the swag!" he grumbled.

"Yes, and it'll hang us if he don't pull around. Don't argify. There is no time; some one may come up. Why look there——!" And he ducked down and pointed behind him.

"It's Madge!" he muttered. "Keep on your hands and knees, and crawl till you get to them bushes. You're right about the things! I'll put them back."

He put the watch and chain in their place, and the locket in Royces waistcoat pocket, and went off like a snake in the grass.

The figure of Madge Lee stood motionless on the sky line for a moment or two; then she came slowly across the common. Presently the girl who had sat upon the shafts came running after her, and calling her. Madge stopped, but did not turn her head, and the girl came up to her side breathless.

"Where are you going, Madge? Supper's ready, and Mother Kate sent me after you. Come back, Madge."

"Did you hear anything, Lottie?" she said, her dark brows drawn together.

"Hear anything? No. What's to hear?"

"I don't know," said Madge absently. "I thought I heard something, but all is still and quiet now."

They walked on slowly, Madge's eyes bent on the ground. Suddenly she started and pointed.

"There's some thing there!" she suddenly, uttered an exclamation, and flung herself down beside Royce.

"I knew it!" she said, more to herself than the girl who stood looking down at the motionless figure in silent horror. "Hush, Lottie, don't be frightened! Run back to the van and tell mother to come and bring the cordial. Run as if for life!"

"I will—I will, Madge," gasped the girl, and she turned and sped over the heath.

Madge laid her face, white as death, against Royce's breast, and listened; then she raised her head and breathed a sigh of relief, and with a quick but gentle touch unfastened his collar. Then, like Long Bill, she started and looked at her hand. It was wet with blood. She tore open his coat and waistcoat, and snatching the shawl from her head, tried to stanch the wound which the second stab had made in the shoulder.

Her movements, gentle as they were, caused Royce such agony that he came to, and with the remnant of strength that was left him, he seized her by the arm, and dragged her down to a level with his face.

The grip was a terrible one, and the slender arm felt as if it were snapping in twain; but she made no effort to release it, and uttered no cry. His breath came hot upon her cheek as he held her, and he panted in her ear:

"Fair play! Give me fair play! If you are men, give me——"

Then he seemed to discover that it was a woman's face above him, and he stared up at her with strained eyes.

"Who is it? What are you doing to me? Am I dreaming or—dead? Who is it? Speak to me, or I shall go mad! My head, my head!"

She moistened her lips and pressed them together to steady them, for his hand, strong in his delirium, was inflicting untold pain upon her.

"You are safe," she said in his ear. "I—I am a friend!"

He tried to smile, and loosened his hand, but his fingers closed spasmodically on the sleeve of her dress, and tore it, revealing the arm with the band of crimson which his grasp had caused.

She looked at it with tightly-compressed lips, and a singular expression in her dark eyes, and as the girl and a woman came running over the heath, she turned up the torn sleeve, so that it hid the crimson mark, her face growing for a second as red as the stain itself.

(To be Continued.)

How to Gain Flesh

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of Scott's Emulsion. It is strange, but it often happens.

Somehow the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made.

A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking Scott's Emulsion.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample. Its agreeable taste will surprise you.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont.

More Delicious

in flavor than the finest Japan tea grown.

"SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN tea is fast becoming as popular as "SALADA" Black tea. Sold only in lead packets. 25c and 40c. per lb. By all grocers.

SANITARY HANDKERCHIEFS.

The cotton handkerchiefs provided for French soldiers have printed upon them a number of sanitary precepts to be observed on the march and during a campaign, and are further decorated with medallions containing pictures of officers of all grades, the different uniforms being so distinctly portrayed that a French private can tell at a glance to what grade an officer he may see belongs.

Kidney Cells Destroyed

By Repeated Attacks of Disease—Surprising Results Obtained by the Use of

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Because it is sometimes a slow and lingering malady, people are prone to overlook the destructive tendencies of kidney disease.

They forget that the wasting process brings about a change in the cellular tissue, which practically renders the kidneys useless as filtering organs.

Continued paleness and loss of flesh, pains in the back and loins, dry, harsh skin, severe headaches and backaches; scanty, highly colored urine; painful, scalding urination; stomach troubles and irregular bowels are among the symptoms of kidney disease.

As a cause of downright suffering few diseases are to be compared with kidney disease, and the results are frequently fatal, the end coming suddenly and unexpectedly.

By their direct and wonderfully prompt action on the kidneys, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills call a quick halt to the advance of kidney disease.

By their combined action on kidneys, liver and bowels, they prove effective in complicated cases in which ordinary kidney medicines bring little or no relief.

Mr. W. Smith, Port Dalhousie, Ont., writes:—"For some years I was afflicted with kidney disease and gravel in its most severe form, having often a stoppage of water accompanied by the most dreadful agony. As the disease wore on me I became reduced in flesh and passed sleepless nights. No doctor was able to do much for me and I used many medicines without obtaining more than temporary relief. My attention was directed to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and by using this treatment the disease was eradicated from my system in less than six months. I have gained in weight, sleep well and feel better than I have for twenty years. These pills have fully restored me to good and perfect health."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have thoroughly proven their genuine indisputable merit, and you can use them knowing of a certainty that you will receive all the benefit that would be derived from the attention of the most skillful physician. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

An Incubator Without Cash

Until October, 1905



There is big money to be made in raising chickens with an Incubator.

Canada exports annually millions of chickens to the United States and Great Britain.

The consumption of poultry in Canada is increasing rapidly and the poultry dealers complain that they cannot get enough poultry to fill their orders.

One woman bought a No. 2 Chatham Incubator the first of March—she had five hatches by July first and had four hundred plump, sturdy chicks. In six months her Incubator had paid her $100.00, several times its cost. A Chatham Incubator should pay for itself each hatch.

We have perfected an Incubator and brooder. We believe it is now absolutely the best in the world. We have sufficient capital behind us, and we are out for the entire business in incubators. We know that there is no other incubator that can approach the

Chatham Incubator

This is our proposition: To demonstrate our absolute confidence in the Chatham Incubator we will send one to you, freight prepaid, and you make your first payment in October, 1905.

The fact that we sell our Incubators in this manner guarantees them to the fullest extent, Thirty days' trial is a delusion and a snare. If you have good luck you may get off one hatch in that time, and even then you are uncertain, and if you reject the machine you will have to pay the freight both ways. But with us you send in your order and we ship the machine prepaid. When it arrives, if it seems all right, start your hatch, and we will give you until October, 1905, before you have to pay a cent in cash. We positively guarantee that the machine is a good hatcher. Every machine should sell a dozen, and we will, on no account, allow a machine that is defective to remain in any neighborhood.

WHAT SIX CHATHAM INCUBATOR USERS HAVE TO SAY:

The Incubator sent me is working exceedingly well. It is very easily operated, and only requires attention for only a few minutes per day. The first lot of eggs, 110, on examination I found that 53 were not fertile, two others were broken accidentally, and I had 51 chicks or about 99 per cent. of the fertile eggs. The second trial of 110 gave me 93 living chickens. The brooder gives equally good satisfaction. The young broods are doing well. Yours truly, J. E. JOHNSTON, Editor Leamington Post, Leamington, Ont.

I have used your No. 2 Incubator for three hatches, and am so well pleased with it that I ordered a No. 3 which your agent, Mr. Turnbull, brought to-day. My third hatch came off yesterday with 112 chicks out of 119 eggs. We have also a Chatham Fanning Mill which gives good satisfaction. I will not lose an opportunity of recommending the Chatham machines to my friends. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIDNEY SMITH, Scotland, Ont.

The No. 3 incubator you sent me is all right, we hatched out of 100 fertile eggs, 103 good strong chicks, and the brooder saved them all. We had in the incubator at the same time, in the other tray, 44 duck eggs and 34 goose eggs, from which we got 20 ducks and 32 geese; total, 71 from 78 eggs, also hatched 6 turkeys at the same time that the hen eggs were in. We recommend the Chatham Incubator and Brooder to be the best and surest to hatch, under all circumstances, of any other make. We have handled four other makes, in our poultry business which we run on a large scale at Birtle, keeping Barred Plymouth Rocks, Pekin Ducks, Toulon Geese and Mammoth Bronze Turkeys. Yours truly, D. A. ADAMS, Birtle, Man.

The No. 2 Incubator I bought from you is all you recommended it to be. I got 101 eggs, and after testing out the 101 eggs, I had 72 chicks. I find the machine first class in every particular and easy to run, if directions are followed carefully. Yours respectfully, MRS. HENRY CHASE, Warren, Ont.

I wish to let you know of my success with your Incubator. Out of 124 eggs I got 74 chicks, and out of my second hatch I got 94 from 106 eggs. I find the machine a pure success if run according to directions. The brooder is a wonder, and I have not lost a chick as yet, and they are almost feathered. Yours truly, JOHN H. McKINNON, Collingwood, Ont.

Your No. 2 Chatham Incubator has given very good returns the first hatch. Out of 69 eggs I had 42 chicks. I was rather afraid of wasting the eggs, and so did not fill the machine, but when the chicks came, I was sorry I had not filled it. Will recommend your Incubator to my neighbors. Yours sincerely, MRS. MARGARET McINTOSH, Whitewood, Assa.

Chatham Incubators and Brooders have every new improvement worth while in an incubator or brooder. The incubators are made with two walls case within case, of dry material that has been thoroughly seasoned in our lumber yards. They are finished in antique oak, are built solid as a rock and will stand any amount of usage for years. They are fitted with a perfect steel and brass regulator that insures a successful hatch. There has never before been such an offer as this made in the whole world. The sooner you take advantage of this offer, the more time you will have before October, 1905, to make first payment. Cut off the coupon and send it in to-day for our booklet on the way to raise chickens, what it costs and your profit. You will obtain all information regarding the Chatham Incubator.

The Manson Campbell Co. Limited

DEPT. 32 CHATHAM, ONT.

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Factories at Chatham, Ont., Detroit, Mich.

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Please send your descriptive Catalogue of the Chatham Incubator, together with all information about your special offer, whereby no cash will be paid until October, 1905.

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Mention this paper.

BONNIE DUNDEE

BY NELLIE E. WATTS.

The name seemed to fit him naturally, and came in time to be both loved and revered in our little home circle. Fling a typical Scot where ever you will, and he speedily becomes the saving salt of the community. Dundee he hailed from; there his heart's affections were entwined, thither he hoped to return when his fortunes were made, and no resentment was ever displayed in its application to himself. Albeit a much more convenient name than the stiff stilted one of Hugh Archibald McPherson. In all probability our pathways would never have crossed had it not been for the severe attack of pneumonia which befell my good man, uniting him for active duties, for many weary weeks. A line or two in the daily brought to our door this young son of Scotia, and a short trial proved his efficiency. It soon grew a familiar sight to see the straight, well-knit figure of the dark-haired laddie moving swiftly about his duties in the shop, or stepping in and out with firm tread to his meals, ever courteous and pleasant in his demeanor, but aye keeping his own counsel, with the canniness characteristic of his country, he gave himself ample time to take his bearings, before becoming communicative. At the time he came to us he was scarce twenty-three, with a hint of possible great strength in the breadth of shoulder and wiry muscularity of frame; a trifle of more than ordinary intellectuality in the finely-poised head and massive brow.

No doubt he was but a fair sample of many in the part from which he came, but among the slow, heavy country lads of our neighborhood, the contrast was vividly marked. With them all he soon became a favorite, despite his national reserve, and his rich Scotch dialect so amusing to them, but to us, in whose veins flowed like blood of the Covenanters, the sound was sweetest melody. If we had fears in the beginning that he would be carried away by the drinking customs extant in our young Dominion, they were speedily dispelled, by the calus refusal we heard him give on several occasions, when pressed to partake by that element of society, found everywhere, which unoccupied mentally seeks compensation in an overflowing stomach. Our brau laddie would have none of their devices, though we often marked the stern compression of the lips, and thanked God for that early influence, what ever it might be, which enabled him to come off ever the victor. In time he became communicative, and all through our little golden-haired lassie, our winsome Jean. Often of a Sabbath have I seen him stroking the fair silken locks of our darling, and if he thought himself unseen, press a kiss upon the shining strands The child took to him wonderfully, perhaps from not having any other playmate in the house except myself. Their pastimes were of the most sedate character, for our wee, wee girlie was not of the rollicking sort, probably from being so much with older folk. A long walk up and down our own shady street, and confidential talks upon our cool vine-covered verandah, with the child nestled close in the strong arms of the young Scotchman, was almost the extent of their recreations.

One day the bairnie came to me with wonderful news.

"Oh, mother! Archie's got a Jean, too, only she's bigger, and he says I look like her, specially my eyes and hair!"

I looked at the quaint little maiden. Scotchy enough she appeared, from the sheen of her silken hair to the tiny freckles on the lily-white skin. Beautiful she would never be, except in the eyes of love, for she was not plump as most children are, and the narrow face and far-seeing, thoughtful eyes made one almost wonder how she could have dropped from our sunny Canadian skies.

"Got a Jean, too, has he; then he surely ought to be proud."

"Yes, and, mother, don't you ever ever tell, but some day she's coming over the big, big sea to stay with Archie and little Jean, and never never going back again."

I smiled at her serious tone.

"You and Archie must be getting great chums, girlie, to tell you all this."

"Oh! you must hear him your own self some time, mother. He tells the bestest stories about his country. It must be most as good as ours, mother, and I do wish I was there."

Did the home-sick yearning of some exiled ancestor find an echoing throb in the child's young heart?

Little by little Archie (or Dundee as he seemed to like my husband to call him,) came to include me in his reminiscences of home, though he was strangely reticent before men folk. My delight in his descriptions of auld Scotia was no less keen than the child's, for with an unsatisfied longing I had ever hoped some day to see my fatherland. His descriptive powers were excellent; not the stereotyped phraseology of the guide book, but the real scenes as indelibly stamped upon a heart intensely patrotic, a mind susceptible to environment, and the greatest, the most unforgetable part of him, his love for the blue-eyed Jean in far-off Dundee. With him we walked the streets of his native town, or roamed the fields for pale purple heather, or breathed the coolness of the hills, or drank in the beauty of the placid locks until my Jean's eyes grew luminous with the vision, and her breath came in quick gasping sighs.

It was music only that could make us feel entirely at home, and I never so realized the depth of our Scotch songs until I heard his rich baritone, touched with the genuine brogue, rolling forth the notes of "My Ain Country," "Annie Lawrie," "Auld Lang Syne," and such like. It was quite a sight to see his head thrown back on Sabbath mornings at church and hear him peal forth the weirdness of "Dundee," and "Old Hundred," which carried me ever back to childhood's days when I had heard my grandfather sing with like zest and feeling. But then he, too, had come from the far away in Scotland!

One evening a painful incident occurred. I was singing in an undertone in the gloaming to my drowsy Jean, "The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond."

"Will ye kindly sing it again, if it be not too much to ask," said Archie, from some unnoticed corner of the room.

Again I sang, and more distinctly, but when the closing words But me and my true love, we'll never meet again, on the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond," were finished, I thought I heard the sound of smothered sobs.

"Dinna ye sing it ony mair! I beg of ye!" Pardon me for greeting, but I canna bear the thots o't. Never meet again! I must meet her, or God isna guid to a lonely, friendless laddie this side the braid water!"

As he turned to leave the room abruptly, he stooped and passionately kissed the serene brow of our sleeping Jean, on the instant all the darkness clearing from his face, leaving a mist of tears.

Ah, no! not alone. Not friendless! One little loyal heart will cling to him though weal or woe, and for we older ones—it remained to be seen.

A twelve month had well-nigh gone since we first knew Archie, and so well pleased had my husband become with his right-hand man, that an offer of partnership was made and accepted. Perhaps the standard of executive ability is the only one by which we should judge either man or woman. Certain it is the twentieth century is not productive of dreamers. But Archie had his daydreams all unsuspected, and the culmination of them was to be the arrival of Bonnie Jean Gordon, the following spring, when another home nest should be built in this fair uncrowded land. As usual little Jean was his confidante. He always seemed most at ease with her tiny hand locked in his and her far-seeing gaze fixed, not so much on him, as on what he saw. It is a wonderful thing this perfect interpretation of a little child!

Christmas was an extra event with us that year, chiefly because we strove to make this "stranger in a strange land" forget his loneliness as much as possible, by making him one of our own. If the longing for home were there he did not mention it, but I studiously avoided the "Banks of Loch Lomond." It came to me with the force of premonition every time I recalled his agitation, but I tried to lay the blame on my woman's imagination.

Christmas brought exchange of gifts across the sea, my husband, Jean and I each contributing something to the tangible token forwarded by Archie to the bonnie lassie of Dundee, and in return came a strand of her own silken hair, tied with a dainty blue ribbon. How many kisses and caresses that tiny curl received I dare not guess, but could not fail to note the adoration with which he compared it to little Jean's, scarcely a shade darker and of the same silky texture.

Along with the lock of hair came a photo of the owner, and with these two precious tokens his happiness was well nigh complete. By special favor our little circle was privileged to look upon the face of his beloved, though every waking moment he seemed to hoard it as a miser does his gold. It was a face worth remembering for aye. Not strictly beautiful, yet the unfathomable depths of the eyes, the form, sweetness of the mouth and chin, the broad white brow, softened by fair straying curls, all betokened a countenance with underlying strength of character. Hers was a face worth dying for, but much more worth living for.

The lengthening days from Christmas onward sped swiftly by, and unconsciously we began to share Archie's lover-like anxiety to have everything in readiness for his bride, against that glad May day when he should claim her as his own. I had never seen our Jeannie so elated as during these last days, though once in a while she would creep into Archie's arms wistfully, as if realizing that another had a prior claim on all his heart's affection. It may be we had spoiled our little girlie, and made her a bit selfish, but she was ever a favorite in her quiet, lovable way. Archie, good naturedly stood many a joke about his little sweetheart, but even those who ventured upon it knew when to retire in safety, having a wholesome respect for his muscular arm.

At length the news reached us that the good ship which was to bear fair Jean Gordon far from her native land to the untried shores of the new world, had actually sailed. Great was the joy and fear awakened lest anything should befall its precious burden. The neat residence purchased by Archie, and furnished under the combined supervision of the entire household, stood ready waiting, wanting nothing but its future mistress.

They were to be quietly married from the home of a relative of Miss Gordon's in New York City, and from thence proceed homeward. Archie had insisted on my husband, Jean and myself, being present as a representative of his only friends in Canada, and we were nothing loth, as apart from his invaluable services to my husband, we had both come to regard him as little less than a well-beloved son. Necessarily we could not be long away, and found that by travelling all night we could manage the trip in three days. A wire from New York had satisfied us that our coming was expected, and we tried not to notice Archie's nervous anxiety, when we were fairly under way and speeding swiftly along the rails, through the silent starlit night.

Any thought of danger was farthest from our minds, and the dreary forebodings of the old Scotch song, were for the time forgotten.

Who said "the unexpected is sure to happen"? Suddenly, through the still night air, rang out the piercing shriek of an engine, directly on our track, coming at tremendous speed. Only a mistake of orders, but what did it mean to us? I can see yet with terrible distinctness that deathly pallor creep over my husband's and Archie's faces and then the rigid tension of the mouth as each determined to play the man to the very death. Only little Jeanie was unconscious of all danger, sleeping. God bless her! Archie was holding her in his arms, for he had wished to have her there and he still held her as in a death grip. It was soon over. The horrible numbing agony, the shock, the sensation of every limb being unjointed, and the breath crushed out of you utterly, and then —oblivion. And for one awful moment I tried to spring and save a heavy beam from crushing my darling Jean, and in a flash saw Archie's body interposed to shield her, and knew nothing more till I awoke partially conscious to find my husband supporting me in anxious solitude.

"Jean, my Jean, where is she?"

"Here, mother!" came a brave little voice from somewhere.

"And Archie?"

"Hurt a little, but you will see him soon."

"It was weeks before I was able to see him, and then was shocked to see the veritable wreck of humanity he presented. And what of the girlbride waiting for her fateful marriage-day. Instead of a proud and happy bridegroom arriving on the through express, came the hastily constructed train-load of mangled, dying humanity to swell the ranks of the city hospitals, and with them—Archie!

From my husband, who had miraculously escaped, though suffering severely from shock, was forwarded a brief message to her address, telling her what had happened.

In the days that followed, dim recollections of a sweet girlish face came to me now and then in my distorted vision, but I could not place her, and kept calling her "Jean," imagining I saw a resemblance to my own little Jean. How often she quieted my anxious cries for my little one I cannot say, but they tell me she hovered continually between the wards where Archie and I lay, and by her gentle firmness so won upon the nursing staff from the matron down, that she was allowed unlimited privileges beyond that of the ordinary visitor. Not a nurse but was touched when her pitiful story became known, and when the proud day came that Archie recognized her, and once more attempted a feeble grasp of life, it is hard to say which was more delighted, the nurses or his Jean.

It was an odd-looking group which gathered by his bedside one day a little later, when our laddie became sufficiently convalescent to be thought fit for travel. Surrounding the central figures of the bruised and bandaged Archie, and his sweet girl-bride in her simple gown of white, were a bevy of white-capped and gowned nurses, and surely never a bride looked fairer, or her attendants. Archie was scarce able to place the broad gold band upon the firm white finger of his newly-married wife, but the nurses helped him bravely through.

It was the wish of his Jean that the wedding take place here and now, though Archie feebly protested that he could not think of her throwing herself away upon such a wreck. She would nurse him, she declared, and be proud to do it, and she did. Not only was she Archie's good angel perpetually, but ours as well, for no one could have brought me to myself as she did.

Archie is quite presentable again, and actually growing handsome, we laughingly assure him. Both my husband and myself feel that we can never do enough for him, since it is to him that we owe the existence of our precious little Jean, whom he risked his life to save that terrible night. This third Christmas Day Archie has spent in Canada is to be a notable occasion, since it will witness the baptism of his son and heir who came just enough in advance of Santa Claus to make the old Saint's coming of little moment to our Jean, since she has been permitted to nurse this, the only real live doll she has ever seen, this tiny memento of Dundee.

THE THREE SHIPS.

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day?
And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas-day in the morning?

Our Saviour Christ and His Lady,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
Our Saviour Christ and His Lady,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas day;
O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas day;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

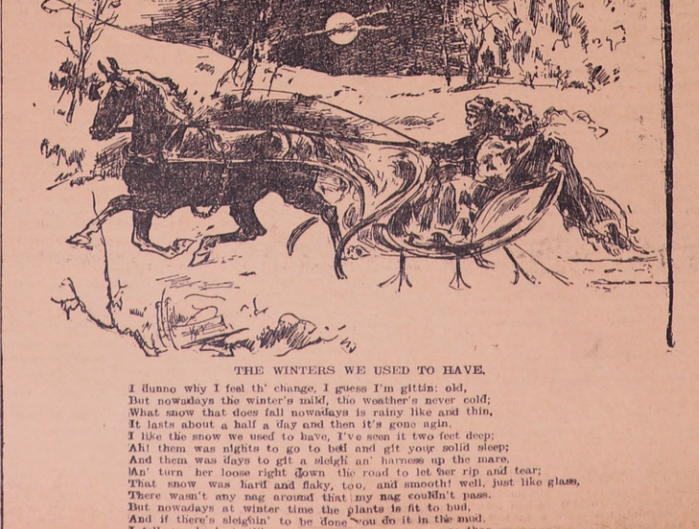
Then let us all rejoice again,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
Then let us all rejoice again,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

A BIT OF CHRISTMAS COUNSEL.

When Christmas comes, it is well to get out of ourselves. Out of the rut, too, if possible. There are Christmas ruts, worn deep and furrowed as by ploughshares in the soil of our minds. We think we must bestow a certain number of presents. We ticket off the names of kith and kin and acquaintance. We spend more than we can afford, and, if we are very foolish, we mortgage our future tranquility by running into debt. One hears a tired Christmas shopper exclaim, with a breath of relief, "Well, I'm thankful there'll be no more of this for another year!"

Such Christmas-keeping is a despoilment of the glad day, a defacement of God's rich gift, sent us in loving-kindness.

When bestowal is a burden and acceptance becomes critical, and the dearest day of all arouses no enthusiasm, the ungrateful Christian has missed the Christian benediction. Why not go forth and get something from the many who have been lighting their little torches of courage and hope at the world's great bonfire of glory and joy? Why not expect something very precious and put yourself in the attitude of receiving it?



THE WINTERS WE USED TO HAVE.

I dunno why I feel th' change, I guess I'm gittin' old,
But nowadays the winter's mild, the weather's never cold;
What snow that does fall nowadays is rainy like and thin,
It lasts about a half a day and then it's gone agin.
I like the snow we used to have, I've seen it two feet deep;
Ah! them was nights to go to bed and git your solid sleep;
And them was days to git a sleigh an' harness up the mare,
An' turn her loose right down the road to let her rip and tear;
That snow was hard and flaky, too, and smooth! well, just like glass,
There wasn't any nag around that my nag couldn't pass.
But nowadays at winter time the plants is fit to bud,
And if there's sleighin' to be done you do it in the mud.
I tell you hen's teeth's p[illegible] so tha[illegible]
An' winter time ain't

HOLIDAY COOKING

Cristmas Plum Pudding—An English friend gives this as Queen Victoria's favorite Christmas pudding, for which recipe she gave a prize of two guineas. One lb. seeded raisins, ½ lb. stale bread crumbs, quarter lb. flour, ¼ lb. brown sugar, 1 lb. currants, half lb. minced candied orange peel, 1 lb. chopped suet, one teaspoon salt, 5 eggs, half tumbler coffee or brandy, half nutmeg and the grated peel of a lemon. Mix fourfruit and spices well, add the crumbs and suet, beat the eggs, add to them the coffee or brandy. Pour over the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack in greased molds, and steam eight hours, and two hours longer when wanted for use. To serve, place a sprig of holly on the top, and surround with alcohol, which set fire to, and carry to the table surrounded with a wreath of flame. Serve with orange sauce: Mix the yolks of 4 eggs with half cup of sugar and the juice and grated rind of half an orange. Stir over the fire until the custard coats the spoon. Serve hot.

Stuffed Dates—These are very nice for a Christmas dainty. Cut dates in two, lengthwise. Remove the pits and fill the cavity with the following mixture; then press the two halves together and roll them in granulated sugar. Filling: One beaten white of egg thickened with powdered sugar and chopped nuts until it will mold into a pit for the date. About 75 dates can be fixed with one white of egg.

Holiday Pudding—Take 1 quart stale bread broken into bits without crusts, and dry in the oven. Pour over the bread 1 qt. rich sweet milk and let stand one hour. Add three beaten eggs, half cup currant, plum or quince jelly, melted, 1 cup brown sugar, half cup strained honey or maple syrup, half cup chopped suet or butter, one lb. raisins, half lb. currants and half teaspoon each of cinnamon, nutmeg, grated peel and vanilla extract, or 2 teaspoons vanilla without the other spices. Mix the ingredients together and bake in a buttered pudding dish for two or three hours. Serve with cream or pudding sauce.

Ping Pong Confection—In the evening, soak 1-3 package gelatine in a little cold water. Set the dish in hot water to melt, when wanted in the morning. Boil 2 cups granulated sugar, half cup water and quarter teaspoon cream of tartar, until a little stirred in a cold dish will get creamy. Remove from the fire and when cold stir until as thick as cold molasses, then add 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup chopped pineapple (with the juice squeezed out), and the melted gelatine. Beat until it becomes thick, then pour into buttered pans, having the mixture an inch thick. Set upon ice, and when hard and stiff cut into inch squares, roll in powdered sugar and put in a box lined with waxed paper. Keep in a cold place until used. To be good it should be eaten fresh.

Baked Onions—Peel small, silver-skinned onions, and cook in salted boiling water for 15 minutes. Drain and lay them on a towel to dry. Then put them in a baking pan with a few spoonfuls of stock or gravy, sprinkle with sugar and bake until soft. The sugar will glaze the onions.

Oyster and Beef Olives—Cut cold roast beef into nice sized pieces. Slightly chop a sufficient quantity of oysters, season with salt and paprika, add some finely chopped pickles and a little tomato catsup. Spread the oyster mixture rather thickly over the sliced beef, roll up tightly, and fasten securely with string. Place in a baking pan with plenty of butter, and cook in a quick oven till slightly browned, basting occasionally. Serve with creamed potatoes. Remove the strings before serving.

Chickens with Oyster Stuffing—Dress 2 plump chickens as for roasting and rub them over with a little salt. Fill the inside with whole oysters, nicely seasoned with salt, paprika and tomato catsup. Sew up the ends, and boil until tender in just enough water to cover. Add a small onion, a stalk of celery and half a sliced carrot to the water. When done, take up on a heated dish and serve immediately. Thicken some of the broth with a little flour, add a little cream, butter and seasoning and serve in a gravy boat. The remainder of the broth will make a delicious soup. Add to it one or two cups sweet cream, a lump of butter, a little minced celery, and parsley, and salt and paprika to taste.

Roast Goose with Chestnut Stuffing—The cooking school directions for preparing a goose for roasting are rather apt to excite some amusement in the breasts of old-fashioned housekeepers, nevertheless the newer method is certainly an improved one, as it removes much of the superfluous fat, and in so doing improves the flavor of this savory bird. The directions are as follows: Select a young goose, singe it, and scrub it well in soap and water, rinse very thoroughly in clear cold water, and dry inside and out with a cloth. To make the stuffing, cook half tablespoon finely chopped onion with 3 tablespoons butter for five minutes. Add quarter lb. sausage meat, stripped of its skin, 12 finely chopped mushrooms, and one cup mashed chestnuts. Heat the mixture and add one oz. fresh breadcrumbs, two dozen whole chestnuts which have been boiled and skinned, salt and pepper to taste, a lump of butter and half teaspoon minced parsley. Cool the stuffing partially before using it. Baste the goose often while it is cooking, and roast about two hours, or until well done and richly browned. Serve on a bed of parsley.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Daydawn of nations' joy and hope,
Best day of all the year,
Our hearts with anxious cares which cope,
Are light, and void of fear.

To-day, as in the ancient time,
He comes to bring "Good will
And on earth Peace," to every clime
The angel voices thrill.

Supremest day to childhood given.
How showered its blessings down!
When the sweet Christ-child out of heaven,
Came forth their lives to crown!

O, Wondrous Babe of hallowed East,
Not Bethlehem can claim
Alone the right to hold thy feast
But all who name thy name—

Rejoice to-day, whate'er their creeds
And in their souls upspring
The impulse high to kindly deeds,
And sad hearts make to sing.

No gift He asks, but He will take,
And bless it from above.
If "Inasmuch" for Thy dear sake
"The least of these" we love.

St. Nicholas and Christmas Tree,
Come with unmingled joys,
And child-hearts not unmindful be
Of poorer girls and boys.

"More blest to give than to receive,"
And surely this glad day,
The blessings of the Christ-child breathe,
How shall we Him repay?

N. E. Watts, Victoria Villa,
Malton, Ont.

MAY BE IN YOUR STOCKING.

The familiar toys with which children play have a long and honorable ancestry. In past ages these playthings were regarded as seriously as the tools and weapons and other appurtenances of man. More than that, they were often his most cherished possessions; they were symbols of his religious aspirations, factors in his worship, sometimes the very images of the gods themselves which he worshipped.

What a very ordinary and amusing toy is the jumping-jack! Almost exactly like it is an idol which was made by the Maoris of New Zealand. They used this idol in their religious dances, swaying it to and fro. We find the same curious object among the Indians of the North-West. It closely resembles our toys, but is employed as an instrument in many of their ceremonies to propitiate the gods.

A baby's rattle looks innocent and simple enough; it seems just to quiet the children. In reality, it is one of the oldest and most sacred implements of worship that the world knows! When you shake a tin rattle before a baby's eyes to make him stop crying you are doing just what priests 2,000 years ago did when they worshipped their gods.

Up on the grand plateau of Tibet, Buddhist priests in strange garments still shake a gruesome rattle, made of two human skulls covered with parchment, when they want to drive out evil spirits or to call attention to their prayers. The well-known children's "hobby horse" is an almost exact imitation of a toy Horse used by the Dioux Indians in their war-dances, and invested with sanctity by their "medicine men."

NUTCRACKERS.

The average of bright sunshine on Christmas Day at Greenwich is forty minutes.

Christmas week is the worst in the year for fires.

Britain exports 200 tons of plum pudding a year.

Christmas cards were first made in Britain in 1862.

The first Christmas turkey was eaten in England in 1524.

In Cromwell's time no church service was permitted on Christmas Day.

WORK AHEAD AT PORT ARTHUR

The Forts to Be Taken Are Enormously Strong.

AT PORT ARTHUR.

A despatch from Headquarters of the Third Japanese Army, via Fusan, says: The Japanese are working their advance on the shores of Pigeon Bay on comparatively level ground against the Tai-Yan-Kow, Machan, and Antzeshan forts. The approaches to the fortifications are easy, but the forts are enormously strong, and the near approach is all the more difficult, as the sapping of trenches will have to be done through frozen ground.

The naval guns mounted on 203-Metre Hill will be able to cover the advance of infantry against any of the western forts

OYAMA'S ARMY MOVING ON.

A despatch from Mukden says: The Japanese column on General Oyama's right, which General Bennenkampff recently drove back to the Taitse River, is again reported to be moving north-east, and strongly holding the Siaodagai-Sinchan region. They also occupy Siaodyr, on the south bank of the Taitse River, and are guarding the bridge, which is no longer of any importance, owing to the freezing of the river.

The extreme cold keeps things quiet along the front. The distribution of warm clothing to the troops is practically finished.

REFORMS THEIR REWARD.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: It is significant that the soldiers at the front are keenly interested in the proposed reforms in Russia.

M. Kirloff, in a special despatch to the Russ from Mukden, says the soldiers talk of little else, appearing thoroughly to understand the meaning of such reforms and attributing the same to a desire to reward them for the hardships they are now enduring.

The idea has thrown new life into them, together with a desire to finish off the Japanese quickly, in order to get home to live as men with liberties.

JAPS GNAWED WIRES.

A despatch from London says: An engineer named Kawamura Saluji, who is now at the military hospital at Jeutsuji, has supplied the following account of one of his experiences with the investing army at Port Arthur, to the Samuji Shimbun:—

"There were three lines of barbed wire entanglements before the enemy's battery. The first party of storming volunteers, consisting of twenty men, destroyed the third line of wire, thirteen of them being killed and three severely wounded. A second storming party, also of volunteers, was then formed, consisting of seven men, including myself, under the command of a non-commissioned officer named Hosoi. The night was extremely dark and the absolute stillness of the atmosphere was very impressive. We all covered ourselves with green branches and leaves and proceeded on all fours, keeping as close as possible to the ground. The Russians were busily searching for any signs of an enemy by the means of searchlights and fireworks, but they failed to find us. We succeeded in reaching the second line of entanglements, and destroyed it, and, as we had then discharged our duty, we might have returned, but, mustering up all our courage we determined to attack the first line also. To our great surprise we found that the slope which we had to climb was defended by a large number of mines and pitfalls. As it was dangerous to crawl among these, we endeavored to cut off the blasting lines. With the greatest possible effort, we succeeded in destroying them, although having no shears, we were obliged to gnaw them apart. I myself, gnawed off four of them. Each of them consisted of twenty-four slender wires enveloped in rubber, making the line about as thick as a thumb. So, as you may suppose, all my teeth are damaged. As for the pitfalls, I took off my white waist cloth, tore it into pieces, tied the latter to small sticks we carried, and fixed them on any pitfalls discovered, with a view to warning the troops who were about to follow us. We were able to reach the first line of entanglements and returned in triumph."

WORSE THAN SHAMBLES.

A despatch from London says: English correspondents with Gen. Nogi's army, which is besieging Port Arthur, express themselves as being horrified by the carnage at 203-Metre Hill. They declare that the dynamite bombs and hand grenades used by both sides are a hundred times worse than dum-dum bullets, and that their use ought to be banned by the Geneva Convention. The effect of the grenades thrown at close quarters was hideous beyond description. The Russian trenches were filled with masses of shattered flesh and bones, which could not be recognized as human bodies. The sight was more sickening than a meat shambles. The northern slopes of the hills are now cleared of the dead, but the southern slopes are still strewn with heads, hands, limbs, and other fragments of human remains, all horribly mutilated.

PREPARING FOR DEFEAT.

A despatch from Paris says:—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Temps telegraphs that the news received there from the front is of the most unfavorable kind. Gen. Kouropatkin telegraphs that unless the number of trains on the Siberian Railroad is considerably increased it will be impossible to keep the army in provisions, in which case he would be unable to answer any longer for the course of the campaign. As it is impossible to grant Gen. Kouropatkin's request, his opponents are contending that he is endeavoring to shirk the responsibility in case of the failure of the Manchurian campaign.

TROOPS IN MUKDEN.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says:—The general staff apparently is entirely satisfied with the military situation in Manchuria, being convinced that the Japanese have reached their high tide. A high official said on Wednesday:—

"The Japanese army is unique in military history, and, probably the strongest in the world, combining the strength of barbarism with civilization, drawing from the former fanatical bravery and scorn of death and from the latter the latest knowledge of the science of war. We have been fighting them under heavy handicaps, but have at last definitely stopped them. They have missed the psychological moment. They should now be at Harbin, with Vladivostock and the eastern littoral cut off and de facto theirs, instead of wintering where they are. The cold is Russia's ally now, as it was against Napoleon. The Japanese cannot endure extreme cold like the Russians. They are not strong enough to attempt to turn Mukden now, and will not be even if Port Arthur falls, and 50,000 reinforcements are sent up to join Field Marshal Oyama. In the meantime Russian troops are piling up behind Mukden. In February, before the port of New Chwang is ice free, Gen. Kouropatkin will have close upon half a million men, disposed in three armies, amply sufficient to turn Oyama's position at the Sha River, and force the Japanese back into Corea and the Liao Tung Peninsula."

OYAMA'S PROCLAMATION.

A despatch from Rome says:—A telegram from Tokio states that a despatch has been received from Marshal Oyama announcing that he has issued a proclamation provisionally annexing South Manchuria to Japan.

MANITOBA'S CROPS.

Wheat Produced Amounted to 39,289,879 Bushels.

A Winnipeg despatch says:—According to the crop report issued by the Manitoba Government wheat produced in the province during the past season amounted to 39,289,879 bushels, grown from 2,412,235 acres, being an average yield of 16.52 bushels to the acre.

Of barley there was 11,377,970 bushels, produced from 361,004 acres or an average of 30.54 bushels to the acre.

The quantity of flax, rye, and peas produced amounted to 673,329 bushels, or an average of 76.01 bushels to the acre.

THE AGITATION IN WARSAW.

Many Officers Arrested and Imprisoned in a Fortress.

A Berlin despatch to The New York Times says:—"Telegrams received here are to the effect that the agitation in Warsaw continues and that anti-Government street demonstrations occur daily. The movement extends to the highest military circles, and many officers, participants in the revolutionary propoganda, were recently arrested and imprisoned in a fortress. The troops generally are disaffected because many of them whose term of service is at an end will be compelled to serve until next Easter or later, owing to the mobilization. The Socialists are taking full advantage of the situation to push their campaign."

CANNOT GUARANTEE SAFETY.

Porte Refuses to Allow Bible Colporteurs in Turkey.

A despatch from Constantinople says: In consequence of American and British representations the Porte has renewed its instructions to the provincial authorities to allow colporteurs to sell Bibles in towns and villages. The Porte, however, persists in objecting to colporteurs traversing the disturbed rural districts of European Turkey on the pretext that their safety cannot be guaranteed, and also to the sale of Bibles in the Anatolian provinces, in Asiatic Turkey, because of the alleged fear that the colporteurs may distribute seditious literature to the Armenians.

KINGSTON LOCOMOTIVES.

Ten Have Been Ordered by the Canadian Pacific.

A despatch from Kingston says: Cornelius Birmingham, managing director of the Kingston Locomotive Works, returned from Montreal on Thursday with an order for 10 Mogul engines for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The engines will be completed during the next 10 months. Mr. Birmingham could have had the order doubled, but could not turn out the finished article as [illegible] desired.

THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese, and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

MARKETS OF WORLD.

Toronto, Dec. 20.—Wheat—No. 2 white and red Winter quoted at 98 to 99c outside; No. 2 goose quoted at 85 to 86c east, and No. 2 Spring at 95c east. Manitoba wheat is steady; No. 1 Northern, $1.03; No. 2 Northern, 98½ to 99c, and No. 3 Northern at 93, Georgian Bay ports. Grinding in transit prices are 6c above those quoted.

Oats—No. 2 white is quoted at 32½c low freights, and at 32c north and west; No. 1 white is steady at 33c east.

Barley—No. 2 quoted at 45c middle freights. No. 3 extra 43c and No. 3 at 41c middle freights.

Peas—The market is steady, with dealers quoting 68c at outside points.

Corn—The market is quiet, with new Canadian quoted at 42 to 43c west, guaranteed sound. New American yellow, 53c on track, Toronto, and mixed at 52½c Toronto.

Rye—The market is firm at 75 to 76c at outside points.

Buckwheat—The market is dull and lower at 50 to 51c at outside points.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents are quoted at $4.40 to $4.60, in buyers' sacks, east or west. Straight rollers of special brands, for domestic trade, in bbls., $4.75 to $5. Manitoba flours unchanged: No. 1 patents, $5.70; No. 6 patents, $5.40, and strong bakers', $5.30 on track, Toronto.

Millfeed—At outside points bran is quoted at $14.50 to $15. and shorts at $17.50 to $18. Manitoba bran, in sacks, $19, and shorts at $21.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Finest 1-lb. rolls, 17 to 18c; ordinary to choice large rolls, 16 to 17c; low to medium grades, 14 to 15c; creamery prints, 22 to 23c; solids, 20 to 21c.

Eggs—Case lots of fresh are selling at 21 to 22c per dozen, and limed at 20c.

Cheese—The market is unchanged with large cheese quoted at 10½ to 10¾c, and twins at 10¼ to 11c per lb.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Car lots are quoted at $6.25 to $6.40. Cured meats are in good demand at unchanged prices. We quote:—Bacon, long clear, 8¼ to 8¾c per lb. in case lots; mess pork, $14 to $14.50; do short cut, $17.50.

Smoked meats—Hams, light to medium, 12½ to 13c; do heavy, 12c; rolls, 9½ to 9¾c; shoulders, 9c; backs, 14½ to 15c; breakfast bacon, 13c.

Lard—The demand is fair, with prices unchanged. We quote—Tierces, 8c; tubs, 8¼c; pails, 8¼c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples—Good Winter apples are firm at $1.75 to $2.25 per barrel; cooking apples, $1 to $1.50 per barrel.

Beans—Trade is fair, and prices unchanged, with prime quoted at $1.35 to $1.40, and hand-picked at $1.45 to $1.50.

Cranberries—The market is unchanged at $8 per barrel.

Hops—The market is unchanged at 32 to 35c, according to quality.

Honey—The market is quiet at 7½ to 8c per lb. Comb honey, $1.50 to $2 per dozen.

Hay—The receipts are fair, and prices unchanged. Car lots of No. 1 timothy are quoted at $8 to $8.50 on track here, and No. 2 at $6.50 to $7.

Straw—The market is firm on light offerings. Car lots are quoted at $6 on track, Toronto.

Potatoes—The market is unchanged, with receipts small. Car lots are quoted at 78 to 80c per bag, on track. Small lots at 90c to $1.

Poultry—The receipts are moderate and prices steady. Spring chickens, 8½ to 9c; hens, 6 to 7c per lb; ducks, 8½ to 9c per lb.; geese, 8 to 8½c per lb; turkeys, dry plucked, 12 to 14c; do scalded, 10 to 11c per lb.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Dec. 20.—Grain.—Oats, 40 to 40¼c for No. 2 in store here; No. 3, 39 to 39½c; corn, new American yellow, 54 to 55c, guaranteed to arrive sound, 60c in store for No. 3; mixed buckwheat, 54½ to 55c. Flour—Strong patents, $5.60, and strong bakers', $5.50; high Ontario blended patents, $5.75 to $5.85 in wood; choice 90 per cent. patents, $5.50 to $5.60 in wood, and 25c per barrel in shippers' new bags; straight rollers, $2.50 to $2.55, and $5 to 5.05 east in wood. Rolled oats—$2.12½ to $2.13 per bag, and $4.50 to $4.85 in barrels. Feed—Ontario bran, in bulk, at $17 to $17.50; shorts, $19 to $20; Manitoba bran, in bags, $17 to $18; shorts, $21. Beans—Choice primes, $1.40 to $1.45 per bushel, $1.35 to $1.37½ in car lots. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, $16.50 to $17.50; light short cut, $16.50 to $17; American clear fat backs, $20; compound lard, 6½ to 7c; Canadian lard, 6¾ to 7¼c; kettle rendered, 8¼ to 9¼c, according to quality; hams, 12 to 13c; bacon, 12 to 13c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, $7.20 to $7.25; heavy fat hogs, $4.75 to $5; mixed lots, $5 to $5.15; selects, $5.25 to $5.40 off cars. Cheese—Ontario Fall white, 10 to 10¼c; colored, 10¼ to 10½c; Quebec, 9¾ to 10c. Butter —Finest grades, 20¼ to 20¾c; ordinary finest, 19¾ to 20c; medium grades, 18¼ to 19c, and Western dairy, 15¾ to 16c. Eggs—Select new laid, 23 to 24c, and straight gathered, candled, 20 to 21c; No. 2 15½ to 16c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 20.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern $1.09 to $1.10; No. 2 Northern, $1.03 to $1.10; No. 2 North[illegible] to [illegible] $1.- you'll 99c.

Barley—No. 2, 52c; sample, 36 to 49½c. Corn—No. 3, 42 to 43c; May 44¼c bid.

Buffalo, Dec. 20.—Flour—Steady. Wheat—Spring, dull; No. 1 Northern, $1.16½; Winter, quiet; No. 2 red, $1.18½. Corn—Quiet; No. 3 yellow, 49c; No. 3 corn, 48½c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white, 34½c; No. 2 mixed, 33½c. Barley—45 to 55c. Rye—No. 1, 85½c.

Minneapolis, Dec. 20.—Wheat—December, $1.06; May, $1.16; July, $1.10¾ to $1.10¾; No. 1 hard, $1.10; No. 1 Northern, $1.08¾; No. 2 do., $1.02¾. Flour—First patents, $5.- 80 to $5.90; second patents, $5.60 to $5.70; first clears, $4 to $4.25; second clears, $2.60 to $2.75. Bran —In bulk, $14.50.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, Dec. 20.—An active business was transacted in choice butchers' and exporters' cattle at the Western Market to-day, and prices held firm, but unchanged, at old quotations. The sheep business was in a healthy condition, but hogs were reported weak, with strong prospects of a decline taking place in their prices.

Following were the quotations:—

Exporters' cattle were quoted at $4 to $4.85 per cwt.

The following were the quotations given for butchers' cattle:—Choice butchers' heifers, $4.50 to $5; select butchers', $4.40 to $4.65; best butchers', $4.15 to $4.40; good butchers', loads of, $3.70 to $4.10; fair to good, $3.50 to $3.70; cows, $2.50 to $3.12½; common to rough, $1.25 to $2.

The following was the range of prices prevailing in stockers and feeders:—Feeders, short-keeps, 1,200 to 1,275 lbs., $3.50 to $4; feeders, 1,050 to 1,175 lbs., $3.25 to $3.60; stockers, 600 to 800 lbs., $2.25 to $2.75; stockers, 400 to 600 lbs., $1.- 40 to $2; bulls, 900 to 1,200 lbs., $1.75 to $3.

The prices of sheep and lambs were as follows:—Export ewes, $3.75 to $3.85; export bucks, $2.50 to $2.75 per cwt; cull sheep, $2 to $3 each; lambs, $4.50 to $5.10 per cwt.

Calves sold at 3 to 5¼c per lb. and $2 to $10 each.

Hogs were unchanged at $4.80 for selects, 160 to 200 lbs., of prime bacon quality, off cars, Toronto; $4.- 60 for fats and lights.

HALIFAX LOSES DOCKYARD

Closed Down by Order of the British Admiralty.

A Halifax despatch says:—Orders were received from the British Admiralty on Thursday by cable directing that the naval dockyard here be closed down at once. In accordance with this order the employes were given one week's notice that their services would be no longer required.

This order is in keeping with Sir John A Fisher's scheme for the reorganization of British naval methods, and for the establishment of a huge and powerful flying squadron, instead of a fleet permanently stationed at Halifax and Bermuda.

The naval dockyard at Halifax has been in existence for 150 years, and the employes numbered at the height of the season some 400, though now they are down to about 100. The dockyard embraces a stretch of half a mile on the west part of the waterfront, and its great area is enclosed by thick stone walls twelve feet high. It is located just south of the Government railway water terminus, and it has long been desired to obtain it for the use of the road. Now that it is closed down by the Imperial authorities, it is expected that the Dominion Government will make an effort to secure it for the Intercolonial Railway.

FLOWERS THAT WON'T FADE

Wizzard Burbank Produces Another Wonder.

A San Francisco despatch says:—Following his production of the thornless cactus, Luther Burbank has developed an everlasting real flower that will not fade or lose its odor. He calls it the "Australian Star Flower." He evolved it after crossing, recrossing, and selection from a half hardy annual found in West Central Australia.

Mr. Burbank describes the plant as a "unique and beautiful plant, which grows readily from seed in any ordinary garden soil, preferring rather sandy loam. It blooms early in the season and continues to bloom for a long time."

The fragrant flowers are of a crimson shade, sometimes approaching white. They are produced in large, graceful clusters, which, when cut, will retain their form and color permanently. The full-grown plants are about one foot high and the same across. Although the stem of the flower may dry up, the blossoms will not fade.

Mr. Burbank has a cluster of these blossoms in his library which has remained there unchanged for a year. These real flowers bid fair to work a revolution in millinery, as they are far more pleasing than artificial blossoms.

INJURY TO PULP INDUSTRY

Thousands of Stranded Logs Are Frozen In.

An Ottawa despatch says:—A serious condition of affairs confronts the pulp industry of this and other parts of Canada. The early melting of the snows last spring, causing such a rapid rush of water, brought all the big sawlogs down in pretty good shape, but the water in the streams and creeks fell so rapidly that hundreds of thousands of pulp logs were left high and dry. The owners of the pulp mills have been making every effort to get these out, but the recent severe cold snap quickly froze up the shallow streams, and it is just a question now whether many of the mills may not have to close down for the winter. On the Chaudiere, Eddy's and Booth's mills have been operated only intermittently during the last ten days.

THE DISEASE OF POULTRY

CATARRH, ROUP, GAPES AND LEG WEAKNESS.

One-half the Cases of Disease Are Due to Lice and Other Parasites.

The Poultry Division, Ottawa, points out that the treament of poultry diseases should seldom concern the farmer. If the healthiest and most vigorous fowls are kept for breeding, if the chickens are reared under satisfactory conditions, fed on wholesome food and not overcrowded, there will rarely be disease amongst them. When disease does appear, it will usually be found more satisfactory to kill and bury the sick birds than to undertke to treat them. Some of the commonest poultry diseases are catarrh, roup, gapes and leg weakness.

Catarrh—Catarrh in poultry closely resembles the common "cold in the head" of man. It is accompanied by sneezing, difficult breathing and watery discharge from the nostrils, and is apt to develop into roup. Among the causes are lack of ventilation, draughts, dampness, exposure, and improper care and feeding. The preventive and treatment are much the same as for roup.

Roup.—The following are some of the symptoms of the various stages of this infectious disease: puffed or swollen eyelids, watery discharge from the eyes and nose; eyes swollen and closed by offensive cheesy matter, thick gelatinous discharge from the eyes and nose; frothy mucos in the mouth and throat, throat covered with thick cheesy matter.

IN THE EARLY STAGES

of the disease the inflammation can be reduced by bathing the eyes and face of the fowl with a mixture composed to equal parts of sweet oil and whiskey. The fowl should be removed from the flock and fed on soft food. If the disease has reached the offensive stage the fowl should be killed, and the house disinfected with sulphur fumes or a three per cent. solution of creolin to prevent the spread of the disease. If it is desired to save a valuable bird, it is a good plan to loosen the discharge in the nostrils and eyes, and immerse the head for 20 or 30 seconds in a one to two per cent solution of permanganate of potash. The treatment should be given twice daily until all symptoms have disappeared. Roup is most prevalent in draughty, overcrowded and dirty poultry houses. The inside of the house should be well cleansed, and the ventilation and lighting so arranged that the house will be perfectly dry and free from draughts.

Gapes.—This disease usually affects only young birds, and as its name indicates is characterised by the chick gaping—opening its mouth at frequent intervals to get breath. As the disease proceeds the breathing becomes very labored. Gapes result from the presence of worms in the windpipe. The windpipe becomes inflamed, and this, together with the worms, is apt to cause suffocation of the chicken. When the inflammation extends to the lungs death usually ensues. The worms may be removed by the fumes of sulphur or coal tar, or by dropping one or two drops of spirits of turpentine or salicylate of soda into the windpipe. A fumigator can be made from an old barrel. The ends of the barrel should be removed, and the chickens to be treated placed on a grating inside the barrel. The top of the barrel may be covered with an old sack, and a plate of burning sulphur placed on the ground inside the barrel. Instead of using sulphur, the inside of the barrel may be painted with a mixture of coal tar and coal oil, of the same consistency as paint. The chickens should be watched while under treatment, and removed as soon as they show signs of being overcome by the fumes.

THREE TREATMENTS.

usually suffice, they are given night and morning. The worms are killed, lose their hold upon the internal surface of the windpipe, and the chickens cough them up.

Chickens contract this disease when allowed to run on ground which has been infested with the gapeworm; the worms are conveyed from one bird to another through the medium of food and drink. When the worms have been destroyed by fumigation, it is advisable to remove the chickens to dry, uncontaminated ground, or if this is impossible, to plough or dig up the earth about the pens and to scatter air-slaked lime around. The disease is rarely present among chickens that are reared on well-drained soil, and away from the dampness about the farm buildings.

Leg Weakness.—Leg weakness is found among chicks that are housed in badly constructed brooders, overfed with unsuitable food, or not allowed sufficient exercise on an earth floor. Chicks that are affected should be placed on ground that is covered with chaff, and animal food and small grains made the principal part of their ration.

In conclusion it may be said that at least one-half the cases of diseases in poultry are due directly or indirectly to lice and other parasites. Chickens that have had their vitality sapped by vermin fall an easy prey to diseases like catarrh and roup. There is not likely to be much profit from a flock of poultry unless it is housed in clean and comfortable quarters and kept free from lice and mites.

The Czar has promised the Finnish Diet to relax some of the oppressive laws.

The German Socialist leader declared Rhysla was crippled in a military and a moral sense.

The anti-foreign unrest in northern China is declared to be more dangerous than the Boxer uprising.

In the Dutch Chamber a Roman Catholic Deputy declared that the troops in Sumatra had behaved like Huns and Tartars, slaughtering women and children for purely commercial objects.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

HAPPENINGS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

Telegraphic Briefs From Our Own and Other Countries of Recent Events.

CANADA.

James Ross has given $25,000 to Alexandra Hospital, Montreal.

The Montreal Power Company intend reducing the electric light rates.

Earl Grey was formally installed as Governor-General of Canada at Halifax on Saturday.

The public school at Port Carling was destroyed by fire on Friday. Loss, about $3,000; insurance, $2,000.

St. Thomas Council passed a by-law imposing a hundred dollar license fee for the privilege of selling cigarettes.

Three new companies of the Army Service Corps are to be formed, one at Winnipeg, the second at Hamilton and the third at Quebec.

George Leinweber had both legs broken and William Robertson sustained a fractured skull by a heavy girder falling upon them at Strathroy on Saturday.

William P. Larkin, correspondence clerk of the Bank of Montreal at Hamilton, committed suicide by leaping from a window while temporarily deranged on Saturday.

Sir Charles Ross, of the Ross Rifle Company says that his factory is turning out 100 rifles a day. A proposition of Sir Charles, made on behalf of the Armstrongs, that a factory to manufacture cordite and big guns, is under consideration by the Government.

Lieut-Col. Biggar, M.A., Director of Transports and Supplies, has finished the examination of the Canadian school children's essays in South Africa, and will forward the four leading essays to South Africa for final judgment. He considers the following four the best: Bertha Lowry, 95 marks and gold medal, Summerville, Man.; Madeline Clay, 90 marks and silver medal, Deerwash, N.S.; Florence Johnston, McLean, Assiniboia, 80 marks, and Priscilla Mitchell, Minto, Man., also 80 marks.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Capt. Symons has been appointed Adjutant of the School of Military Engineering, Chatham.

Eleven English fishermen were drowned while attempting to assist a steamer on the rocks off Northumberland.

The Canadian Associated Press learns that the steamship rates to Canada will be advanced to the old level early in February.

UNITED STATES.

There was a $400,000 fire in Rochester on Saturday.

Fifteen miners were killed by fire damp in a Washington State coal mine.

The U. S. Government will spend $3,700,000 in improving the Detroit River.

Senator Proctor presented to the Senate a memorial adopted by the Legislature of the State of Vermont, protesting against reciprocity with Canada.

The drouth is becoming serious to farmers and manufacturers in northern New York. Pulp and paper manufacturers along the Saranac River are obliged to shut down every few days on account of low water.

SERUM IN CANCER CASES

Dr. Doyen Does Not Claim It as a Radical Cure.

A Paris despatch says:—Dr. Doyen has presented to the Society of Surgery the report of the committee appointed to investigate his cancer cure. It is written by Dr. Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, a member of the committee. It sets forth that Dr. Doyen's micrococcus is habitually found in cancerous tumors and that Dr. Doyen's serum has undoubtedly had the most favorable result in many cases, but much more study respecting the specific nature of the bacillus and the results of inoculation is necessary before a final verdict can be given.

The society appointed a new committee of five members to examine and study all cases that Dr. Doyen submits. Dr. Doyen reiterated that he does not claim he has discovered a radical cure for a disease that has such numerous forms as cancer, but he contends that his treatment usually produces favorably modifications and improvements in cases that are so grave that they cannot be operated upon.

ORDER FOR "SOO" RAILS

Canadian Pacific Makes Contract for 25,000 Tons.

A Montreal despatch says:—The Canadian Pacific Railway Company on Wednesday placed with the Algoma Steel Co., through the latter's sales agents, Drummond, McCall and Co., an order for 25,000 tons of 80-pound rails for prompt delivery. The order is the result of a careful technical inspection which the president of the C.P.R., Sir Thos. Shaughnessy, ordered to be made of the quality of steel rails now being made at the works of the Algoma Steel Company at Sault Ste. Marie.

THE TIBETAN MISSION.

Over 400 Deaths—Nearly 700 Men Invalided.

A despatch from London says: The Gazette contains long despatches from Gen. Macdonald, military chief of the Younghusband mission, describing the operations in Tibet. These have in the main been covered by newspaper correspondence. A summary shows a total of 16 engagements, or skirmishes, in which there were 202 British casualties, including 23 officers, of whom five were killed. There were 411 deaths owing to climatic and other causes, and 671 were invalided

ACHING KIDNEYS.

Can Only be Cured by Enriching the Blood by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The kidneys filter every drop of your blood. The purity of the blood depend upon the kidneys—and the health of the kidneys depends upon the blood. If your blood is weak the kidneys have not strength for their work and leave the blood unfiltered and foul. If your blood is bad the kidneys get clogged with painful, poisonous impurities. That is what causes your back ache with the dull pains or sharp stabs of sick kidneys. And kidney disease is one of the most deadly and hopeless things that can attack you. The only hope is to strike without delay at the root of the trouble in the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new blood. They flush the kidneys clean, heal their inflammation and give them strength for their work. Common kidney pills only touch the symptoms—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure the cause. That is why they cure for good and at the same time improve the health in every way.

Mr. Geo. Johnson, of the village of Ohio, N. S., gives strong proof of the truth of the above statements. He says: "My son, now nineteen years old, suffered greatly with kidney trouble. He was constantly troubled with severe pains in the back, and often passed sleepless nights. His appetite failed, he grew weak, and could hardly do the usual work that falls to the lot of a boy on a farm. We tried several kidney medicines, but they could not help him any. Then a friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this was the first medicine that reached the cause of the trouble. He used the pills for a couple of months and I am thankful to say is now as strong and healthy as any boy of his age."

There is no disease due to bad blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not cure, simply because they make new, rich red blood that expels disease from every part of the body. That is why they cure the worst cases of anaemia, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, headache, and backaches, and the special ailments from which women alone suffer. But only the genuine pills can do this and you should see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

PURIFICATION OF WATER.

Kindly Offices of Sunlight, Aeration and Sedimentation.

That the water of lakes and rivers, even though infected with immense quantities of refuse materials, is purified spontaneously and after a certain time, if freed from all infection returns to its pristine condition, is now no longer disputed. What factors cause this purification, what part must be attributed to each, and what is the mechanism of each? The self-purification of water is much more easily accomplished when the foreign matter is broken up into small particles, this being determined by the velocity of the current, the condition of the bed of the river or lake, etc. When the particles are very small the molecular cohesion with the water is all the greater, while the separation of the matter multiplies the surface of contact of the particles with the liquid mass; surface for the nutrition of bacteria is also increased, these bacteria assuming the office of demolition of the foreign matter. A great number of bacteria, according to researches of Kruger and Frankland, are dragged to the bottom of the precipitation of the solid matter, in this way sedimentation playing an important role in the purification of water.

While it may be admitted that sedimentation is the principal factor of purification in sluggish streams, in swift currents the velocity itself is a purifying agent, carrying away all particles of matter which could cause infection. Also sunlight and temperature have an important role. It has been seen that bacteria may be destroyed in the water by sunlight even at a depth of three feet, while temperature has a very important influence, there being much fewer bacteria in the Winter than in the Summer. Many organisms have an action on the purification of water, namely, the bacteria of putrid fermentation, protozoa, molluses, crustaccans, etc. All of these organisms grow better in impure water which must certainly destroy a notable of the impurities.

The part in purification which is assumed by dilution of the foreign matter is in relation to the mass of pure water and the character of the water sources, this action always increasing with distance from the source of contamination. Also the movement of the water, either in itself or by the aeration which is produced, has a powerful action on the purification of water.

SLEEPLESS BABIES.

Well babies sleep soundly and wake up brightly. When babies are restless and sleepless it is the surest possible sign of illness—in all probability due to some derangement of the stomach and bowels, or teething troubles. Baby's Own Tablets are the only proper remedy. They remove the trouble and in this way give the little one sound, refreshing sleep, and it wakes up healthy and happy. Guaranteed to contain no harmful drug or opiate. Mrs. Thos. Cain, Loring, Ont., says: "My baby suffered from stomach trouble and teething, and was quite cross. I got Baby's Own Tablets and they seemed to work almost like a charm. I think nothing can equal the Tablets for children's ailments." You can find them at drug stores or get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A BIG ARMY IN WANT

UNITED STATES HAS 10,000,000 PAUPERS.

Husband of an Heiress Writes Book Scoring Existing Conditions.

Robert Hunter, who became prominent in charity work in Chicago and recently married the daughter of Anson Phelps Stokes of New York, an heiress to millions, has written a book scoring American millionaires and denouncing the economic conditions of the United States. The book is entitled "Poverty," and in it Mr. Hunter asserts that 10,000,000 persons in that country are in want. He calls 4,000,000 paupers and the remainder wage-earners. The pauper depends on public or private charity for his sustenance. The others work, some of them night and day, and yet are unable to obtain those necessaries which will permit them to maintain a state of physical efficiency.

GREAT ARMY IN POVERTY.

That 10,000,000 of the people of the United States are in poverty, either as paupers or as laborers pinched by the iron vise of physical efficiency. Mr. Hunter calls to witness an array of statistics.

"The number of evictions in a community," he continues, "is a fairly good measure of the minimum distress. In the year 1903, 50,463 families in the borough of Manhattan were evicted from their homes. That is about 14 per cent of the total number of families in the borough.

"As another indication, the number of pauper burials should be cited. Everyone familiar with the poor knows how desperately they struggle to give a decent burial to their dead. Even the poorest people have friends, politicians or others, who save them if possible, from this last disgrace. And yet one out of every ten persons who die in New York City is buried in a potter's field. I should say that the number of pauper funerals does not represent half the actual distress of the community."

Mr. Hunter quoted reports from official sources to the effect that in 1897 and 1899 18 per cent. of the inhabitants of New York State were in distress. He declares this figure represents only the poor who finally are helped by charity, and adds that he would not be surprised in the number of those in distress in the metropolis and in other large industrial American centres rarely fell below 25 per cent. of the people.

Mr. Hunter finds in the fact that 2,000,000 wage-earners in the United States are out of employment from four to six months of the year additional data for his estimate.

He thinks that an annual income of $460 a year is the average amount on which a family of father, mother, and three children can live and keep above the "poverty" line.

"It is hardly to be doubted," the social agent continues, "that the mass of unskilled laborers in the North receive less than $460 a year, and that the same class in the South receive less than $300."

Mr Hunter declares that the conditions of want are increased by the arrival every year of 500,000 male immigrants, who seek work in the very district where employment is most scarce. He declares that 1,700,000 little children are forced to become wage-earners in this country when they should be in school, and that about 5,000,000 women find it necessary to work, of whom 2,000,000 are employed in factories and mills.

"Probably no less than 1,000,000 workers are killed and injured each year while doing their work," he says, "and about 10,000,000 persons now living, if the present ratio is kept up, will die of that preventable disease, tuberculosis.

"There must be thousands, very likely 50,000 or 70,000 children in New York City alone, who often arrive at school hungry and unfitted to do well the work required."

"Shorter hours and higher wages," he suggests as a remedy for some of these conditions. Steadier employment, improved sanitary conditions in workshops, and protection in dangerous trades are reforms which in time will decrease materially the amount of pauperism."

PENSION SYSTEM IS URGED.

Mr. Hunter would make industry itself pay the necessary legitimate cost of maintaining and producing efficient laborers.

One of the great causes of poverty, aside from insufficient wages, in the opinion of Mr. Hunter, is the lack of adequate provision for those who are injured in the work which they undertake, or for the families of those who are killed while engaged in dangerous occupations.

He is an advocate of the German insurance system, which establishes a fund partly paid by the workingmen themselves and partly by the employers, for the care of those who have been incapacitated by accidents. In the case of death by accident, the employer is compelled to pay an adequate amount out of his own pocket to care for the family of the workman killed while in his service.

"It is hardly humane," writes Mr. Hunter, "for us to call a man a pauper who has grown old by a life of vigorous and honest toil. It is brutal to call that man a pauper who has lost his labor power in the form of limbs, eyes, or health while producing the wealth of the world, and who must of necessity, after sustaining the loss, ask relief and respite until death.

"This system of insurance is a palliative for much of the most distressing misery resulting from this social problem. It encourages thrift; it involves no revolution in society, and yet it is a beginning in justice. It does away in part, at least, with the abominable system and hypocrisy of making paupers on the one hand and of giving for their relief with the other."

SAYS HE WAS A TOTAL WRECK

BUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS GAVE HIM A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Geo. Robertson Had Rheumatism and Dropsy—Had to be Tapped —Doesn't Know What it is to be Sick Now.

Montreal, Que., Dec. 19—(Special).—Mr. Geo. Robertson, a well-known citizen living at 392 St. James St., Montreal, is one of the many people in this city who are never without Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house. Like all the others, Mr. Robertson has his reasons for this and is always ready to give them.

"I was a total wreck before I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mr. Robertson says. "I had been troubled with Rheumatism and Dropsy for five years. I had to be tapped to relieve me of the pain. My arms and legs were terribly swollen.

"I had just begun to get downhearted when a friend induced me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before I had used the second box I felt better. Seven boxes cured me so completely that now I don't know what it is to be sick."

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Irish and Welsh workmen in English naval dockyards are to be offered the chance of exchanging with Englishmen in the Irish and Welsh yards.

"All that we really know for certain about Shakespeare," said a lecturer to the Manchester Shakespeare Society, "is that he was born, married, and died."

When crossing from America on the Campania a poor woman gave birth to a child, and Mr. Marconi sent the news by his wireless system to her friends in Ireland.

On the ground that consumption is infectious and preventible, the Islington medical officer asks the Borough Council to compel notification of the disease.

By a ruling in the Edinburgh Court of Session the Roman Catholic dioceses of Argyll and Galloway lose £40,000 bequeathed by the late Marquis of Bute, the bishops objecting to certain conditions.

Having been employed among horses, some of which had to be slaughtered for glanders, Thomas Lewis has died of the disease in Westminster Hospital.

While a farmer's family were sitting around the fire in the house near Denbigh, a girl, aged nine, threw a dynamite cartridge on to the fire. The place was wrecked, the girl killed, and other inmates gravely injured.

Mainly through lack of chest development, 498 recruits for the Regular Army and fifty-five for the Militia were rejected last year, says Colonel Quayle Jones, commanding the 6th Regimental District.

There is a movement in Johannesburg, says the London correspondent of the Birmingham Post, to erect a statue to Mr. Chamberlain in the chief square of the city.

Argentina has addressed fresh proposals to Great Britain for the reopening of British ports to Argentine cattle, but there are indications that the request will be refused.

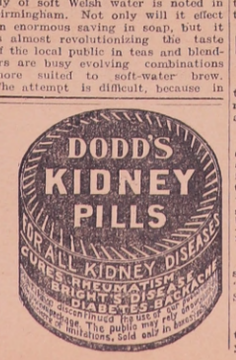
About three hundred old colliery shafts near Manchester, says a Lancashire correspondent, are being closed by Lord Ellesmere, but many of them are difficult to locate, as last century.

A form of prayer imploring that the war in the Far East may be brought to a close has been sanctioned by the Bishop of Peterborough for use in his diocese.

After the X-rays had failed to reveal the half a crown which an anxious Northampton mother believed had been swallowed by her baby, the coin was found, and the woman hurried with it to the hospital and took her baby home.

The Brothers of St. Gabriel's Institute, famous for their success in the education of deaf and dumb boys, have settled at Beaconfield House, near Plymouth, on their expulsion from France under the Associations law. With the permission of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Plymouth they are about to commence there the education of deaf and dumb boys, irrespective of creed, and private pupils will also be received next month.

A curious effect of the new supply of soft Welsh water is noted in Birmingham. Not only will it effect an enormous saving in soap, but it is almost revolutionizing the taste of the local public in teas and blenders are busy evolving combinations more suited to soft-water brew. The attempt is difficult, because in one street people may be receiving the new supply, while in the next the supply is a combination of varying quality with the old hard water, but it is expected that uniformity will be attained presently. Experts say that the effect of the new water is necessitate a milder tea, as the flavor may be fully brought out without the extensive admixture of astringent varieties.



Results from common soaps: eczema, coarse hands, ragged clothes, shrunken flannels.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar

HANDSOME 14k RING and GOLD WATCH FREE



Hundreds of beautiful Rings and Watches given away to anyone.

Send us your name and address and agree to sell 20 packages of our famous Mar-vel Washing Blue at 10c. a package. We trust you and send the Blue by mail postpaid. Every lady needs bluing and as soon as a package you can sell the 20 packages in a few hours. When we'd send us the $2.00 and we will send you the handsome 14k. Gold Finished Ring, set with elegant large Marquette Pearl, Turquoise Rubies, and Diamonds—handsome and costly Rings, if you write to us for the Bluing and as today we will give you an opportunity to secure one of our magnificent Gold Watches in addition to the Ring. Address The Marvel Bluing Co., Dept. 290 Toronto, Ont.

FOR LADY OR GENT.

Dear Sirs,—I was for seven years a sufferer from Bronchial trouble, and would be so hoarse at times that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I got no relief from anything till I tried your MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM. Two bottles gave relief and six bottles made a complete cure. I would heartily recommend it to anyone suffering from throat or lung trouble.

J. F. VANBUSKIRK.

Fredericton.

Pile Torrors Swept Away.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment stands at the head as a reliever, healer, and sure cure for Piles in all forms. One application will give comfort in a few minutes, and three to six days' application according to directions will cure chronic cases. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. 35 cents.—79

Some men would have no excuse for living if their wives didn't take in boarders.

"Bought my Life for 35 Cents."—This was one man's way of putting it when he had been pronounced incurable from chronic dyspepsia. "It was a living death to me until I tried Dr Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. Thanks to them to-day I am well, and I tell my friends I bought my life for 35 cents." 60 in a box.—80

"Grace, can you tell me what is meant by a cubic yard?" "I don't know exactly, but I think it's a yard that the Cuban children play in."

If a man has the cheek to ask a girl to marry she seldom has the face to refuse.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 22-26

One get-up-and-git man is better than a dozen of the wait-for-something-to-turn-up brand.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

"I'm satisfied that you never intend to pay me that $50 you borrowed." "Well, if you're satisfied, I am."

The Pall of Rheumatic Pains.—When a sufferer finds permanent relief in such a meritorious medicine as South American Rheumatic Cure, how glad he is to tell it. C. W. Mayhew, of Thamesville, Ont., couldn't walk or feed himself for months—four years ago three bottles of this great remedy cured him—not a pain since—isn't that encouragement for rheumatic sufferers?—82

He—"You have a headache, you say?" She—"Yes, I have." He—"Do you suffer much from headache?" She—"Yes; always when I have it."

Use Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) to wash woolens and flannels,—you'll like it.

Comprehend facts—not advertisements. The popularity of Blue Ribbon Tea is a fact.

POULTRY

We can handle your poultry either alive or dressed to best advantage. Also your butter, eggs, honey and other produce.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited

Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

WHAT SHE WANTED TO SEE.

"Mornin', madam! Want any combs, brushes, hairpins, or toffee?" asked the pedlar, putting his hat on the floor and opening his pack.

"No, sir," said the woman, sharply, "and I don't care for any novels, puzzles, lamp-wicks, eye-salve, or corn-salve, or corn-plasters."

"Just so. And I suppose it's no use to ask whether you'd like to look at a bottle of wrinkle-fillin' for the complexion?"

"Not a bit, sir, and I know you haven't any book on good manners or you'd read it yourself occasionally."

"None of the people I call on would appreciate 'em, madam. And now, if you think you have no use for the celebrated invisible ear-trumpet that you can fasten to a back window and hear all your neighbors say, or the famous long-range telescope that will bring every kitchen within half a mile of your house so close to you that you can almost smell what the folk are cooking, I'll be going."

"Hold on!" exclaimed the woman of the house. "I'd very much like to see those two articles."

"All right, madam," rejoined the pedlar, "if I see any chap who's got 'em to sell I'll send him round. Mornin', madam."

And he picked up his hat, put it on his head sideways, and went down the steps whistling "Good-bye Dolly, I Must Leave You," while a large, raw-boned woman stood at the door gasping in inarticulate rage.

Irritable Father—"Want to marry my daughter, hey? I suppose she thinks I am fool enough to take such a young man as you are into my family, does she?" Young Man—"No, sir. She didn't think it would be of any use for me to ask you. She said you were so cross and so contrary you would order me out of your office the moment I spoke to you about it." Irritable Father—"Oh, she said that, did she? Well, I'll show that impudent young thing she doesn't know what she is talking about. You can have her, sir, any day you please!"

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Bluff—"I'd have you know, sir, that I'm a self-made man." Gruff—"Well, I'm sorry for you; but keep it dark and don't think too much about it, and perhaps you'll get along all right."

The Poisoned Spring—As in nature so in man, pollute the spring and disease and waste are bound to follow—the stomach and nerves out of kilter means poison in the spring. South American Nervine is a great purifiers cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and tones the nerves. The best evidence of its efficacy is the unsolicited testimony of thousands of cured ones.—76

She (approvingly)—"You won her hand, then?" He (rather glumly)—"Humph—I presume so. I'm under her thumb."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

"Jimsley thinks his wife is an angel." "That so? Why, I didn't know Jimsley was married." "He is a widower."

"My Kidneys are all Wrong!"—How shall I insure best results in the shortest time?" It stands to reason that a liquid specific of the unquestionable merit of South American Kidney Cure will go more directly and quickly to the seat of the trouble than the "pill and urn" treatment, and when it strikes the spot there's healing in an instant.—78

"Your account has been standing a long time, Mr. Dukey." "Then give it a seat, my dear Shears." "Very glad to, sir. Shall we make it a receipt?"

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto

Dr. Chase's Ointment

AN EXCITING OCCUPATION.

A Yorkshire nobleman insisted on his head gardener taking on as an apprentice a young lad in whom his lordship was interested.

The lad was very lazy, and the gardener was not at all pleased at having such a youth thrust upon him.

Some time after, his lordship, walking in the garden, came upon his gardener and said: "Well, John, how is my young friend getting on with you?"

"Oh, he's doin' fine," replied the gardener, with a sarcastic grin. "He's workin' away there at the very job that suits him."

"I'm glad to know that!" said his lordship. "What may that be?"

"Chasing snails off the walks," was the cutting reply.

OHENILLE CURTAINS and all kinds of house Hangings, also LACE CURTAINS DYED & CLEANED LIKE NEW.

Write to us about yours.

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO., Box 153, Montreal

STAMMERERS

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, ONT. For the treatment of all forms of SPEECH DEFECTS. We treat the cause, not simply the habit, and therefore produce natural speech. Write for particulars.

H.B.K. BRAND

BIG SHIRT

Made big enough for a big man to work in with comfort. Has more material in it than any other brand of shirt in Canada. Made on the H.B.K. scale it requires 39¼ to 42 yards per dozen, whereas common shirts have only 32 to 33 yards.

That's the reason why the H.B.K. "Big" Shirt never chafes the armpits, is never tight at the neck or wristbands, is always loose, full and comfortable and wears well.

Each shirt bears a tiny book that tells the whole history of the "Big" Shirt, and also contains a notarial declaration that the H.B.K. "Big" Shirt contains 39¼ to 42 yards of material per dozen.

Sold at all dealers but only with this brand:—

H.B.K. BRAND

HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO.

Montreal Winnipeg Dawson

THE MAGNET IN SURGERY.

What is said to be the largest electro-magnet in the world has been installed in the Bridgeport (Conn.) Hospital. It will be used for extracting pieces of iron and steel from the eyes of machinists and other metal workers who may be injured.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

First Russian—"We haven't enough food for our men. Second Russian—"The Japs will help." "By giving us food?" "No, by diminishing our number."

The harder you cough, the worse the cough gets.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

Is guaranteed to cure. If it doesn't benefit you, the druggist will give you your money back.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 S. C. WELLS & Co. $33 LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto Can.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM MR. W. J. GAGE.

TORONTO, Can., Dec. 1, 1904.

DEAR FRIEND,

We again come to you with our story of trouble, but a story of surprising and encouraging results.

No apology is necessary; the great work of the National Sanitarium Association, carried on at the Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium and Free Hospital for Consumptives, is now well known.

The 1,500 patients cared for in these two Homes plead for your help.

The large number of lives saved, of those who a few years ago were supposed to be "under sentence of death," gives a right to your sympathy.

In helping to rescue a number great enough to constitute a large prosperous village, the giving back to home and friends a regiment of workers, surely will arouse interest in this work of mercy.

Each patient cared for in our Consumptive Homes, removes a source of danger, so that the life of every citizen in Canada is more secure.

The marvellous decrease of 40 per cent. in three years in the death-rate in Ontario from consumption proves that the fight against this dread disease is no losing one.

The **Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives,** for which this appeal is made, without any endowment keeps an open door to all who are poor and sick, as long as a vacant bed remains.

Nearly 400 patients have been cared for in this Hospital since it was opened less than three years ago. This has only been possible because of the continuous stream of gifts that have come to us from every part of Canada.

Remember, too, these were patients that other hospitals as a rule refuse.

Almost every trade and profession has sent its representative, and of every age—from the young schoolboy of 12 to the widowed mother of 60.

$26,000 was received last year by the Trustees of the Free Hospital for Consumptives through contributions and bequests.

$50,000 should be given this year if the Board is to provide for the increased accommodation and maintenance of those pleading for admission.

Where will your money do so much good in bringing health to the sick and protecting the lives of those in your home?

Why should consumption not be stamped out if the needful money and help be forthcoming?

The official Report of the Secretary of the Provincial Board of Health tells **a surprising story**—a story of a winning fight, showing that from 1897 up to 1900 there was a **steady increase** in the death-rate from Tuberculosis.

From 1900 there has been a **large decrease each year,** reducing the death-rate from 3,484 to 2,072 in three years, or **over 40 per cent.** This is all the more remarkable in view of the increase in population.

You have the joy of knowing that your dollar has helped in this merciful work.

The pitiful part of it all is in knowing how many more lives could have been saved if the needful money had been forthcoming to provide additional beds.

Will you not join in this great life-saving work?

Your dollar will bring gladness.

Fifty dollars will keep a sick one for two months; may save a life. Three hundred dollars will endow a bed for a year.

Yours sincerely

W. J. Gage

S. WEST, V.S.,

Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto.

Office and Residence—St. Lawrence Street, Madoc.

Treats all diseases of domesticated animals. All calls promptly attended to, day or night.

Shorthorns and Cotswolds For Sae.

Six Shorthorn Heifers due to farrow in February and four early Bull Calves, also a number of early Ram Lambs weighing about 140 pounds, for sale cheap to quick buyers.

F. A. COMERFORD,
Eldorado.

Buy Your

C-O-A-L

And Do Yuor Weighing

—AT—

C CAVERLY'S.

If you want COAL TO BURN buy

PLYMOUTH COAL.

Plymouth Egg for Furnace.
Plymouth Stove for Heating.
Plymouth Chestnut for Cooking.

I have also a large supply of Pittsburg Select Lump Soft Coal.

These Coals are guaranteed. Any fault found with any of them will receive attention without cost to the purchaser.

CHAS. CAVERLY.

Business for Sale

L'Amable Station, Ontario.

Owing to failing health I have decided to sell my boarding house, together with the out-buildings, consisting of two stables and shed, and about twenty acres of land suitable for pasture and garden, well watered. The house is new and convenient for the business. A good paving business is done, with prospects of increasing. No incumbrance. Possession given immediately. Address,

CHAS. McGUIRE,
31 L'Amable Station P.O., Ont.

..... BATHS.....

why not have a bath with every accommodation when it is within your reach?

EACH 25c., OR SIX FOR $1.00.

Special attention paid to

SHAVING AND HAIR-CUTTING

AT

VANDERVOORT'S BARBER SHOP,
Next Wilson's Drug Store.

Ayer's Pills The great rule of health—Keep the bowels regular. And the great medicine—Ayer's Pills. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**

FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

GO TO

Thompson & Dafoe,

—FOR—

Furnaces,
Ranges,
Stoves,
Tinware,
Graniteware,
Horse Blankets,

Washing Machines, Maple Leaf, Greyhound, Monarch, Runner CROSS CUT SAWS, Disston Files, Axes, Axe Handles, Butcher Knives, etc.

Just received a large shipment of

OLD NUERNBERG WARE,

and SILVER WARE, suitable for Christmas Presents. Don't fail to see them.

THOMPSON & DAFOE.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY HAT SALE

During the Holiday Season we will offer Stylish, Ready-to-wear Hats at half price. All Prices from 50c to $2.

B. O'HARA.

MR. BUSINESS MAN.



TOTAL up your profits for the month. Are they as large as you like, or do you wish to double them? If you do, then you should advertise. Let the public know you are in business and you will get business. The best goods in the world will not sell if the public do not know their merits. A chat with the public through the columns of our local paper will put you in touch with the people who wil buy your goods, and your money will not remain tied up indefinitely.

...New...

Barber Shop

W. SCRUTTON

has opened a new Barber Shop in the

St. Lawrence Hall Block.

and invites the patronage of his friends and the public.

First class work guaranteed.

SHOP,—One door south of main hotel entrance.

W. SCRUTTON.

JAS. WHYTOCK

BUTCHER,

DEALER IN

Groceries and .....Provisions.

MADOC, — ONTARIO.

Madoc, June 30, 1903. 27-3m

To Rent.

The shop lately occupied by Stewart Empey, south of Cox's Harness shop.

47-1 JNO. MOUNCEY.

WANTED

MEN AND WOMEN in this county and adjoining territories, to represent and advertise an old established house of solid financial standing. Salary to men $21 weekly, to women $12 to $18 weekly with Expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address, Blew Bros. & Co., Dept. A., Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 41-6

Boarders Wanted.

A few boarders can be accommodated. Terms reasonable.

Plain sewing taken in.

MRS. LENA CRAWFORD.
Madoc, Oct. 24th, 1904.

JACOB HUFF,

Licensed Auctioneer

for the County of Hastings,

MADOC. — — ONT.

A WOMAN KNOWS



We take pride in making garments which in material, fit and workmanship, trimming and style, will have the cordial approval of the most critical lady who has an interest in your appearance.

R. E. COLLING.

Valuable Farm for Sale

A valuable farm containing 215 acres is offered for sale. There are two complete sets of buildings, two barns, one dwelling of brick and one frame, a hop house, drive house and stable for fourteen cows. Three orchards of some two hundred trees and small fruit and good spring water, twenty acres of wood, ninety acres cultivated land, outside fencing is cedar, church on the place, school house thirty rods away, is two and a half miles from the cheese factory and less than three miles from Shannonville station. The purchaser can leave $3000 on mortgage at 5 per cent. the balance to be paid in cash. A good title can be given free from all encumbrances and possession given this fall. This valuable farm is in the township of Tyendinaga and well suited for farming purposes. For further particulars apply to

THOS. EMMONS,
or his Solicitor, Shannonville,
F. E. O'FLYNN,
Post Office Drawer 1064, Belleville.

QUESTION

—AND—

ANSWER.

Where can I get a good Suit of Clothes? At the Big 4.

Are they well made? Yes, they are.

What can I get a good Suit for? He has Men's from $3.70 to $12.00.

Has he Black Suits, Long and Short Coats? Yes sir, and good ones too.

Where can I get a good Hat? At the Big 4.

What price will I have to pay? He sells Christie's Fedoras for $1. They keep the shape and color and wear just as well as a $2 Hat.

What else does he sell? Oh, everything. Top Shirts, Overalls, Odd Pants, Sox, Boys' Clothes, Rubber Coats, and Dry Goods, all very cheap and good.

Who keeps the Big 4? Why

THOS. McNAMARA.

CHOICE LOTS FOR SALE.....

On reasonable terms, and when required, assistance given to erect residences on conditions that will be within the reach of small capitalists

The undersigned has made arrangements for the above named purpose, and anyone wishing to purchase lots on easy terms or avail themseves of the conditions of building, can get full information by application to the undersigned or to A. F WOOD, Esq.

Prices of Lots range from $75 up, according to location. Building and lots can be arranged for from $400 to $2,000.

F. E. SEYMOUR.

TRY MORRICE & SON

—FOR—

Men's Fine Boots,

Ladies' Fine Boots

Children's School Boots,

Men's Working Boots.

Trunks, Valises, Shoe Polish.

Boots and Shoes made to order.

An assortment of Home-made Work always on hand. Mending done promptly.

MORRICE & SON

Election. | Madoc Model School.

Honor Roll For the Months of ... ber and Dec...

...RESTER—WORLD'S MA... ...PERATION BENEFITS

...ed. 97.—Wheat

North Hastings Review.

"PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."

J. R. ORR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. TERMS, $1.50 ; $1.00 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

27TH YEAR.—No. 52. **Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, December 28, 1904.** POSTAGE PREPAID.

Madoc Village Nominations.

A Lively Time and Many Candidates Take the Field.

There was "something doing" at the village nominations on Monday—particularly in the number of candidates, and in length, style, and vigor of some of the speeches. Between 12 and 1 o'clock the following nominations were handed to Returning Officer O'Hara :—

FOR REEVE.

Jas. Whytock, nominated by D.E.K. tin. Stewart and W. J. Allen.
fort Dr. Ed. Harrison, by Wm. Cross cro and A. Coe.

FOR COUNCILLORS.

A. D. Weir, by W. H. O'Flynn and W. W. Hudgins.
P. Sinclair, by John Mouncey and Hugh Ross.
Wm. Cox, by C. F. Aylsworth and S. Wellington.
Wm. Cross, by C. F. Aylsworth and A. D. Weir.
Wm. J. Hill, by R. McGhee and W. Knox.
D. W. Rollins, by T. L. Nickle and D. E. K. Stewart.
Dr. Harper, by Fred Rollins and M. Bristol.
T. L. Nickle, by Dr. Harper and J. R. Orr.
Alex. Milne, by Dr. Harper and T. L. Nickle.
John Dougan, by T. L. Nickle and F. Tucker.
W. J. Moore, by Dr. Harper and T. L. Nickle.

FOR SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

Dr. Eagleson, by A. F. Wood and W. J. Moore.
D. Henderson, by Wm. Cox and John McMullen.
Arch Thompson, by M. Bristol and D. E. K. Stewart.
Jas. White, by H. Elliott and F. Rollins.
J. R. Orr, by Dr. G. F. Wright and J. Mouncey.

According to ancient custom, Mr. Hara then called on the candidates Tele med to lay their grievances before e electors.

...eve Whytock was the first ...eaker. He was glad to see such a ...rge attendance at this nomination, ...owing that the people were taking ...ore interest is municipal affairs. The Council this year had worked most harmoniously together ; all had endeavored to keep down the taxes, and he did not think the village would be any richer by making a change just now. Things were not so bright when he came into power, he found overdrawn accounts on hand, interest owing, and a deficit in taxes. Then they had increased expenses, large school requisition and other things to meet, so that the taxes had to go up a little, but next year things would be easier. Referring to the assessment complaints, he said he had cautioned the Assessors to be careful in equalizing all property. The village must progress, and all citizens must be willing to help to keep up the reputation of Madoc as one of the best villages of its size in the province. He abhored any candidate going about town complaining that the Council had raised the taxes. He intended to retire after the obligations now entered had been completed, but would not be driven out without giving his opponent the fight of his life.

Dr. E. D. Harrison followed, expressing his pleasure at the seeming intense interest evinced by the electors—a favorable omen, he believed, for the future prosperity of the village. He took the opportunity to thank them for the generous support accorded him last year, placing him at the head of the poll for Councillor, for which he had given in return the most energetic and faithful service that he could command. The past year in the Council had been one of hard work—27 sessions in all, and of these he had attended 23. He had also worked on four committees of the Council, the principal one being that of Electric Light, on the question of which, and of the troubles and difficulties encountered in divising and getting into operation a scheme that would be acceptable to the public, he dwelt at some length. He severely criticized the "unpopular assessment" of last year, when 40 appeals had come before the Court, and stated that he was opposed to the principle of high assessment. In the matter of sidewalks he thought the time had come to quit buying high priced lumber for walks, and in future he would advise spending say $500 of the $700 appropriation in building permanent granolithic walks, the other $200 to be spent on repairs, until in a few years all our leading walks would be permanent. He had been solicited to be a candidate for the Reeveship and had consented to stand. It was asked, "Why not leave the old Council in to complete the electric light project?" He thought as the plant would be in operation in a few weeks now he was as competent to complete it as Mr. Whytock. He thought he had all the information coming to him. He solicited votes and influence.

Mr. Weir said a year ago they he... to do business for th... ing done the best he could ... ...ears ing, the work ...ing men. ... ...en of the town. He ... ...ably ... the assessment, ...ed ... to the troubles and disagre... ...n the proposed building ... ...walks on fronts of the village street,—otherwise they had had a pretty pleasant time during the past Council year. If re-elected he would do the best he could for the place.

Dr. W. S. Harper opened by saying that his three years' experience in the Council had learned him a lot—first year everything was very smooth because he had kept very quiet, but as he had asserted himself and advanced his opinions last year he found a dead set against his candidature by certain parties who would rule the Council. He asked no favors, however, and was prepared to fight for what he got. He then at considerable length placed figures on the blackboard showing up the financial condition of the town for the past three years; what he claimed was that the Councils of some years ago did not levy enough money to pay the running expenses of the year, consequently there was deficits and overdrawn accounts ; this year the financial condition was better by $600 or $700 than three years ago, with credits now in bank, and they were paying their way this year as they went along. For this the Council and the present Reeve were entitled to credit. He dealt at length on the question of the assessment and the proposed cement sidewalks, and charged that some of his fellow members of the Council were simply endeavoring to make capital out of it for this election, as they had endeavored to embarrass the Committee when the project was before the Council. He spoke of his interest in and work in connection with the establishing of the Electric Light plant in town, and he assured then there would be no better plant in Ontario, and even if the cost went up a few hundred dollars beyond the estimate they were getting splendid value for their money. He corrected the impression that the town was losing by the street men being unable to work owing to unfavorable weather. All this work was done by contract by the Electric Company, and it did not matter to Madoc how long time it took these men to do the work. He had all contracts and matters for the completing of this work in his own hands, and he claimed is would be risky and imprudent for the electors to defeat him and have a new man take up this work all over again. In fact the old Council should have been allowed to complete their work, but political bosses had ruled otherwise, even at the risk of financial detriment to the town. He asked the electors to carefully consider the matter in placing their votes on election day.

Mr. Peter Sinclair's speech was characteristic, and of the real Irish-Scotch fighting quality. He didn't care whether he was interrupted or not, he didn't want the old Council re elected ; he didn't care a button whether he was elected himself or not, but he would take a round out of the old "fighting rangers" anyway, and he thought he could do as well as some of the old Council have done. He wanted to know why the debentures of the village of Madoc, $9000, had to be sold at a discount of $500, but could get no satisfactory reason. He thought it bad management of the Council. He was particularly severe in his criticism of the assessment of the village, and of the Assessors. He charged that his own assessment and that of a great deal of the village was done by Mr. A. F. Wood, and in Mr. Wood's office—in fact he asserted Mr. Wood was the real assessor last year.

Mr. Cox said he had been asked to run last year and declined, but had decided to stand this year. If elected he would do all he could to advance the interests of the village and please all, irrespective of politics.

Mr. Cross referred to his defeat last year for the Reeveship by the old "war horse," but better men than himself had suffered similarly in the past, and he was making no complaint. He deprecated the introduction of politics into municipal contests, and then made a criticism of the action of the Council during the past year. Last year the cry was, "Put out the old Council." This year it was, "Keep in the old Council." He was a candidate for Councillor, and if elected would give his best attention to the interests of the village.

Mr. W. J. Hill came before them as a taxpayer, and also took full responsibility for the "atrocious crime of being a young man." But he was a worker, and he gave ample reason why he was a candidate for the Council. Equality and fairness in all public dealings was what was wanted, irrespective of politics, and to get the most work done for the least money in municipal as in private affairs. He asked their votes and influence and promised his best services if elected.

Mr. Nickle said he would set them at ease at once by saving he was not a candidate this year. He advised all to leave politics out of the question, and work for the best interests of the village. He commended the hard work that had been done by the Councillors during the past year.

Mr. Dougan said he was a candidate at the solicitation of many friends and as he was out for solid work to win. Referring to the question of assessment and taxes he said his taxes were raised last year, but not more than they should be, and no doubt others would say the same. He had always stood for the right in anything and everything he had undertaken, and he took the opportunity of thanking the electors in advance for the support that he was sure would be accorded him.

Mr. Denis Gillen took the opportunity to reply to the attacks of Mr. Sinclair regarding the assessment. Straight from the shoulder he asserted that any man who said the village assessment was done in Mr. Wood's office, or that Mr. Wood had advised, dictated or interfered in any way with the work of the assessors—lied. As one of the assessors he had done his work conscientiously, and if mistakes were made it was an error of judgment only.

Considerable cross-firing, explanations, and counter charges were made by several of the candidates, and the meeting finally adjourned about 4.30, the latest nomination meeting on record in this village.

Some New Teachers.

The Recent Results of the Teachers-in-training at the Madoc Model School.

The annual professional examination for Third Class teachers' certificates was held at the County Model School during the week beginning with December 12th. As a result of the examination, the following persons have been awarded the certificates indicated below :—

Provincial Third Class Certificates, valid for three years :

W. Russel Bateman.
George Arnold Craig.
Harry Hallin.
Peter Sinclair McCaffrey.
Howard McConnell.
Adam W. McGuire.
Estella Rose Cragg.
Bessie Snell.
Emma Gertrude Wallace.
Beth Kerr Wilson.

Third Class District Certificates, valid for three years :

Albert Roy Brown.
Loretto Woodcock.
Jessie Johnston.
Edith Gertrude Kellaway.
Mary McNamara.
Alma May Montgomery.
Annetta Mabel Seeley.
Florence Tucker.
Lillian Gertrude Wescott.

Third Class District Certificates, valid for the time specified :

Helena Cook, 1 year.
Bertha Cook, 2 years.
Francis Henry, 2 years.
Mary Mullen, 2 years.

Services Appreciated.

Presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. H. Thompson.

The patrons of Alexandria Cheese factory on the evening of the 22nd inst., fittingly recognized the 18 years of faithful and successful service of their late cheesemaker, Mr. Thos. H. Thompson, by gathering at his residence at the factory to the number of about 80, including their wives, and presenting Mr. and Mrs. Thompson with a handsome arm-chair, rocker, and beautiful clock, as a mark of their good wishes and appreciation. Mr. Thompson having decided to leave the factory and move to the village. The following address was also read :—

TO MR. AND MRS. T. H. THOMPSON.

DEAR FRIENDS,—We, your friends and patrons of Alexandria Factory in which you have labored so successfully for the past eighteen years, have learned with regret of your departure from the neighborhood. We desire to express our esteem for you in promoting our welfare in your work, but as a neighbor you have always been kind, sympathetic and obliging. As you leave as we feel that we are losing a useful neighbor, friend and brother in the factory and neighborhood, but we are pleased to know that your removal is not so far distant but that we may hope to meet in the future. We felt that we could not part with you without some slight token of our appreciation of your efforts. We therefore ask you to accept these gifts, trusting that the sight of them may keep green in your memory the many friends you have made in this neighborhood.

Signed on behalf of the patrons of Alexandria Factory,

A. H. DINGMAN.
A. N. BOUCK.
WM. A. PRINGLE.
J. A. CASKEY.

Mr. Thompson replied in fitting terms, thanking his friends and neighbors for such signal marks of their kindness and appreciation and assuring them that this would always be one of the most pleasant events in his memory. A pleasant evening was afterwards spent.

Heavy Bail.

The Globe of Wednesday says:—"Samuel Haryett, the Bancroft Magistrate, charged with conspiracy in connection with the bogus ballot-box investigation, and who was committed for trial last week, has been suspended by the Attorney-General. Notice of his suspension was sent to him by mail last night. Mr. T. C. Robinette, K. C., counsel for Haryett, sent to Belleville yesterday for necessary affidavits of evidence in order to apply to a High Court Judge for bail. Mr. G. F. Shepley, K.C., representing the Dominion Government, and Deputy Attorney-General Cartwright, the Ontario Government, will not consent to the application."

We have just learned that Mr. Haryett has been released on $20,000 bail.

Madoc Village Election.

List of Candidates Who are in the Field.

The "slate" for Madoc village this year is unusually large, and to help our readers to have their minds made up before election day, we publish below the list of names as they will appear on the Ballot paper :—

FOR REEVE.

Dr. Harrison.
James Whytock, Sr.

FOR COUNCILLORS.

W. Cross.
W. Cox.
J. S. Dougan.
Dr. Harper.
W. J. Hill.
D. W. Rollins.
Peter Sinclair.
A. D. Weir.

The Reeve and four Councillors to be chosen from above.

FOR MODEL SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

Dr. Eagleson.
Donald Henderson.
J. R. Orr.
Arch. Thompson.
James White.

Three Trustees to be selected from above list. The new men are Messrs. Henderson and Thompson.

County Councillors.

Most of the Members Elected by Acclamation.

At the nominations for members of the County Council, held on the 19th inst., five of the seven Divisions comprising the whole County elected their representatives by acclamation. They were as follows :—

No. 1 Division—Messrs. B. M. Mallory and G. Nicholson.

No. 2 Division—Messrs. w. C. Farley and K. Denyes.

No. 3 Division—Messrs. A. McFarlane and D. Hanley.

No. 5 Division—Messrs. A. Kirk and John B. Morton.

No. 6 Division — Messrs. Thos. H. Tumelty and L. Cornell.

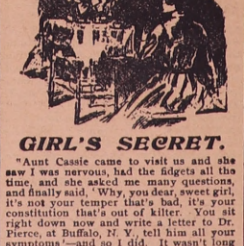
In the 4th Division, the contest fought out on Monday next will be between Messrs. T. J. Thompson and wm. Rodgers, of Rawdon, the old members, and Messrs. wm. Bonter and J. H. warren, of Marmora, new men.

In No. 7 Division, northern townships, the contest is between R. Lancaster, the old member, and Messrs. James Best, of Bancroft, and w. J. Fitzgerald, of Maynooth.

It is Highly Injurious.

To use a cheap drastic physic. Safest remedy for constipation and torpid liver is Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mauprake and Butternut which loosen the bowels without griping pains. Use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25 cents.

Hen Feathers, 15c. per lb., suitable for cushions. F. G. LYNDE.



GIRL'S SECRET.

"Aunt Cassie came to visit us and she saw I was nervous, had the fidgets all the time, and she asked me many questions, and finally said, 'Why, you dear, sweet girl, it's not your temper that's bad, it's your constitution that's out of kilter. You sit right down now and write a letter to Dr. Pierce, at Buffalo, N. Y., tell him all your symptoms'—and so I did. It wasn't long before I had a long reply, carefully going over my case and telling me just what to do. I date my present happiness and little Cupid's return to the very day I sat down to write that letter to Dr. Pierce, for his advice was so good and his 'Favorite Prescription' worked such a complete change in me that now my former cheerfulness and good health—not to say anything of good looks—are restored to me. I have summoned Tom back to my side and we are to be married in June."

The proprietors and makers of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in *offering to pay $500* for any case of Leucorrhœa, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of the Womb, which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

It is natural that a woman who has been cured of womanly disease by "Favorite Prescription" should believe that it will cure others. It is natural too that she should recommend to other women the medicine which has cured her. It is such commendation which has made the name of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a household word for the past thirty-eight years.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE REVIEW,—

I wish to state a fact and ask a query.

1st.—Whoever is left at home in the coming Municipal elections, we can't afford to do without Dr. Harper. He has the most complete knowledge of the electric light plant of anyone in the town.

2nd—Would it not be well for every elector to ask himself before voting,—who caused the expense and trouble of this contest? There were some who tried to prevent it and have the old council complete the work now in hand. Who prevented it?

TAXPAYER.

Madoc, Dec. 27, 1904.

Madoc, December 27, 1904.

To the Editor of THE REVIEW,—

I was not present at the nomination yesterday, but have been creditably informed that Mr. Peter Sinclair in substance made the following public statement :—

That the assessors of 1904, Denis Gillen and John A. McConnell, made their assessment in my office. That said assessment was virtually made by me and that I had my assessment lowered for a purpose, and he could prove it. If I was only one interested, I should treat it with the contempt it deserves, but in the interest of the assessors I have to state every part of said statement, in plain English, is a wilful falsehood. As a matter of fact I had no part in the assessment and knew nothing of what mine was until it was handed to me in the regular notice, and more, I believe I am higher assessed in proportion to the value of my assessable property than any other property owner in the place. My statement as to the part I took in the assessment will be borne out by the assessors and have no doubt the public will accept their statements.

I thank you for the space.

A. F. WOOD.

Not if it Cost Ten Dollars

A bottle would be without Polson's Nerviline, writes J. A. Ruth, a farmer living near Trenton, Ont., Nerviline is the best household liniment I know. We use it for stomach troubles, indigestion, headache and summer complaint. I know of nothing better to take in hot water to break a cold, or to rub on for rheumatism or neuralgia. Every farmer should keep a few bottles of Nerviline handy and have small doctor bills. Large bottles 25c. at druggists.



Sensible 'Xmas. Gifts.

Christmas buyers who are looking for gifts that bear the marks of quality and choice selection will find some things here a little better than elsewhere.

Pocket Knives.

Every kind one can think of, 10 cts. to $1.25.

Table Knives.

The kinds that cut when the meat is tough, 75c. per set up.

Carving Knives.

In pairs or in sets and all good Steel, 75 cts. up. Also a fine line of Carving Sets in Oak Cases,

Razors and Straps.

The Real Safety Razor, only $2.00. The only safety on the market that has the one great thing required of any Razor,—A Full Concaved Blade.

The Real is not a scraper. It is a Razor (Absolutely safe.)

Bokers Razors, 75c. to $1.75 each.

Razor Straps, 25c. to 90 cts.

Also a fine assortment of Genuine Badger Hair Shaving Brushes.

Skates and Hockey Sticks.

A large assortment of patterns and sizes in Henry Boker's celebrated Hockey Skates, 35c. to $2.50 per pair. Hockey Sticks, 10c. to 50c. each.

Sleds, a good assortment of Sleds, 25c. to $1.25.

Sleigh Bells.

Genuine Swedish Sleigh Bells. Their tone is of exquisite quality. Noted for strength and durability.

Don't buy your Sleigh Bells until you have heard the Genuine Swedish Sleigh Bells.

We also have a full line of Shaft Gongs, Team Bells, etc.

Food Choppers

Our Raswin Food Choppers are sold with a guarantee and are warranted to give satisfaction. Two sizes.

We have also a full line of Lamps, Burners and Chimneys, Silverware, Heavy Gloves and Mitts, Cross-cut Saws, Axes, etc.

M. W. CONNOR & SON,

Fenneline Brand American Coal Oil is the best illuminating Oil in the world. Try it. Only 25c. per gallon.

THE DOMINION BANK

Capital and Reserve, $6,000,000

Total Assets, - $35,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, — TORONTO

T. G. BROUGH, General Manager.

MADOC BRANCH.

A general banking business transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of $1 and upwards received, and Interest allowed at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly.

F. COTTLE, Manager.

JAMES C. DALE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
OFFICE—J. C. Dale & Co., Bankers.

F. E. O'FLYNN,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
BELLEVILLE, - - ONT.

W. J. MOORE, B.C.L.,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE — Over the REVIEW Office, Madoc.
MONEY TO LOAN.
Solicitor for the Dominion Bank.

D. E. K. STEWART,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, MADOC, ONTARIO.
Money to loan on first mortgages at lowest rates.
Solicitor for J. C. Dale & Co., Bankers.
Solicitor for Murphy, Gordon & Co., Bankers, Tweed.

WILLIAM CROSS, LL.B.,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER.
Appraiser at Madoc for The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation.
Money to loan at 5 per cent. on good farm security. No commission. No valuation fee.
OFFICE—Wood Block, Madoc.

DR. HARRISON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.
Graduate of Queen's University, Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.
Special attention given to Diseases of women and children.
OFFICE—Opposite Methodist Church

DR. HARPER,
GRADUATE OF TRINITY UNIVERSITY
Fellow of Trinity Medical College, Licentiate of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE—Durham street, Dale's Block, Madoc.

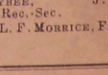
Madoc Lodge, No. 195, A.O.U.W.



THE Ancient Order of United Workmen meets every first and third Friday of each month in Moon's new block. Visiting brethren are cordially welcomed.

M. MAYBEE, Master Workman. W. H. MCBAIN, Recorder

Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I.O.O.F.



Meets in Oddfellows' Hall, Wilson Block, every Monday evening at the hour of 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren will always be cordially welcomed.

M. MAYBEE, Rec.-Sec. J. C. DALE, Noble Grand
L. F. MORRICE, Fin. Sec.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

The Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR

A SECRET REVEALED

CHAPTER V.

One morning, the fifth after the fair, Royce woke up. That is to say he came back from the land of delirious dreams, and looked around him with the light of returning intelligence in his eyes.

After glancing at his surroundings for a few moments, he discovered that he was lying in a narrow bed arranged in a moving van. The little room, he could see, served as a kitchen as well as a sleeping place. He drew aside a muslin curtain on one side of the bed, and recognized close beside him, the girl who had aided him on the night when he had been attacked.

A brief conversation with her served to recall the tragic event which had well nigh ended his career.

"Have I been ill long?" he asked.

"Five days," she said simply.

"And you—" he stopped and put out his hand, "you have nursed me through it?"

She regarded the hand, and instead of taking it smoothed the narrow bed clothes. He held the hand up and looked at it. It was ridiculously white and thin.

"I must have been very bad," he said, almost to himself.

"Yes," she said.

"And all this time you have been here? I can remember seeing your face now and again through a kind of mist. You have been awfully kind and good to me. Will you tell me your name?"

"Madge," she said. "Madge Lee."

"And you are a gypsy?" he said, thoughtfully.

"I am a gypsy," she replied, with a kind of repressed pride.

"I shall think gratefully of your people for the future," he said.

"And yet it was one of us who—"

"Yes," he said. "I remember. One was a gypsy, the other was that big fellow I wrestled with. Where are they? Have they been caught?"

"No," she said concisely. "They are not here, and they have not been caught."

Royce looked rather relived than otherwise.

"Perhaps it's as well," he said. "I'll wait until I chance to meet them, and then settle old scores."

She went to a small cupboard, painted so exactly like the panels and ribs of the caravan as to be a secret receptacle, and took something from it.

"These are yours," she said, and held out the watch, and the locket, and a few shillings.

His eyes brightened at the sight of the locket—Irene's parting gift—and he took them from her hand and was about to put them under the pillow, then he changed his mind and held them out to her.

"Keep them for me, pleas," he said.

She looked as if she were about to refuse, but after a second's hesitation she returned them to the cupboard.

He watched her graceful movements with the interested langor of a man in his condition, and saw with dismay that she was leaving the caravan.

"Madge—Miss Lee!" he said.

"I am called Madge," she said. "I am not a lady."

"I like Madge best," he said; "though I don't agree with your last statement. I feel as stupid about the head as a blind pup. I was going to tell you my name. We've only been half introduced. You've told yours. I'm called Jack! which was true, for it was a regimental nickname—"Jack Graham."

She still looked at the sunlit scene framed by the half door, the upper part of which was open.

"I hope you like it," he said. "It's not so pretty as yours."

"Now I've done it," he said, falling back on the little bed with a sigh. "Why couldn't I have held my tongue? she'd have stayed then!"

He tried to think, but fell asleep when he awoke the sunlight had gone, but by the light af a lantern hanging from the ceiling he saw a stout, motherly woman standing beside him. She was almost as dark as a negress.

"Is it another five days?" he asked.

"No, you've slept through the day, that's all, my gentleman," she said; "and a very pretty sleep it's been. You feel another man, don't you, sir?"

"I do, indeed!" said Royce, emphatically.

"You're wondering who I am, my gentleman?" she remarked, peering at him with her dark eyes made into slits.

"That's the best guess you ever made in your life," he said. "I didn't like to ask, because I've done nothing but ask questions since I came to. But any information however small, will be gratefully received and acknowledged."

"I'm Mother Katie," she said. "And it's me as has been doctoring you; and let me tell you, my gentleman—though I shouldn't say it—that you couldn't have done better if you'd had a reg'lar swell chorkler."

"I'm sure of that," said Royce. "What is a—chorkler, I think you said?"

"That's a doctor," she explained. "It's a very good name for them and seems to fit them admirably," said Royce. "Yes, I'm sure you have done everything that was possible to be done, and I'm very grateful to you, Mother Katie. Are you Madge's mother?"

"Lor', no, she ain't got a mother," she replied, "nor father."

"An orphan?"

"An orphan," assented Katie.

"She has been very kind to me," said Royce. "I hope she hasn't overtaxed herself. I'm afraid I offended her just now," he added.

"You mustn't take any notice of her," she said; "Madge has got queer ways. She is different to the rest of us—got a bit of book learning, and that's altered her."

"Yes, them's her books," said Katie, glancing at them with the mixtare of awe and contempt which those ignorant of reading and writing always contemplate paper and print. "Madge is strange and peculiar sometimes, but it's best to take her as she is, and let her go her own way."

"Where are we going to—a fair?"

"Not just now. There ain't no fair for a time. We're just going across country, working as we go."

"Do you think I could get up?"

"That's always the way with sick folk," she said with a laugh. "Get up! Not if you was to be paid for it, my gentleman."

"Well, there's not much chance of anyone offering to pay me for it so I had better lie still," he said. "But I hate to give you all this trouble, Mother Katie."

"It's no trouble," she said placidly.

"This is Madge's van?" he said. "I'm turning her out?"

"Yes, it's Madge's," she assented, "but it don't make no difference. We've got another van here, and there's the tents. Most of us 'uh rather be outdoors in this weather. Now, I'm going to send you some broth, and when you've took it you just turn around and get another sleep," she said, and went out.

In a few minutes the girl Lottie came up the steps bearing a basin of soup carefully.

She put it beside him and sat down on a locker opposite the bed, rested her head on her hands, and stared at him with two large eyes gleaming like windows through her tangled hair.

Royce looked at her, smiling, waiting for her to speak, or, at any rate, to remove her gaze; but her eyes apeared to have got fixed, and neither blinked or wavered. He felt fascinated, and at last broke the silence.

"This is capital broth," he said; "what is it made of?"

"Hedgehog," said the girl curtly.

"Hedge——?" Then he went on with his soup philosophically. "Well, it's very good."

"Specially for sick folk," said the girl succintly.

"Yes. What is your name?"

"Lottie. You ain't to talk," said Lottie, with the unmovable eyes.

She stretched out her hand for the basin, but still stared at him, and Royce felt the eyes going through and through.

"I mustn't keep you, Lottie," he said.

"I'm to wait till you've gone off," she said as curtly and doggedly as before.

Royce turned over, and after a minute, still feeling the big eyes upon him, said:

"I'm asleep now, Lottie, thank you."

The girl made no response, but after a minute or two got up and left him.

He raised himself, and after several attempts succeeded in reaching a couple of books from the shelf and was surprised to find that they were "Longfellow's Poems" and an English history. He was too weak to read, almost too weak to think; but the presence of such books in a gypsy's van filled him with amazement. After half an hour Mother Katie looked in, and seeing that he was awake proceeded to dress his wounds, and Royce, who had attended some ambulance lectures, knew that she was doing her work skillfully.

"You ought to have been a doctor, Mother Katie," he said.

"So I am," she retorted with a touch of pride. "If any of 'em get's sick in the camp they come to me, and they don't want no one else. If I can't cure them they've just got to die."

"They must be very grateful," he said. "I couldn't think of dying after all your kindness and attention."

"Oh, you're right," she said; "and now you've got to go to sleep again for the night. Good night."

"Good-night, and thank you," he responded, then he added with a slight hesitation: "Where is Madge?"

"Oh, outside," she replied. "Do you want her?"

"No—oh, no. But I should like to thank her—but don't trouble."

"It's no trouble," she said. "Perhaps she'll come, but I ain't certain."

"You wanted to see me," said Madge.

"Yes, I desired to thank you for your attention to me. I have been looking at some of your books," he said with the sake of keeping her standing there like a guardian angel in the soft light. "You are fond of books?"

"I can read," she replied dreamily and modestly.

"Why, of course," he cried. "You might just as well have said you could walk."

"It is not of course," she said quietly and simply. "Very few can read anything but large type."

He put his hand to his brow; for a moment he had almost forgotten that she was a gypsy—one of a wandering tribe of vagabonds.

"Tell me how you managed to learn," he said. "Won't you sit down? Pray make yourself at home, Miss—Madge," he added with burlesque politeness.

"It is a long story," she said. "It is late, too, and you should be asleep."

"Oh, come," he expostulated, "I'm not really a dormouse, though I've been asleep for five and a half days. But what a selfish brute I am! I am forgetting that you have been awake and watching all the time. Go and sleep yourself, Madge. I hope you have got as comfortable a van as this I've turned you out of. Never mind, I shall be all right to-morrow. There, I won't keep you. Good-night," he held out his hand.

She hesitated a moment, then put the tips of her fingers into his white palm. He carried her hand to his lips, but before he could kiss it, gratefully and reverently enough, she drew it away swiftly, and as she turned to leave him he saw the blood had rushed to her face.

"There I am again," he said, in a kind of despair. "Say good-night, Madge, or I shall think I have done it this time."

She looked at him and murmured softly "Good-night."

The words, the tone, made pleasant music in his ears, and to the lullaby of their echo he fell asleep.

(To be Continued.)

FROGS STOP TELEGRAMS.

One of the great enemies of the overland telegraph line in Central Australia is the green frog. In order to save the insulators from being broken by the lightning they are provided with wire "droppers" to conduct on to the pole in case of need. The frogs climb the poles, and find the insulators cool and pleasant to their bodies, and fancy that the "dropper" is put there especially for their edification. After a nap they yawn, and stretch out a leg until it touches the pole. Result—sudden death to the frog; and, as the body continues to conduct the current to the earth, paragraphs appear in the papers to the effect that, "in consequence of an interruption to the lines, probably caused by a cyclone disturbance in the interior, we are unable to present our readers with the usual cables from abroad"!

UNIQUE CYCLING FEAT.

What is perhaps an unparalleled feat in cycling is reported in a recent Australian mail. A one-legged cyclist has successfully pedalled his way from Rockhampton to Sydney, a distance of about 1,400 miles by road measurement. Not counting delays and stoppages, he did the journey in twenty-eight days on a machine provided with only a single pedal. He achieved ninety miles on his best day, and on his worst, in bad, rough country, he did not sink below thirty. He is now going to essay the more perilous feat of crossing Australia from Adelaide in the south to Port Darwin in the north, a distance of 2,000 miles, largely uninhabited and waterless.

Take No Risk With a Cold

Further Developments May Prove Fatal. There is Cure for You in

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

If you could depend on a cold passing off of its own accord it would be all very well to let it run its course.

The risk is too great.

Consumption and pneumonia always have their beginnings in a cold.

If you take prompt means of curing every cold you will never be a victim of these or other fatal lung troubles.

Did you ever wait to think of it that way?

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is best known on account of its extraordinary control over croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma and severe chest colds.

As a means of overcoming ordinary coughs and colds, throat irritation and the many diseases of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs it has made an enviable reptation for reliability.

Pleasant to take, thorough and far-reaching in action, and certain in its beneficial results, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine should have a place in every house as a safeguard against consumption and other fatal lung diseases.

Mrs. J. Provost, Renfrew, Ont., writes:—

"My fourteen-year-old boy had a very severe cold in the chest last winter and I really thought he was going to die. He coughed nearly all the time and sometimes would spit up blood. We had about given up all hopes of his recovery when I heard of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After using one bottle there was a great change in his condition, and I positively say that he was completely cured by two bottles, and he has not been troubled since. I never saw medicine take such quick effect and can sincerely recommend it."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, a portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous recipt book author, are on every bottle.

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

DRESSING HOGS.

Prepare for hog-killing by getting knives in good order and by providing a suitable place for scraping and hanging up the carcass. A table twenty-four inches high and thirty inches wide by six feet long will be found a very convenient thing upon which to scrape the hog, and is preferable to a box in that one can get up to it better, and it is easier to move about. The top should be of 2x10 plank and legs of 4x4, with 1x8 around the upper end just underneath the top. A kerosene barrel set slanting against the end makes a suitable and cheap scalding vat. The water should be at a temperature of 180 deg. to 186 deg. when the hog is put in the barrel. To insure this temperature, do not remove the water from the fire until it boils. Then, if it must go into a cold barrel, it will be about the right temperature when the hog is put in. In warm weather it will often be necessary to add half a pail of cold water to reduce the temperature, but in the winter where the work is done outside and with snow on the ground it will hardly be wise. The water should be so hot as to be decidedly uncomfortable to the touch when the fingers are dipped into it the third time. If the water is near the boiling point, care should be used to air the hog quickly or the hair will be "set." With water at 185 deg. there is little danger. To aid in loosening the scurf add to the water a fire shovel of hardwood ashes, a generous handful of soft soap or a table-spoonful of concentrated lye. The hog should be secured before the water is put in the barrel.

In sticking the hog it should be placed squarely on its back and an incision opened lengthwise of the throat two inches in front of the breast bone. Then with the sharp side of a straight sticking knife turned upward and directed

TOWARD THE TAIL-HEAD,

insert it to a depth sufficient to reach the arteries leading from the heart. In a two hundred pound this will be five or six inches. At the depth the knife should be turned a quarter way round and immediately withdrawn. Care should be used to keep the knife pointed directly over the backbone to avoid sticking in the shoulder. Do not put the hog in the water until life is extinct or the skin will be reddened by the cooking of the blood in the capillaries beneath. Try the hair often to determine when scalded sufficiently. Remove the hair from the feet and head with the hands or with the "candlestick" scraper, and next from the body. If properly scalded it will pull out by the roots. When the rough hair has been removed scrape the body clean and dress it up smoothly with a sharp knife. Raise the gambrel cords and hang up. Wash with hot water and scrape, then rinse with cold water, and be sure that all scurf is scraped off. Open through the pelvic arch and cut around the rectum. Pull the intestines down and separate the connections near the kidneys, leaving the kidney fat intact. Remove the paunch with the intestines, keeping all clean so as to save the fat. Cut around the diaphragm and remove the lungs and heart together with the windpipe. The breast bone should be split when the abdominal cavit is opened. The tongue should be removed and the mouth propped open to allow of free drainage. Then wash out the inside of the carcass with cold water. In warm weather the spinal column should be split to allow of rapid cooling. If possible the carcass should be cooled without freezing for twenty-four hours, and in fact the best results in curing will be obtained if not frozen at all. The most important point in dressing hogs is to get a good scald and with water at the temperature named and with some form of lye in the water, this point will be gained. Neatness and dispatch should always be practiced.

Always in Sight

Crowded street. People passing by. Old and young. All eager about their own affairs and always somebody in plain sight who needs Scott's Emulsion.

Now it's that white-haired old man; weak digestion and cold blood. He needs

Scott's Emulsion

to warm him, feed him, and strengthen his stomach.

See that pale girl? She has thin blood. Scott's Emulsion will bring new roses to her face.

There goes a young man with narrow chest. Consumption is his trouble. Scott's Emulsion soothes ragged lungs and increases flesh and strength.

And here's a poor, sickly little child. Scott's Emulsion makes children grow—makes children happy.

FEEDING THE CALF.

So many people have been splashed with milk and so many pails of milk have been spilled by the butting of the calf, while feeding that a simple expedient to prevent both the splashing of clothes and the loss of milk must be welcome. Hard words, also will be saved up for a more serious and critical time. The experience of the minister suggests this note. He was all ready for church. His broadcloth coat and doeskin pants were exceptional. As he was leaving the house he asked his wife, "Have you fed the calf?" As she had not done so, he took off his coat, carried the pail to the barn and set it before the calf, which, when he tasted the rich milk, butted the pail, after the manner of such creatures. The performance slopped the milk all over the minister's trousers and vest and cuffs.

To avoid the loss of milk, clothes and temper we hit upon the idea of setting the pail in the manger of a vacant stall, nailing a vertical piece parallel with the stachion, so that the calf could get his head through, but not his shoulders. We then put the calf in the stall and the pail of milk in the manger. It was a pleasure to see the calf drink and a greater pleasure to see him butt over the pail without, in the least, splashing the milk. By adopting this expedient any one in his best suit may feed the calf without danger to his clothes or his temper.

CURING THE SHYING HORSE.

Shying horses are not cured of shying by the use of the whip as a general rule, but they are often whipped unmercifully for it all the same. The veterinarian would tell you in most cases that the act was the result of defective vision; it is, therefore, cruelty to the poor creature to castigate it.

If steady, continual perseverance will not cure a balky horse, neither whip nor lighted straw will. Such rebels should be relegated to hard work in a double team and all shipping dispensed with.

Shyers should have the blinders of the harness bridle bound round so that the horses, especially those with defective eyesight, can see downward only, so as to know where to put the feet, but not objects around.

No one should ever strike a horse on the top of or side of the head, because the eyes may be injured.

POULTRY WISDOM.

One of the worst things a neat poultry keeper can do with the eggs, is to wash them. The warm water opens the pores of the protecting shell, and the egg decays in a very short time. Better dirty eggs than spoiled ones.

But best of all, have a nest well-filled with clean cut hay or straw. The ideal nest is made by turning a keg or barrel on its side, partially filling the bottom with hay and leaving it where the biddies can discover its convenience.

A contented hen is always a good egg producer, and anything that worries or frightens the inhabitants of the poultry yard robs the egg basket. For this reason there should be shade trees in the yard where fowls are kept.

The roosts in the poultry house should be low, so that the fowls need not jump from any great height, which often causes bumble-foot—a swelling of the bottom and side of the foot.

When bumblefoot appears we lance the bottom of the foot, and poultice it with bread crumbs soaked in milk or as croped, raw potato.

FRANCE'S MILLIONAIRES.

According to M. Neymarck, the noted French statistician, the number of French citizens possessing estates exceeding $10,000,000 is under thirty while those possessing estates over $2,500,000 but under $10,000,000 in value total about one hundred. Between five hundred and six hundred persons possess fortunes averaging from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000. Some four thousand persons in France possess fortunes of between $500,000 and under $1,000,000. About thirteen thousand French citizens are "millionaires" in the French sense of the word—namely, possessing over $200,000 and up to $495,000. Going lower down the scale, it is estimated that 262,000 Frenchmen possess a capital of between $10,000 and $20,000, and 1,548,000 hold between $2,000 and $9,500 each.

EFFECT OF DIVING.

A professional diver says that one of the strange effects of diving is the invariable bad temper felt while working at the bottom of the sea. As this usually passes away as soon as the surface is reached, it is probably due to pressure of the air affecting the lungs, and through them the brain. The exhilaration and good temper of the mountain climber are contrary feelings, from an opposite cause.

A poem in the mind saves stamps—if it is kept there.

A Revelation to Lovers

of the cup that cheers.

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea is the real genuine delicious article in all its native purity. Sold only in sealed lead packets. Black, Mixed or Natural GREEN. By all grocers.

Received the gold medal and highest award at St. Louis.

HERO OF PORT ARTHUR

ANATOLE MIKHAILOVITCH STOSSEL'S CAREER.

Comes of a Swedish Family—School Companion of Kuropatkin.

Thirty-nine years ago two young Russian military students left the Army Academy of Pavloff on the same day after passing their final examination. These two young graduates from that moment ranking as officers in the biggest army on earth, were Anatole Mikhailovitch Stoessel and Alexei Nikolaievitch Kuropatkin. These two youths had studied closely together, but all through the years that have followed they have never been associated in the service. At last they are engaged in the same region, commanding severally at the two centres of destiny on which are fixed the eyes of the whole world. When Plevna was at length taken, after a most exciting siege which cost thousands of Russian lives, its brave defender, Osman Pasha, was regarded by Europe as the lion of the hour. Should Stoessel survive the fall of Port Arthur, he will be the world's hero in his turn.

A SON OF THE BARRACKS.

Stoessel comes of a very old military stock. In Russia the Church is quite a social caste, the vast majority of parishes being administered by priests inheriting them from their fathers. The army is to a great extent officered by men whos family traditions have been connected with it for many generations. The military pedigree of the Stoessel family dates back to the days of Charles XII of Sweden. After the death of that famous king, one of his generals who had been captured with other prisoners, settled in Russia. Gen. Stoessel was a sons, Ivan and Mikhail, were duly educated in the Russian military service. Both were born in the empire and both became devoted servants of the Emperor Paul. The old general allowed them to be trained by the priests of the Russo-Greek church in the strictest orthodox creed, though for himself he adhered to his original Lutheranism.

The elder brother, Ivan, attained distinction in the war against Napoleon's grand army. Mikhail Stoessel lived to a great age. He was for many years a cavalry officer, colonel of the Uhlans of the Imperial Guard. His special duty was to command the body-guard of the Tsaritsa; this necessitated his residence always in the environs of one of the imperial palaces. His son Anatole accordingly was born at Peterhof in 1848, and thus the defender of Port Arthur is now 56 years of age. Kuropatkin was born in the same year. Anatole first was sent to the cadet corps at Peterof at ten years of age. Then to the military academy at Pavloff, where he became intimate with Kuropatkin.

Stoessel was for ten years stationed at Moscow with his regimeent of the line. His first experience in the field of war was gained on the outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Turkey in 1876. Commanding a company as lieutenant, he was wounded in one of the Balkan fights, though he quickly recovered, and was at once promoted to the rank of captain. At the end of the war, throughout which he served with continued distinction, he became a major in his regiment, and received a sword of honor, together with the decoration of St. Stanislas.

SERVICE IN ASIA.

Then, the war being over, Stoessel began his romantic Asia career. He is one of the greatest living experts on Siberian affairs, being equally well acquainted with the western and the eastern sections of the vast province. He left his quarters in Moscow to travel straight to Vladivostock. Very soon after his arrival he was appointed to the command of a rifle brigade stationed along the line of the Amur. Removed for a time to western Siberia, he was elevated to the rank of general in 1893 and again went eastward to take the command of the rifle brigade stationed in Port Arthur. He was one of the most active of Russian officers in the troubles between China and the European allies during the Boxer riots. Since that period he has lived entirely at Port Arthur, where, with his famous and able colleague, General Pflug, the Todleben of the east, he has done so much to render the fortress nearly impregnable.

The Stoessel household is small. Mme. Varia Stoessel, married to the general in 1875, is with her husband at Port Arthur, where she has devotedly superintended the attentions of the nurses to the wounded. The only child of the pair is Alexander Anatolevitch Stoessel, a young officer in the 2nd rifle battalion of the Imperial Guards, the flower of the Russian army, who is with his regiment at Tsarskoe Selo.—Wm. Durban in London Daily Leader.

A SEVENTY POUND EEL.

In the recent storm which raged on the Upper Solway the largest eel ever seen in the district was stranded off Powfoot, England. It measured 6 feet in length, 25 inches in girth and weighed 70 pounds.

Election. Madoc Model School.

Honor Roll For the Months of N ber and December.

FIGHTING AT PORT ARTHUR

Great Damage Done by a Russian Shell.

JAPS DRIVEN FROM FORT.

According to the Chefoo correspondent of the London Daily Telegrapa it is reported there that the flanking fire from other forts and the explosion of Russian mines have forced the Japanese to evacuate Itseshan fort, northward of 203-Metre Hill, with serious losses. It is stated that Gen. Nogi, the Japanese commander at Port Arthur, has asked for 60,000 reinforcements. Many have already arrived from the north.

Concurrently with the blowing up of Kikwanshan fort a Russian shell struck the fort on 203-Metre Hill, exploding a store of shells and grenades the Japanese had gathered there. Great damage was done, and there were many casualties.

The unnamed height that was captured by the Japanese at the same time they captured the Kikwanshan fort is called Taotishan. It is crowned by a newly constructed Russian fort. After the Japanese had captured it the Russians bombarded the position, but the Japanese guns on 203-Metre Hill protected it, and the Russian fire slackened. Since then there has been desultory firing.

The value of Kikwanshan fort at present is less then 203-Metre Hill, because it is more or less commanded from the neighboring hills, especially one 130 yards to the westward, which must be sapped. It is estimated that the Japanese losses in taking Kikwanshan fort were only 400

GUNS CAPTURED.

A despatch from Washington says: The following cablegram, dated Tokio, Wednesday, has been received at the Japanese Legation:—

"Port Arthur army reports our trophies at the battle of the north fort of Tukeekwanshan were four quick-firers, whereof two are usable, four machine guns, all usable, and five field guns, which are under examination, besides rifles, shells, ammunition, grenades, etc."

SEVASTOPOL DISABLED.

A dispatch from Tokio says: Admiral Togo, who has personally made a series of observations of the Russian battleship Sevastopol, telegraphs to the Navy Department expressing the opinion that the Sevastopol is disabled. Great weight is attached to Togo's personal observation and opinion, instanced by the fact that when the Russian battleship Petropavlovsk was sunk Togo was one of the few officers of the entire Japanese fleet whose eye caught the vision of speedy disaster.

Commander Togo, who was killed while torpedoing the Sevastopol, has been promoted and has been given other posthumous honors.

STEAMER RUNS BLOCKADE.

A despatch to the London Daily Telegraph from Chefoo says that the steamer Lady Mitchell, flying the British flag and having a Norwegian crew, reached Port Arthur from Tsingtao last Saturday night. She carried a cargo of ammunition and dynamite, and took advantage of a snowstorm to run the Japanese blockade of the port.

BOATS STILL SEAWORTHY.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says:—While declining to give details, the Admiralty admits that Russian advices from Port Arthur sent by Gen. Stoessel substantially confirmed the Japanese advices of the partial wrecking of the Russian ships in the harbor and the censor has been instructed to permit the publication of the despatches. It is claimed that several of the larger ships and a respectable number of torpedo-boat destroyers are still seaworthy, but that they are not being considered as a factor in the coming fight between Admiral Togo's ships and the Russian second Pacific squadron. If the fortress is relieved it is believed that most of the ships will be raised and saved.

The reports that a Japanese squadron of 40 vessels had already sailed to meet the second Pacific squadron is regarded at the Admiralty here as being incorrect and circulated for a purpose.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

HAPPENINGS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

Telegraphic Briefs From Our Own and Other Countries of Recent Events.

CANADA.

Teams are crossing the St. Lawrence on the ice at Three Rivers.

The new Government ice-breaker Montcalm was given a successful test at Quebec on Saturday.

Miss Isabel Grantham, of New York, has been appointed superintendent of Hamilton Hospital.

Mr. D. D. Mann says the James Bay Railway will be completed as far north as Parry Sound by next September.

The Northwest Territories Grain Growers' Association favor the establishment of a sample grain market at Winnipeg.

La Presse of Montreal says the Pacific coast terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will be called Laurier, in honor of the Premier.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Times' British trade reports showed quieter conditions as usual at this season.

The Times declares that British Artillery would be hopelessly outclassed in modern warfare.

UNITED STATES.

Five men were killed by an explosion on the U. S. battleship Massachusetts on Thursday.

A New York postoffice clerk found $25,000 of bonds in a trunk bought at auction for $4.

The Minnesota Legislature is alarmed at the emigration to the Canadian Northwest.

Two school children were killed and several injured by the collapse of a bridge at Charlestown, W. Va., on Thursday.

It is rumored at Washington that there were negotiations for reconvening the Joint High Commission.

The United States are considering regulations for the free admission of Canadian wheat to mix for flour.

L. F. Ayson, Commissioner and Chief Inspector of Fisheries of New Zealand, has arrived at San Francisco for the purpose of taking home eggs of the eastern white fish and salmon to stock the lakes and the streams of New Zealand.

GENERAL.

Paris burglars stole $240,000 worth of jewellery in three months.

Members of the Pasteur Institute of Paris are studying Dr. Doyen's cancer cure.

A student demonstration in St. Petersburg on Sunday was dispersed by Cossacks and sixty were injured.

Emperor William of Germany told Count Von Buelow that he spent out of his own income last year $1,000,000 on operas and theatres.

Sasonoff got penal servitude for life and Sikoriasky twenty years penal servitude for the assassination of Von Plehve, Russian Minister of the Interior.

As the Jews are buying up all the grain in the villages around Kishineff and selling it at exorbitant prices, the district Semetvo has voted $105,000 for the purchase of bread and to open warehouses for the sale of grain to the distressed at cost price.

EXPENSES OF BRITISH M.P.'S

English Legislator Spends Much Money in the Position.

Some interesting sidelights on the obligations of M.P.'s towards their constituents are contained in the current nymber of the Magazine of Commerce. In the course of his comment the writer says:—

"What does it cost to be a London member and what is expected of him there? Anything from £500 to £2,000 per annum, according to the number of clubs the member is expected to keep on their legs—for those that pay are few and far between. The executives of London boroughs are always in the hands of men who will have rich candidates and who do not care what the man's record may be, or how long or earnestly he has served the State, unless he can 'shell out' and keep up the organization.

"It is not so in Yorkshire or in Lancashire; in many a large town or county centre they are satisfied with an organization subscription of £50 from a candidate and £100 from a member. And the demands upon a member's time there consist of a fortnight's campaign once or twice a year; he is not expected to appear at every local function, or to grease the wheels of every club. Local patriotism and local support are much more active in the North than in the South, but seaside resorts are the worst of all in the monetary and social demands they make upon their members.

"I had personal experience of being passed over by a selection committee in a London borough because I would only pledge myself to £300 per annum; and my competitor promised £600, and finally lost a seat, because he would not, or could not pay twenty-five guineas per annum for organization and registration purposes. The whole, or nearly the whole, burden of these expenses falls upon the London candidate or member, and the poorer the constituents, the more unceasing are the burdens and demands.

"An Oldham member, who is now deceased, reckoned that if he had expended what was asked of him he would have been a poorer man by £27,000. As far as he can recall, £50 is the largest lump sum I have ever been asked for. This was to save a printing plant of a resident, who was not a voter; and next in order come the appeals for £20 for ministerial outings. The offers of lucrative investments by poor and enthusiastic inventors have been legion, and there was one once offered me for partial investment and partnership which actually has turned out well; but I could not go in for one and refuse others. I have lost money in backing inventors and underwriting gold mines in my early days.

"But the largest and most steady class of appeals is that from the cricket and football clubs, which multiply year by year, and which have no compunction in asking you to become president, vice-president, or subscriber to their clubs, although their headquarters are outside the constituency."

Diddler—"Do you think your tailor would trust me with a suit of clothes, old man?" Robinson (dubiously)—"Does he know you?" Diddler—"No." Robinson—"Oh, then, he might. Try him."

SERIOUS STATE OF AFFAIRS

Pennsylvania and Ohio Mills Without Water.

A Pittsburg despatch says: It is feared that within the next ten days almost every industry in Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio will have to close down. The drouth is the worst in the history of this part of the country. The weather bureau cannot see any relief in sight. There is only half a foot of snow on the level. If this melted it would only be equal to six-tenths of an inch of rain and it will take at least one inch of rain besides to be of any benefit.

The Edgar Thompson Steel Plant has ordered a large part of the plant to close down. The furnaces have no coke, and the boilers are all corroded with the sulphur from the coal mines.

In the country districts, especially in the mountaias nothing but melted snow can be had for watering stock or for house use. Firemen have hung up their hose in scores of towns. Mines have closed after using sulphur water until corrosion had eaten boilers and pipes to a shell. This is working a hardship as fuel cannot be had. The south is suffering for coal, and not a mine along the Monongahela River is in operation. Streams that have never been dry within memory of man, have not been covered with water for a month, and pools are frozen solid.

Workmen at the National Tube Works, the DuQuesne and Homestead Mills say conditions at those places cannot be explained, and orders to close down are expected hourly. The furnaces of the Shanango and Mahaning Valleys have only two more weeks coke on hand. Even if the Connellsville region can supply the coke, the railroads cannot haul it, and this at a time when the boom in iron and steel is at its best.

The Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroads are suffering from the drouth. Most of the engines being used by the Pennsylvania between here and Harrisburg have been disabled by the eating away of the boilers which has been caused by the poor water used. The troughs lying between the tracks which hold water that the engines scooped up in passing, are dried up and the engines must be supplied from other reservoirs of water at the disposal of the company.

THE PROFITS OF WAR.

Krupps Make a Tremendous Sum on Their Year's Work.

A Berlin despatch says: The first balance sheet of the firm of Friedrich Krupp, Limited, just issued, shows a gross profit on the year's working of just five million dollars.

Rather more than half this sum goes to depreciation account, workmen's pension, and other funds, and the reserve fund, leaving $2,200,000 to pay a dividend of six per cent. on the capital. The capital amounts to $40,000,000 in 160,000 shares, 159,996 of which belong to Fraulein Bertha Krupp and four to as many high officials in the company.

Private telegrams from Essex state that the section for the manufacture of naval material is working at high pressure, large orders having been received by Krupps both from Russia and Japan for armor plates and gun barrels.

BOG SLIDE IN IRELAND.

Farm Houses Inundated by Moving Marsh.

A despatch from Dublin says:—A calamity is reported from Castlereagh, Roscommon County, west of Ireland, in which much property has been destroyed and many lives were placed in danger. The bog at Cloonshievier suddenly began to move during the night, and in less than an hour covered an area of three-quarters of a mile which had hitherto been dry ground. All the farmhouses in the path of the slide were submerged and the occupants had to flee for their lives, having all their belongings behind them. A committee is forming for the relief of the sufferers, whose poverty is described as appalling.

FATHER OF BRITISH NAVY.

Death of Admiral Ommanney After a Long Illness.

A despatch from Portsmouth, Eng. says:—Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney, the "Father of the British Navy," died here on Wednesday morning after a lengthy illness. He was the last survivor of the Battle of Narvarino, fought in 1827, which resulted in the destruction of the Turkish fleet. The Admiral was born in 1814, and entered the navy in 1826.

DIE WELL IN THE WEST.

Hans Neilson, a Dane, Made $20,000 Farming.

A despatch from Winnipeg says:—Hans Neilson, a Danish immigrant, arrived here about ten years ago with ten cents. He left for Europe on Wednesday with a fortune of $20,000, all made off a farm near Waskada.

HIS MEDITATIONS.

Soon after Singleton's first baby was born, Mrs. Singleton went upstairs one evening and found her husband standing by the side of the crib and gazing earnestly at the child.

As she stood still for a moment, touched by the sight, the tears filled her eyes and she thought:—

"Oh, how dearly Charlie loves that boy!"

Her arms stole softly round his neck as she rubbed her cek caressingly against his shoulder. Singleton started slightly at the touch.

"Darling," he murmured, dreamily, "it is incomprehensible to me how they can get up such a crib as that for $1.50."

THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese, and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

Toronto, Dec. 27.—Wheat—No. 2 white and red Winter quoted at 97 to 98c outside; No. 2 goose quoted at 84 to 85c east and No. 2 Spring at 93c east. Manitoba wheat unchanged; No. 1 Northern quoted at $1.04; No. 2 Northern, 99c and No. 3 Northern at 93c, Georgian Bay ports. Grinding in transit prices are 6c above those quoted.

Oats—No. 2 white is quoted at 32 to 32½c low freights, and at 31½c north and west; No. 1 white is steady at 32½ to 33c west.

Barley—No. 2 quoted at 45c middle freights. No. 3 extra, 43c; and No. 3 at 41c middle freights.

Peas—The market is steady, with dealers quoting 67 to 68c at outside points.

Corn—The market is quiet, with new Canadian quoted at 42 to 43c west, guaranteed sound. New American yellow, 52c on track, Toronto and new mixed at 51½c, Toronto.

Rye—The market is unchanged at 74 to 75c at outside points.

Buckwheat—The market is quiet and steady, with No. 2 quoted at 51c high freight, and at 52c low freight.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents are quoted at $4.25 to $4.40 in buyers' sacks, east or west. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade, in bbls, $4.75 to $5. Manitoba flours unchanged. No. 1 patents, $5.40 to $5.50; No. 2 patents, $3.20 to $5.30, and strong bakers', $4.90 to $5.10 on track, Toronto.

Millfeed—At outside points bran is quoted at $14.50, and shorts at $17.50 to $18. Manitoba bran, in sacks, $18 and shorts at $21.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples—The market is firm for choice stock at $1.75 to $2.25 per barrel; cooking apples, $1 to $1.50 per barrel.

Beans—Trade is fair, and prices unchanged, with prime quoted at $1.35 to $1.40, and hand-picked at $1.45 to $1.50.

Cranberries—The market is unchanged at $8 per barrel.

Hops—The market is unchanged at 32 to 35c, according to quality.

Honey—The market is quiet, at 7½ to 8c per lb. Comb honey, $1.50 to $2 per dozen.

Hay—Car lots of No. 1 timothy are quoted at $8 to $8.50 on track here, and No. 2 at $6.50 to $7.

Straw—Car lots are quoted at $6 to $6.25 on track, Toronto.

Potatoes—Car lots are quoted at 75 to 80c per bag, on track; jobbing lots at 90c to $1.

Poultry—Spring chickens, 8 to 9c; hens, 5½ to 7c per lb; ducks, 9 to 10c per lb; geese, 8 to 9c per lb.; turkeys, dry plucked, 12 to 13c; do., scalded, 10 to 11c per lb.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Finest 1-lb. rolls, 18 to 18½c; ordinary to choice large rolls, 16 to 18c; low to medium grades, 14 to 15c; creamery prints, 22 to 23c; solids, 20 to 21c.

Eggs—The receipts are moderate, and prices are steady. Case lots of fresh are selling at 22 to 23c per dozen, and limed at 20c.

Cheese—The market is firmer, with large cheese quoted at 10¾c, and twins at 11¼c per lb.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are unchanged, with offerings moderate. Car lots are quoted at $6 to $6.25. Bacon, long clear, 8 to 8¼c per lb. in case lots; mess pork, $14 to $14.50; do., short cut, $17.50 to $18.

Smoked meats—Hams, light to medium, 12 to 12½c; do., heavy, 11½ to 12c; rolls, 9 to 9½c; shoulders, 8½ to 9c; backs, 14 to 14½c; breakfast bacon, 12½c.

Lard—Tierces, 7¾c; tubs, 8c; pails, 8¼c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Dec. 27.—Grain—Oats, 40 to 40¼c for No. 3 in store here; No. 3, 39c to 39½c; corn, new American yellow, 54 to 55c, guaranteed to arrive sound; 60c in store for No. 3; mixed; buckwheat, 54½ to 55c. Flour—Manitoba patents, $5.80, and strong bakers', $5.50; high Ontario blended patents, $5.75 to $5.80, in wood; choice, 90 per cent patents, $5.50 to $5.60 in wood, and 25c per bbl. less in shippers' new bags; straight rollers $2.50 to $2.55 and 25 to 30c extra in wood. Rolled oats—$2.12½ to $2.15 per bag, and $4.50 to $4.85 in bbls. Feed—Ontario bran, in bulk at $17 to $17.50; shorts, $19 to $20; Manitoba bran, in bags, $17 to $18; shorts at $21. Beans—Choice primes, $1.40 to $1.45 per bushel, $1.05 to $1.07½ in car lots. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, $16.50 to $17.50; light short cut, $16.50 to $17; American clear fat backs, $20; compound lard, 6½ to 7c; Canadian lard, 6¾ to 7¼c; kettle-rendered, 8¼ to 8½c; hams, 12 to 13c; bacon, 12 to 13c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, $7.20 to $7.25; heavy fat hogs, $4.75 to $5; mixed lots, $5 to $5.15; selects, $5.25 to $5.35, off cars. Cheese—Ontario Fall white, 10¾ to 10¾c; colored, 10¾ to 10¾c; Quebec, 10 to 10c. Butter—Finest grades, 21 to 21½c; ordinary finest, at 20 to 20½c; medium grades, 18½ to 19½c, and Western dairy at 15½ to 16½c. Eggs—Select new laid, 23 to 24c, and straight gathered, candled, 20 to 21c; No. 2, 15½ to 16c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Buffalo, Dec. 27.—Flour—Steady. Wheat—Business light; Spring, No. 1 Northern, $1.18; Winter, No. 2 red, $1.20. Corn—Firm; No. 3 yellow, 49½c; No. 3 corn, 44c. Oats—Firm; No. 2 white, 35c; No. 2 mixed, 33½c. Barley—Western, in store, 45 to 55c.

Milwaukee, Dec. 27.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, $1.13 to $1.15; No. 2 Northern, $1.05 to $1.09; May, $1.11½ asked. Rye—No. 1, 73½c. Barley—No. 2, 52c; sample, 36 to 50c. Corn—No. 3, 43 to 43½c; May, 45 to 45½c asked.

Duluth, Dec. 27.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, $1.10; No. 2 Northern, $1 04; December, $1.10; May, $1.13.

RUSSIA'S GREAT DANGER

AFFAIRS APPROACHING A GRAVE CRISIS.

Demonstrations at St. Petersburg and Other Points.

It can no longer be doubted that the internal situation in Russia, of which the war is only a single feature, is rapidly approaching a grave national crisis: Its elements are conflicting and confusing and it remains quite impossible to forecast with any confidence its probable development. Its most deceptive feature is the street demonstrations reported from St. Petersburg and other points, which create the impression that a popular revolt is impending.

There have been genuine bread riots in certain parts of the provinces. These should not be confused with the processions and disorders in St. Petersburg and Moscow. The latter have a very different significance.

Correspondents at St. Petersburg write that the radical extremists at the capital are daily playing into the hands of the grand ducal party. Their objectless parades are encouraged by the reactionary officials, who contribute agents provocateurs and plainclothes policemen thereto. The secret instigators then send formidable reports to the Ministers and press, all designed to intimidate the Czar and lead him to abandon the milder policy introduced by Prince Sviatopolk Mirsky, the Minister of the Interior. The same influence is now fomenting rowdyism by the university and other students.

MUCH MORE SERIOUS

and more important, is the campaign of Capt. Klado, who was attached to the Baltic fleet and who has been criticising the administration of the Russian Navy. This campaign has made a complete conquest of the aristocratic and other educated circles outside of the grand ducal office holding ring. His sympathizers include not only the radicals, but a strong reactionary element who do not desire a more liberal form of government, but aim to destroy the grafters and scoundrels whose corruption has brought Russia to her present naval and military impotence and impoverished all the public departments. He is the hero of the hour, and if public opinion only had a little more freedom in Russia he might easily become an instrument under the Czar for the purification of the Russian administration. The resemblance to Boulangerism in the agitation of the last few days has been striking. He is even receiving many addresses of sympathy and admiration from the bishops of the Orthodox Church.

Those who know him describe him as wholly a theorist, but industrious and ambitious. His superiors seized the opportunity to send him as quickly as possible to Paris on the pretence that his presence was required there in the preparation of the Russian case for arbitration of the North Sea incident. Had he remained in St. Petersburg and gained the ear of the Czar it is not impossible that he would have succeeded in shaping the policy of that vacillating monarch in

AN IMPORTANT DEGREE,

for it is known that the Emperor is deeply impressed by the support accorded the outspoken officer on all sides.

Meantime there is nothing more now than a week ago to indicate what policy the Czar will adopt. The report that he will add several representatives of the zemstove leaders to the Imperial Council is not confirmed. Knowledge of the nature of the man, however, leads one to believe that there may be some truth in this empty concession, which means nothing and avail nothing whatever. Membership in the Imperial Council implies no influence or voice in shaping the policy of the empire. Such futile recognition of the popular demands contained in the recent resolutions of the zemstvo assembly would serve only to intensify the agitation for a real channel through which public opinion may find expression.

Russia may and will pray for some decision of her destinies, be it one way or the other, and then for consistent action upon that decision. It is useless to condemn the weakness of the Czar; but Russia's attitude toward her Emperor in his dilemma will not long be one of pity merely nor of patience.

JUST ESCAPED.

A certain clergyman is somewhat troubled at times owing to the way in which he forgets the names of his acquaintances.

He can remember faces, but not names. He became vicar of a large church a few months ago and after discharging his duties long enough to know his sheep by sight he was visited one evening by a lady whom he knew well, but whose name he could not, for the life of him, recall Wishing to be reminded of it without exposing his ignorance, he said:—

"Let me see—ah—how do you spell your name?"

To which she replied, with reproachful dignity:—

"S-m-i-t-h."

For a moment the clergyman was floored, but he rallied quickly, and escaped rebuke by rejoining:—

"Well then you don't spell it with a 'y'?"

"You don't know Gabbife, do you" "Indeed, I do. I got some advice from him once that was worth all I paid for it." "Why, he isn't a lawyer or a doctor. Why should he charge for advice?" He didn't, I got it for nothing."

CO-OPERATION BENEFITS

IN THE PACKING AND MARKETING OF FRUIT.

Illustrations Showing Where Co-operation Is a Good Thing.

For the past three years the Fruit Division, Ottawa, has been earnestly advocating co-operation among fruit growers, not only in marketing their products, but in many other ways as well. It has been pointed out that beginners might co-operate to buy the trees best suited to their district at the lowest price; that uniform methods of orchard management might be adopted in order to ensure a uniform quality of fruit; that effective and systematic spraying might be secured by means of power outfits, serving a neighborhood in the same manner as the threshing machine; that cheaper supplies, such as implements, chemicals for spraying, and packages for shipping, might be obtained; and that by putting up co-operative packing houses at proper centres, uniform grading and packing, with consequent better sale at better prices, might be secured. This season apple buyers have not been competing as usual for the farmer's crop, and the prices offered for apples have been unusually low. A good many farmers have not been able to sell their apples at all, and in consequence they are more or less disgusted with the fruit outlook. They have learned by bitter experience that it will not do to depend on the travelling buyer. They must co-operate in the packing and marketing of their apples if they desire to be reasonably sure of a fair return from their orchards.

THE CO-OPERATIVE SYSTEM.

of marketing has proved a great success in connection with the California fruit crop, the Texas tomato crop, and in many other cases in the United States. It is rapidly gaining ground in Canada, and the practical results of its operation at several Ontario points, are worthy of consideration by every orchardist. The Walkerton association, which started in a small way three years ago, established this season a central co-operative packing house. To this central point the members brought their apples in barrels which had been purchased through the organization. The apples were delivered in hayracks, the bottoms of which were well covered with hay, or in spring wagons, and any found unfit for packing were returned. The various lots were not kept separate, but all the apples were graded as they came in and the proceeds were divided among the members according to the quantity of each grade they supplied. The expense of packing was from ten to fifteen cents a barrel, which was less than the cost of packing in the orchard. This year eight cars of fruit were sold, including soft apples like Duchess and Astrachan, and for the entire lot prices ranged from $1.75 to $2.20 a barrel on board cars at Walkerton. The cost of barrels, packing, etc., had to be deducted from this, but without co-operation the apples would have been left to rot on the ground.

The first association was organized last spring and has a membership of about one hundred. This fall thirty-eight cars of apples were shipped to the West and realized an average of $1.90 for No. 1 and $1.55 for No. 2, on board cars at Forest. The apples shipped were mostly Baldwins, Kings and Greenings, but included all marketable varieties. The association appointed its own salesmen to handle the fruit in the West. At first slapping from the orchards was tried, but it was soon found advisable to have two central packing houses. Instead of buying barrels the association bought the stock and had them made up, at a cost of about twenty-eight to thirty cents, as compared with forty-five cents

CHARGED BY COOPERS.

The railroad and steamship companies have been found much readier than formerly to give proper transportation facilities, and the results generally have been satisfactory to members. The cost of packing was about fourteen cents per barrel, but about six cents of this was made up by the sale of culls, all of which sent to the evaporator.

The St. Catharines co-operative association shipped during the past year 400 cars of tender fruit and apples. Members in one township bought a power sprayer for co-operative use. All their baskets, Pears green and bluestone were purchased in the same way and at a considerable saving.

One of the pioneer co-operative associations of Ontario is that at Chatham, which has been in operation for seven years. The practical benefits have been very much in evidence there as elsewhere. This season forty-three cars of fruit were shipped from the west by the above organization.

These are by no means all the co-operative fruit associations, but the results achieved go to show that where farmers grapple intelligently with the problem of packing and marketing their fruit, there is no need for it to go to waste, an a fair profit may usually be secured.

A DISAGREEABLE DISH.

Travelers say that there is a certain indefinable, unmeasable smell peculiar to Japanese steamships that makes life on board of them not worth living. It has been traced to "daikon," a large-played vegetable as dear to the Japanese palate as cabbage to the Teutonic. It is a kind of white redish boiled and cut in strips and served with everything. "The smell and flavor are repulsive beyond anything the east has offered to our senses," says a war correspondent.

Clara—"Did you lose your presence of mind when he attempted to kiss you?" Maud—"Yes, for a moment. Why, I nearly told him to stop."

A CHEERFUL RELIGION

Christianity Will Be a Pillar of Light When You Pass Through Deep Waters

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—St. Matthew, v., 16.

In estimating the difference between Christianity and all other religions we shall find at once that Christianity is intended to produce a happiness and cheerfulness, an absence of moroseness which no other religion can lay claim to.

One of the earliest Christian writers enlarged upon this noticeable result when he said, "Give me a man of an unkind, who was formerly of an unkind, sour and surly disposition and I will return him to you gentle and kind in all the relations of life." Christianity is not a gloomy, selfish philosophy that will take away the pleasure of existence from ourselves and others; it will bring into it unspeakable brightness, be a pillar of light when you pass through deep water, lighten all your trials and burdens and gild the future with a heavenly radiance. A house that remains shut up, where no warming ray penetrates, brings no comfort to the inhabitant; but unbar the shutters, open the windows and let the light and the air from heaven find entrance, and the difference will be felt at once. You need not wait until you feel yourself an advanced Christian to discover the complete change which the Christian religion is designed to bring about in ourselves and others. When the Saviour had cast out the evil spirit, the man besought Christ that he might be with Him, but Jesus sent him away saying, "Return to thine own house and show how great things God hath done unto thee." One of the first practical precepts which the Saviour on the Mount enforced not only on His disciples, but on the multitude gathered around Him, was, the text tells us, to let their light

SHINE BEFORE MEN.

Without the light irradiating their lives and through them the lives of others, the beautitudes He then taught, and all other doctrines of the Kingdom, would remain but dark sayings, forgotten as soon as heard.

Men, he declared, do not light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let this illuminating principle be carried out in the home life and see the happy result which will assuredly follow. Let the young man starting out into life be convinced that the bright light shining in and through him will be always a source of comfort, consolation and guidance to himself and others as he presses on to overcome all difficulties before him. Let parents realize how much they can gain by inculcating such first principles both by example and precept. No married life can be blessed without this shining, cheering and ennobling light which each can enjoy by making use of it. As the sun sends forth its life giving properties, so Christ, the Light of the world reveals Himself with healing on His wings.

"Send out thy light," cries the Psalmist, yes, but this must be done now by human instrumentality. The Saviour sends His disciples into all the world; the influence is to be universal.

In one of the old French cathedrals on a fete day, an evening service was to be held, without any means for ordinary illumination, but the people, one by one and then in crowds came in with lighted candles, till the great building was full of light. Such is the plan by which the illumination of Gospel truth must be disseminated. A man may be a good man in the ordinary acceptation of the word, he may have generous impulses, obey the laws of his country and have a desire to forward its interests and welfare, but too often he looks on the darker side around him and finds that many do not live up to their principles, and he keys this at the door of religion, whereas if he investigated further he would see that it indicated the

LACK OF ANY RELIGION,

and that if the true light which lighted every man were turned on, the darkness would vanish. "If the light that is in thee," said Christ, "be darkness, how great is that darkness!" Yes, Egyptian darkness, too often darkness that may be felt. Such is the state of many a one who, like Judas, commits suicide. Are you in trouble and distress or in dire want? Go where you believe the light is shining, make known the difficulties and trials that so oppress you, pray for guidance, and relief will come. Does sickness place you, like Job, in the saddest of all positions? Thank God for the many alleviations by which skilful hands subdue pain; thank God there is many a hospice with its open doors and its light shining to welcome the sufferer. Ever since the foundation of our holy religion increased and increasing light has been shining. Where, before Christianity, were there hospitals, homes for the aged, infirmaries, dispensaries, free ice for the poor? Where was the Red Cross Society a hundred years ago? Truly "the people that sat in darkness have seen a great light, and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."

As the world grows older the radiance will become more and more powerful and efficacious. God will not suffer the light to fail. If one so called believer neglects to do his duty, others will be raised up. Let it be our determination, however, to show forth that light and bring those around us within its divine illumination, and thus shall we glorify our Father in Heaven.

HOME.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Ginger cakes are always popular. Mix together one pound of flour, three-quarters of an ounce of powdered ginger, a quarter of a pound of Demerara sugar, and a quarter of a pound of butter. Mix these ingredients with water to a stiff paste. Roll out, cut into rounds and bake on a tin in a slow oven.

Oatmeal Biscuits.—Mix together half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of oatmeal, and two ounces of sugar. Stir into this two ounces of melted butter or clarified dripping, and one well beaten egg. Knead the dough thoroughly and, if necessary, add a little milk. Roll out a floured board, cut into squares and bake on a greased tin.

Savory Roll Pudding.—Make a light suet paste and roll it out to the thickness of one-third of an inch. Spread with half a pound of beef, minced finely, seasoned with salt, pepper, and, if onion is approved of, a good seasoning of it. Scatter chopped parsley over all. Roll the pudding up neatly, and wet the edges with water. Tie in a floured cloth and boil for two hours. Serve with a nice thick brown gravy.

To make Lemon Pickle.—Thoroughly wash and wipe dry half a dozen lemons, slice into quarters, put into a bowl, add the juice of three more lemons, scatter a liberal quantity of pepper and salt over the fruit, stir with a silver or wooden fork, then add a small quantity of curry powder to taste. Stir the pickle again, cover, and let it remain for a month when it should be soft.

Orange Wine—Pare the oranges very thinly—squeeze them—put juice, rinds and pulp into a large tub, and pour over them some cold water, in proportions of one gallon to every dozen oranges. Let it stand twenty-four hours. Strain off. Put it in the barrel with three pounds of loaf sugar to each gallon of water. Add half the rinds and a little brandy. Bung down when the hissing has ceased. Let it remain twelve months before bottling.

For apple custard, peel, core and slice two pounds of good, sharp apples. Put them in a stew pan with half a gill of cold water, the grated rind of half a lemon, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Cook till the apple is a soft pulp. Put this into a slightly buttered pie dish. Beat well three or four eggs, and mix them with one pint of milk. Pour this custard gently over the apple pulp. Grate a little nutmeg over the top. Bake very slowly till set and a pale brown. Serve hot or cold.

Tapioca Custard Pudding—Put two cupfuls of milk into a saucepan over hot water; when hot, stir in a third of a cupful of quick-cooking tapioca. Add a few grains of salt, and cook until the tapioca is transparent, then add a tablespoonful of butter Beat two eggs and a third of a cupful of sugar until light, add a grating of orange or lemon rind, a few drops of vanilla and the hot mixture. Turn into a buttered pudding dish, and bake in a slow oven about 30 minutes, or until firm to the touch. This may be served hot with vanilla, lemon or orange sauce, or it may also be served cold.

Sultana Dumplings—Rub six ounces of finely chopped suet into three-quarters of a pound of flour and four ounces of bread crumbs; add some salt and half a pound of sultanas. Bind with an egg beaten up in milk till the whole is a slack paste. Divide into dumplings, tie in cloths, drop into boiling water, and cook at a steady gallop for half an hour.

For plain sweet omelet, beat three eggs thoroughly, add to them one ounce of butter cut into small pieces and one ounce of sifted sugar. Stir all together. Put one ounce of butter into a clean omelet pan; when it fritters, pour in the mixture and stir until it begins to set. Then turn the edges over till the omelet is an oval shape, brown with a hot shovel, and sift sugar over.

HINTS FOR HOME LIFE.

Damp spots on morocco leather should be rubbed with methylated spirit. Two or three applications may be necessary.

To remove the smell of onions from the breath eat parsley and vinegar, from the hands rub an outside piece of celery on them.

Dripping, if carefully clarified with boiling water, and meted into a firm cake, makes as good pastry for pies and tarts as butter.

To clean a wall-paper, take a very dry crust of bread with about an inch of crumb on it, rub the soiled patch slightly till the stain disappears.

Breadcrumbs for frying. Let these always be baked in oven without being allowed to take color. By this method the fish or meat, etc., will be much crisper.

The disagreeable taste of new wood in buckets and vessels may be eradicated thus—Fill with a solution of hot soda water and let it remain till cold, then rinse in clear water.

To clean spectacle glasses. Give them an occasional rub with a clean cloth moistened with ...ylated spirit. Then polish wi... amois leather, the spirit b... removed all grease.

To avoid dust marks behind pictures, place two small pieces of cork at the bottom of the picture frame. This prevents the accumulation of dust and consequent dirty and unsightly marks.

To blanch almonds. Place in a cup, pour boiling water over them; this will swell the skin and allow them to be quickly drawn off. Throw the almonds into cold water and wipe dry with a cloth.

To make fried bacon more digestible. Take a good sized apple and cut it in slices with the peel on and fry till brown in the bacon fat. Serve highly seasoned with pepper and salt and you will have a delicious dish.

Linseed tea. Pour two quarts of boiling water on one ounce of whole linseed and twelve drachms of sliced liquorice root. Add a few slices of lemon. Let this stand in a covered jar for six hours, then strain for use and sweeten to taste.

To prevent black stockings turning green when washed. Turn the stockings inside out and wash in lather; do not rub the soap on the stockings. Rinse in tepid water to which a little vinegar is added. Dry in the shade, and pull gently into shape.

To cure sore throat. Put a teaspoonful of powdered borax into one tablespoonful of honey. Dissolve over heat. When cool, apply it repeatedly with a camel's hair brush to the throat and roof of the mouth. This will soon effect a cure and allow the patient to swallow comfortably.

Take a tablespoonful of tincture of quinine, one drachm of bicarbonate of ammonia, and seven ounces of rose-water. First dissolve the ammonia in water, then add the tincture, and lastly the rose-water. This should be well rubbed into the roots of the hair two or three times a week;

In choosing apples be guided by the weight. The heaviest are the best, and these should always be selected which, on being pressed by the thumb, yield to it with a slight cracking noise. Prefer large apples to small, for waste is saved in peeling and coring them.

Do not wash a frying-pan often, for as a rule the following method of cleaning it is very effectual—Place the pan on the fire for a few minutes to melt any fat left in it, and whilst this is hot, rub the inside of the pan with clean, soft paper until it is quite clean. The paper should be screwed up and used vigorously. Treated like this, frying-pans will never burn till they are worn very thin.

CANDIES.

Cocoanut Cream Bars—Place over the fire 2 lbs. white sugar, one pt. water and quarter teaspoon cream of tartar. Cook until it breaks when dropped in water. When ready to remove from the fire add the well beaten whites of two eggs, beat well till nearly cold, then add 15 drops orange extract and stir in one lb. cocoanut. Pour into buttered tins and cut into strips.

Marshmallow Rolls—Cut dry marshmallows into halves, dip each half in melted chocolate, roll in grated cocoanut and put on oiled paper to harden. These are delicious served with chocolate and whipped cream.

Nut Candy—Boil together till done two teacups brown sugar, one cup sweet milk, one tablespoon butter and quarter teaspoon cream of tartar. Flavor with one teaspoon vanilla and add one cup chopped nuts. Pour into pan and when nearly cold cut in squares.

Butter Scotch—Melt one lb. brown sugar in pan without water, add quarter lb. butter, well creamed previously, stir till done, flavor with ginger and pour on buttered dish.

Candied Popcorn—Put into pan one tablespoon butter, three tablespoons water and one teacup white sugar. Boil till ready to candy, then throw in three quarts nicely popped corn. Stir briskly until candy is evenly distributed over the corn. Remove from fire and pour on flat dish to cool.

Chocolate Carmels—One-half cake chocolate, 2 lbs. white sugar, one pt. sweet milk, quarter teaspoon cream of tartar. Cook till it breaks, add two large tablespoons butter. Remove from fire, add teaspoon vanilla, beat hard till it begins to cool, pour into buttered pans. While soft place English walnut kernels over it and cut in squares.

Chocolate Peppermints—Three cups granulated sugar, one cup hot water and one teaspoon cream of tartar. Boil until it hairs. Remove from fire and add five drops peppermint. Beat well and drop on glazed paper. Melt three or four chocolates over a kettle and into this drop the mint drops, one at a time. Place on paper again to harden.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S WAY.

A certain gushing lady took her four-year-old daughter to a photographer. The little one would not keep still. The camera man was as nice and suave as he could be, and called the child all the sweet, endearing names he could think of, while using every device of gentle persuasion to make the little wriggler keep quiet. Finally he turned to the despairing mother and said:—

"Madame, if you will leave your darling with me for a few minutes I think I can succeed in taking her lovely face to perfection."

The mother withdrew for a short time. Soon the photographer summoned her back and exhibited a highly satisfactory negative. When they reached home the mother asked:—

"Nellie, what did that nice gentleman say to you when I left you alone with him?"

"Well, he thaid," lisped Nellie, "if you don't thit thtill you ugly, squint-eyed monkey, I'll thake the life out of your trembling carcath."

Then I that very sthill, mamma."

Fashion ...Talk

LATEST DESIGNS.

The use of cashmere in public esteem is a fortunate thing for the girl who must consider serviceability as well as beauty in choosing her wardrobe, for fine cashmere in the pastel tints is a charming material for the house frock, yet wears uncommonly well and may be cleaned again and again. Moreover, it may be pressed into service for carriage and visiting wear without looking cold, as do the thinner silky stuffs.

Braid in the color of the cashmere, velvet on silk, and at least a touch of lace are the trimmings for such materials and, of course, a hint of band embroidery always adds cachet to a frock.

The tendency is toward plainer skirts, save in the sheer materials, and many of the best cashmere, voile and cloth models have skirts fulled or plaited, hanging in long, straight lines and needing no trimming, save for a deep hem, or perhaps a few nuns' plaits. This rule is, of course not invariable, and one sees many full skirts falling straight, but trimmed with bouillonnes on little silk frills set on in intricate scrolls, batlements, etc.

Flat silk fibre braid is also used in this fashion, and a scroll trimming of braid or silk bouillonnes enclosing medallions of velvet, tucked silk, or lace within each is a fashion popular with the best makers.

Insect lace, open work stitching, embroidery and other hand work are lavished upon more costly house frocks and blouses, but it is not always the most elaborate confection which has the most charm. In one of the plays recently seen, a popular actress wore several French frocks, youthful and simple to an extraordinary degree, yet altogether charming, and although it is a far cry from the presumably blushing debutante to the stage footlights, a clever debutante might do well to order duplicates of those stage frocks.

One was in pervenche blue light weight wool, which seemed to be neither cashmere nor voile, but was some one of the innumerable stuffs in that weight brought out this season. The skirt was let into the band in very small plaits, which were stitched far enough down to form a shallow, snug yoke and pressed the rest of the way with an effect almost like that of sun plaiting.

The blouse bolero, too, was plaited from shoulder to waist and around the throat—cut low to show a lace guimpe or blouse—down the fronts and continuing down the skirt fronts to the hem were flat five-inch plain bands of the material trimmed an imitation buttonhole loops and flat covered buttons.

The full loose bolero sleeve, reaching only half way to the elbow and slit up the outside seam, was bordered in the same fashion as the bolero, and from under it fell sleeves made of narrow creamy Valenciennes frills, running around the puff of mousseline and set so closely as entirely to cover the mousseline foundation. A close fitting cuff of lace and mousseline reached almost to the elbow.

WINTER FASHIONS.

It was rumored this fall that all our gowns were to be made short this winter, that is without the train that has been so much in vogue. But—women seem to have rebelled to a degree that restricts the short skirt to the walking costume, while gowns for afternoon and reception wear are worn with a medium sweep. We have had the pleated skirts so long that it would seem as if a reaction must be imminent; and indeed eastern dressmakers are making much use of the circular model, plain, graceful and particularly appropriate for a long skirt. It must have the effect of a flare round the foot, yet must not be exaggeratedly full. It is usual to put graduated pleats down the front. The upper part of the skirt fits closely, the flare beginning well below the hips.

The most popular coat this winter is unmistakably the long one, either close fitting or loose. And yet almost as many short jackets and blouses are seen, especially with short skirts. The long coat is most graceful over the long skirt, but the latter is extremely difficult to hold up under the long wrap. Yet the long garment is regarded as the most stylish.

The most decided change this season is in the sleeves. Fashion has decreed that the fulness shall be at the top instead of at the wrist, and the sleeve with pouch at the lower portion is decidedly passe. The width is just below the shoulder, held out to give a square effect by means of crinoline or a bit of wadding. The lower part of the sleeve is fitted closely to the arms; the upper part is often two drooping puffs finished with a ruffle which falls over the tight-fitting portion just below the elbow. A few of the very latest separate waists have the plain, almost close-fitting sleeve of seven years ago.

Try as they may, dressmakers cannot oust the separate waist. It is too pretty, too convenient, too dressy. The waist of a cloth gown is too warm and heavy for comfortable wear under a wrap, and too heavy-looking to be dressy. So we go on ordering pretty taffeta, lustine or lace waists in spite of assurances that the waist and skirt to match are "the correct thing."

THE BLOUSE EFFECT.

In waists is now as thoroughly "out" as the pouched sleeve. There must be sufficient material to produce a full effect, but it must be drawn under or draped and the fulness put under the belt instead of falling over it. The broad-shouldered effect is still studied, but the long shoulder line no longer obtains—that is, the exaggeratedly long effect.

Simple waists in silk or the soft flannels or waistings are generally trimmed with bias bands piped with a contrasting color. Plaid or a black-and-white striped silk, or perhaps a check in black and white are often used for pippings and are effective. Double pipings of white and black silk are sometimes seen.

A very pretty and quite new way of making a waist—and one that can be applied to silk and any soft wool like nun's veiling, albatros etc., is to tuck from and sleeves diagonally; that is, in one big X shape for each, letting the place where the tucks cross, making a square, come in the centre. Six tucks—quite narrow ones, is the correct number, and if lace collar, cuffs and shoulder-straps are added, the outcome is a really stylish yet simple waist.

No prettier trimming for thin wool goods than the bias taffeta bands in vogue a couple of years ago has ever been devised. To replace them we now have shirred bands of taffeta, which are much more troublesome to make and not so pretty, but which are "newer." The shirring is done on cords, by hand, and the thread must be drawn, as the taffeta is full-ed on the cord, in order to give the proper effect.

Open-work embroidery is thought more handsome than lace, and ladies skilled with the needle are embroidering their own crepe de chine waists, putting the work on yoke, collar and frills set on in intricate scrolls, batlements, etc.

Not infrequently the pattern of lace is outlined in colored silk, pale blue and black being most effective on white lace, with narrow bias folds of the taffeta embroidered in Persian knots.

Party dresses for young girls are in any soft, thin goods—voile, nun's veiling, London thread or thin silk, and a pretty way to make the skirt is to shirr it slightly to the belt and add at about knee length a full, deeply-shirred flounce set on with a narrow heading of the same, with a row of narrow lace set upright inside the heading. The waist is made very simply, is quite full, the front shirred to a yoke of lace and taffeta bands between tabs of some colored silk-edged with lace. The elbow sleeves consist of two puffs separated by shirrings, the lower finished with a flaring cuff of the silk, also lace-edged. Sash is also silk.

DEATH RATE IN WAR.

Proportion of One in Twenty Is Rarely Reached.

Is war becoming more of less deadly? It has been argued by war experts that by a curious paradox the improvement in guns had actually reduced the death rate in modern battles. The opposite effect in the present Russian-Japanese war is attributed to the fanatical bravery of the soldiers. It would seem that under the old conditions of fighting, when gun-powder was unknown, wars drifted on for generations, even for centuries. For a hundred years, almost without intermission, England waged war with Scotland and also with France; and the Thirty Years' War and, later, the Seven Years' War are epochs in military history. The late rebellion, though fought with muzzle loading guns, lasted only four years; a year later Prussia brought Austria to her knees in seven short weeks, and a generation ago she crushed the power of France in eight months. The United States only took ninety days to thrash Spain; and even the late war in South Africa, though it covered over two and a half years, would have been considered absurdly short in the days of Crecy and Agincourt.

When in ancient times the weapons were bows and arrows, swords and battle axes, and when no weapon was used which could be relied on to kill at a distance of more than a few hundred yards, the mortality frequently rose to one in every three or four fighters engaged, and sometimes exceeded this enormous percentage; whereas, in modern battles, with weapons far more deadly, a proportion of one in twenty is rarely reached.

The statistics would certainly seem to bear out this theory. At Alma the casualties were 54 per 1,000, or, roughly, 1 to 18.5; at Inkermann they were 1 in 20; at Sedan, 1 in 60; at Gravelotte, 1 in 111, and at Waterloo, 1 in 21. In the Crimean war it took 89,000,000 shots to kill 120,000 men—742 shots to despatch 1 man, and at Gibraltar 258,387 shot and shell found only 1,341 human targets, and of these many were only wounded. During the Franco-Prussian War 1 fighter was disabled by every 254 shots.

THE DISEASE OF JEWELS.

Precious stones are subject to sickness and some of them die. They become pale, lose their lustre, split, grow dark, and have several other diseases.

Rubies fade when long exposed to the light, so does the garnet. The topaz, on the other hand, becomes darker and loses its brilliancy.

The most sensitive jewels are opals and pearls. Opals frequently split. They are very sensitive to excessive heat, and in fact all changes of temperature.

Pearls become almost worthless very easily. Fire transforms them into lime, acids attack them as they do marble. Very acid perspiration even may attack them. They, as well as opals, are said to respond to a certain extent to the physical condition of the one who wears them. Pearls are made up of layers, like the skin of an onion, and it is sometimes possible to repair them by removing the outer layer. This is such delicate work that it is seldom attempted.

Diamonds seem to be the least sensitive, but it is not prudent to take them too near the fire. Emeralds and sapphires retain their color well and do not deteriorate easily.

A GREAT MISSION

Beneficient Influence of Francois Coillard.

News has just come from Africa of the death of Francois Coillard, a French Protestant missionary and one of the best known men in Africa. Perhaps no other missionary has ever wielded among the African natives so great an influence as he.

It came in his way once to save the life of a distinguished explorer, and all explorers who ever visited him have praised him to the skies in their books. These are the reasons why Coillard has of late years been better known in all civilized lands than any other missionary in Africa.

When Serpa Pinto went home to Portugal and wrote about his great journey across Africa he said that he owed his life to this missionary and Mrs. Coillard. No African traveller was ever in a more distressful plight than Serpa Pinto was when Coillard came to his relief.

The Portuguese explorer has pushed inland from the west coast to the Barotse country, near the headwaters of the Zambesi. One day his 150 porters suddenly deserted him to a man. They took with them all his resources and left him stripped in the heart of Africa. A feeling of compassion for the poor stranger induced two men and two women to do what they could for him in their rude way.

The man was dying in the wilderness when Coillard and his wife happened by the merest chance to come into that neighborhood. That chance saved Pinto's life.

The missionaries were travelling in an ox cart, and the cart became a small hospital. It was the only place where they could put the sick man, and there he was nursed back to health.

Mrs. Coillard lavished the most assidious attention upon him and she and her husband watched by his side night and day till care and rest and better food brought about a happy change in mind and body. They helped him on his way when his strength was restored, and we owe it to them that he lived to write one of the great books of African exploration.

The best work that Coillard did for the people was through the influence he gained when he won the perfect confidence and friendship of Lewanika, the King of Barotse. The country governed by this black potentate is larger than Uganda or any other present native kingdom of Africa, excepting Aoyssinia. Lewanika's word is law throughout his domain. His policy is permeated through and through with European ideas, and he got them all from Coillard.

The young missionary stood for two years at the doors of Lewanika knocking for admittance and the King kept him out. At last, won over by his persistency, gentleness and tact, the King admitted him to the country, and in the course of time, the Frenchman became a power in the land. Every one says so who has ever been to Lialui, the King's capital.

Major Gibbons, the latest to write about these two men, says that "the lofty character and impressive personality of Coillard finally obliterated the barbaric side of Lewanika's character and developed a certain liberality of sentiment and a laudable desire to raise his people to a higher scale of civilization."

When Lewanika attended the coronation of King Edward VII. he said he wanted more white teachers for the children of his country and more carpenters to show his people how to build houses. The civilization that has become a reality in Mashonaland and Matabeland has also obtained a substantial foothold in Barotseland, and the man to whose influence this change is chiefly due was the humble missionary, Coillard.

He lived for thirty years in Barotseland and died at the age of 70 at the King's capital.

TRAMPS IN SWITZERLAND.

Method of Dealing with the Worthless Individuals.

The tramp is said to be disappearing in Switzerland as a result of the following treatment—If an able-bodied man is without means, is genuinely in search of work, and presents himself in order, he will, on application, be supplied by the police with food and lodging, and will, if possible, have employment indicated to him. If he cannot obtain any he will be passed on to the next town, to a relief station, to his own district or to the cantonal frontier. If he refused work when offered he is sent to his own district, to be dealt with by its council (who are responsible for the maintenance of their indigent citizens), and if the council decide that he is work-shy, he may be sent for a term varying from three months to two years to a forced labor institution, which is in effect a house of correction for persons guilty of the less serious offences."

The police are empowered to arrest beggars without warrant, and it is pointed out the system of certificates of origin and of discharge from work in force in the country materially facilitates the identification of the professional tramp.

The court before which the idler is brought may commit him to prison for a short time, or, in case of repeated offences and of refusal to work, may sentence him to from two to six months' imprisonment in jail, or from six months to two years in a forced labor institution.

Jack—"You should have seen Miss Waldo. Her eyes flashed fire, and——" Arthur—"That's funny. You said a moment ago that she froze you with a glance."

Maud—"Everyone I meet says I look ill." Ida—"It must be your new hat, dear! You don't look well in it!"

HEALTH

ABDOMINAL EXERCISES.

A good many persons who lead fairly sensible lives as regards health conditions, who eat moderately, sleep in well-ventilated rooms, and take sufficient exercise in the open air, strangely neglect one of the most important set of muscles in the entire body, namely, the abdominal.

It needs but a thought to appreciate how important these muscles are. In the abdomen we have all the digestive organs, among them the solid and heavy liver, and to keep them in place there is nothing but the interior muscular walls, except the so-called ligaments, which are only folds of the peritoneum, too weak to hold a heavy weight for a long period without stretching. There is a good deal of resistant fibrous tissue in this wall, it is true, but that is a lifeless sort of a support, and lacks the vital resistance of muscle. When these lack tone there is more or less sagging of all the contained organs, their blood-vessels and nerves are stretched or displaced and their functions disturbed. The entire circulation within the abdomen is affected, and venous congestion—what the doctors at German spas call "abdominal venosity"—ensues.

At these watering-places the condition is treated by dieting and the use of the waters internally and externally. These measures give relief for a time,—but only for a time,—and when the season opens at the spa the following year, the man with the weak abdominal muscles is back for his annual "cure." Far better is it to strengthen the abdominal muscles, and so not only banish the trouble for a time, but keep it from returning.

Walking does little, at least not enough, for these muscles, and it is often advisable for those engaged in sedentary pursuits to take special abdominal exercises. These are of various kinds, but one simple exercise will answer all the requirements. It is best taken in the morning before the bath. With all the clothing removed to the waist, and with nothing tight about the waist, lie on the back on the floor with the feet under the rung of a heavy chair or the opened lower drawer of a bureau. Then with the arms folded on the chest rise slowly to a sitting posture, keeping the back perfectly straight; then gradually sink back again to the supine posture. Take a deep breath and repeat. This may be done five times at first, the number being gradually increased. When it can be done without undue effort, the exercise may be taken with the hands clasped under the back of the head, and finally, with the arms extended above the head.—Youth's Companion.

ABUSE OF SPECTACLES.

Hasket Derby, in the Phila. Med. Journal, protests against the use of glasses when they are not absolutely necessary. If hypermetropia be moderate, it is a mistake to use glasses for anything but close work, for the patient is reduced to a dependence upon them which might be avoided. In myopia glasses are probably worn too little, but great care must be exercised in treatment, and no glass should be ordered until a thorough investigation of the history of the patient, the family tendencies, the acuteness of vision, and the condition of the interior of the eye has been made. As to astigmatism, so much relief has been given by glasses that a tendency is to prescribe them when they are not strictly needed. The author believes that they can be dispensed with in cases in which vision, either with or without a spherical glass, is found equal in unity. As to muscular weakness, it is often cured by an improved general condition, without the use of prisms.

ALWAYS READY.

"Always ready" is a very excellent motto for nurses, either in private or hospital practice. Precious time is lost every day, precious lives are often lost, because a nurse was not ready for an emergency. The nurse who is wanted for responsible positions in hospitals is the nurse who knows how to keep up her supplies, who knows how to be in readiness for doctors' visits, for the reception of patients, for the hundred and one emergencies that may arise. Any one with ordinary powers of locomotion can run hither and thither hunting for things, while a doctor stands and waits and fumes, but training ought, if it accomplishes anything it ought to teach nurses to anticipate and be ready. "Told, then trusted," is the superintendent's desire for nurses, but her heart's desire is not reached in most individuals at once. It usually means "line upon line and precept upon precept." It is not sufficient to tell nurses what to get ready, what to keep ready in their department, but a daily inspection should be made to see that instructions are obeyed.

CATCHING COLD.

It is interesting to learn on the authority of the author of a book entitled "Catching Cold," that there are 22 different ways in which to catch a cold. We quote a few of the most common causes of colds:

Allowing the physical system to become enfeebled through the disregard of simple laws of health.

An uncleanly or unhealthy condition of the skin induced by neglect of daily bathing.

Wearing insufficient clothing in winter.

Going to bed with cold feet.

Standing on stone or cold ground.

Standing at the fire when one's clothes are wet—a very dangerous practice.

Habitually sitting with the back to the fire.

Sitting or standing in draughts, especially when the body is warm.

Sitting or standing too long near a window.

The excessive use of stimulating drinks and of hot drinks before going out.

Living or sleeping in badly-ventilated rooms.

Breathing the vitiated air of a crowded room.

Too sudden exposure to heat after exposure to cold.

THE DRUNKARD'S SERMON.

Translated From the Reformblatter, of Berlin.

Probably never a more eloquent sermon against intemperance has been preached than that to which some time ago a number of well-dressed young gentlemen listened in the snug of a restaurant in Berlin, Germany. There a very dissipated-looking vagabond, with watering eyes, burst open the door and pleadingly turned his eyes upon the drinkers! These ordered a drink for him, for which they paid, and then vehemently urged the man to make a speech. Having emptied his glass and then started at the guests for a moment, he began talking with dignity and with an eloquence which showed but too plainly how low he had fallen in the social scale.

"Gentlemen," he said, "in contemplating you and myself just now it seemed to me that I was beholding the picture of my lost manhood. This my bloated face, once was as young and good-looking as any of yours; this tottering figure once moved about as erect and proud as yours; I was a man in a world of men. I, too, once had a home, friends and a good position. I had a wife as beautiful as a painter's dream, but I allowed the priceless pearl of her honor to drop into the wineglass, and saw it melt in it, like Cleopatra, and swallowed it up at one draught. I had children as dear and sweet as spring flowers, but I saw them wither and die under the poisonous curse of their besotted father. I had a home, where love lighted the fire upon the altar and sustained it, but I extinguished the fire and darkness and destruction reigned there instead. Today, I am a married man without a wife; a father without children; a vagabond without a home; a man, in whom every impulse for good has perished. I die of the curse of drink!"

The unfortunate man ceased talking. The glass fell out of his trembling, powerless hand, and broke on the floor into innumerable pieces. When the young men raised their eyes he had gone! They, too, left the place deeply impressed! They felt that they had listened to a sermon, which they should remember to the end of their lives; and, as they went along, the words of the wretched homeless one, "I die of the curse of drink," sounded in the ears again and again.

TRUST YOUR CHILDREN

If You Do Not They Will Grow Up Mean and Narrow-minded.

Did you ever know a boy who was constantly watched, and whose every act was scrutinized with severity, to rise to anything great? Did you ever know a watched boy who did not develop very undesirable qualities? Did you ever know anyone who was habitually held under a microscope by a suspicious, exacting parent or teacher to develop a large, broad-minded, mangnanimous character?

There may be exceptions to the rule in this matter, as in all others, but you will find it true in general, that children who are not trusted, and are not put on their honor, will grow into mean, narrow-minded, suspicious men and women.

Like begets like. By a natural law, all things seek their affinities. A critical, fault-finding suspicious nature will awaken and call into action the worst qualities of those with whom it has dealings. Servants of employers of this kind sometimes become dishonest because suspicious thoughts are entertained concerning them so long that they begin to doubt their own integrity, and finally think they may as well have the game as the name. Boys who are conscious of being suspected of doing wrong always, of shirking their work, or of slighting their tasks, will come to think, after a while, that they are not worthy of trust, and that they must have some bad qualities, or parents and teachers would not regard them thus.

WORLD'S RICHEST WOMAN.

Bertha Krupp's Dividend From the Great Krupp Co.

Bertha Krupp's income from the great Krupp Company, of the $40,000,000 capital stock, is $2,400,000 a year, $200,000 a month, about $6,600 a day. The company has just declared a 6 per cent. annual dividend.

But this great income does not measure the wealth of the richest young woman in the world. Miss Bertha, the elder of his daughters, now eighteen years of age, inherited from her father, the great gunmaster, the gun works at Essen, the ship works and wharves at Kiel, and all his iron and coal mines in Westphalia and Spain. Conservative estimates make the value of this property $75,000,000.

Miss Bertha will receive yet more money at her mother's death, for the great ironmaster left not less than $150,000,000 out of which will come a splendid fortune for his younger daughter, Miss Barbara.

DON'T GET COLD FEET.

If fate attempts to frighten you,
Just double up your two fists, too,
Don't get cold feet.
Go bristle up and show your grit,
Don't give an inch or back a bit,
Show fist and muscle back of it,
Don't get cold feet.

WAS SENT HOME AS INCURABLE

THEN JOS. BOONE FOUND HEALTH IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

He Was Unable to Werk for Seven Years Before He Used the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy

Cottell's Cove, Nfld., Dec. 26. —(Special.)—The days of miracles are past, but the cure of Joseph Boone of this place almost ranks with the sensational cures of the earlier ages.

Mr. Boone had been ailing for eight years, seven of which he was unable to work from the effects of Backache and Kidney Complaint. He was all aches and pains.

He was treated by several doctors, and after seven months in the hospital was sent home as incurable. It was there that reading of cures in the newspapers led him to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. It took twenty-one boxes to cure him, but to-day he is strong and well and hard at work lobster fishing.

People here have learned that if the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

THE HABITS OF INSECTS

THEY ARE ARCHITECTS AND INVENTORS.

Wonderful Exhibition of the Mechanical Ingenuity of The Ant.

Ants were making snug houses of bricks and mortar when our remote ancestors were shivering in holes of the rocks. Spiders were constructing diving bells ages before man dared to trust himself in a hollow log upon the surface of the water. There is little doubt that man is indebted to humble forms of creeping and winged life for the origin of many of his most boasted inventions.

It seems impossible to deny reasoning power to ants, bees, spiders, and several other insects, when one considers their quick intelligence in dealing with emergencies. The more naturalists study these creatures, the more amazing are the discoveries they make.

Mr. E. G. Green has lately been noting the habits of red ants. These little creatures, he found, used leaves to construct their abodes, a curious material, when one considers that ants have not—like weaver birds—any natural means for fastening leaves together. It was in this operation that the extraordinary mechanical ingenuity of these creeping miracles was exhibited.

On the trees near by were certain small caterpillars, possessed, like the silkworm grub, of the power of emitting a fine thread. The ants were seen to disperse, and fetch a number of these caterpillars in their jaws; then, bringing them to the place where building operations were going on, they passed them

BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS

across the edges of the leaves till the sticky threads had fastened these firmly together.

Ants were certainly the first of created beings to build a bridge. They have been known to bridge a rivulet, eight inches wide, by bending blades of grass across, securing them on the oppsite side, and then making all firm with a thick coating of mud. Also, when tar had been used, spread in a circle to keep insects from the skins of bird specimens, the naturalist Gibbs noticed ants deliberately bridge the sticky barrier with sand, and so cross dry-footed.

Anyone who has ever examined the nest-cells of the big blue carpenter bee will recognise that here is the work of an insect inventor. Besides the deep canals it hews in wood—some of them a foot long, and a third of an inch in diameter—the beautiful partitions it makes in these chambers are worth noticing. They are constructed of finely pulverised wood-dust, glued together so perfectly that, when dry, the partitions appear a part of the solid wood.

Even more wonderful is the nest the poppy bee, an insect which has a secret process which man cannot imitate.

THE POPPY BEE'S HOME

is a hole in the ground, three inches deep, of which the walls are smoothed and polished to a china-like consistency. This done, the bee lines her cave with petals of the scarlet poppy. Her wall-paper lies as smooth as glass, yet with the finest scissors a man could not cut their leaves without their wrinkling.

A species of spider—the naiad—has invented a very perfect and beautiful little diving bell. This is of silk, so closely spun as to be impermeable to water, and is attached firmly to the stalk of a weed or water plant a few inches below the surface. When the bell is finished, the spider fills it with air. This is done by catching a bubble of air under the body, and diving with it into the



The satisfaction of having the washing done early in the day and well done, belongs to every user of Sunlight Soap. 10B

opening at the lower end of the bell. These journeys are repeated until the underwater home is completely filled with air. Such may be seen shining like little silver balls at the bottom of many English ponds and sluggish streams.

Nor do these exhaust the list of inventions which insects have perfected. The wasp family made a good quality of brown paper ages before the idea occurred to man; the ant lion constructed its pitfall before our savage forefathers arrived at the art of trapping, and the gnat built floating boats for its eggs before the human race came into existence. —London Answers.

THAT THIN RED LINE.

Somebody told Mr. Jenks that red flannel worn next to the skin would cure the rheumatism from which he suffered. So he purchased several sets of red flannel undergarments. The salesman assured him that the firm guaranteed the goods in every particular. About two weeks later Mr. Jenks revisited the shop, sought out the proprietor, and told his woful story.

"The goods are the best in the house," declared the proprietor. "Of course," he said, in the reasonable tone used to unreasonable persons, "of course, the shirts may have shrunk or faded a little——"

"Shrunk! Faded!" bellowed Mr. Jenks. "What do you think my wife said to me when I came down to breakfast yesterday with one of them on?"

The proprietor looked bored.

"Well, sir," said the aggrieved Jen's, "she looked at me a minute and then said, 'What is that little red line round your neck, John? It isn't the baby's string of coral beads, is it?'"

PAINLESS EXTRACTION.

Professor Redard, of Geneva, has discovered a new anaesthetic, by means of which a tooth may be painlessly extracted with none of the after effects caused by ether and chloroform. Finding that the nervous system is influenced by colored light the professor experimented with each in turn, and perceived that blue has an extraordinary soothing effect on the nerves. The practical result of his discovery was that, by shutting the patient in a dark room and exposing his eyes to a blue light of sixteen candle-power for three minutes, he lost all sense of pain, although at the same time retaining his senses.

A square foot of uncovered pipe, filled with steam at 100 lb. pressure, will radiate and dissipate in a year the heat put into 3,716 lbs. of steam by the economic combustion of 298 lbs., of coal. Thus 10 square feet of bare pipe corresponds approximately to the waste of two tons of coal per annum.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Traveller—"When is the next train out?" Stationmaster — "Twelve o'clock, sir." Traveller — "What Isn't there one before that?" Stationmaster—"No, sir; we never run one before the next."

I was Cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Sydney, C. B. C. I. LAGUE.
I was Cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Yarmouth. CHAS PLUMMER.
I was Cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Bayin, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

In Germany only 413 out of 1,000 males reach the age of fifty years, while more than 500 out of 1,000 females reach that age.

For Over Sixty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 24—04

In Sweden and Norway there are several homes for spinsters. One of these, at least, is as attractive as it is unique. It is the monument to the memory of an exceedingly wealthy old man, who, dying more than two hundred years ago, left the major part of his fortune to the old maids among his descendants.

Do you catch cold easily? Does the cold hang on? Try
Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic
It cures the most stubborn kind of coughs and colds. If it doesn't cure you, your money will be refunded.
Prices: S. C. WELLS & Co. 503
25c. 50c. $1 LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

ISSUE NO. 52—04.

We wish the many thousands who enjoy Blue Ribbon Tea a happy Xmas and a prosperous New Year.
Blue Ribbon Tea Co.

POULTRY
We can handle your poultry either alive or dressed to best advantage. Also your butter, eggs, honey and other produce.
THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited
Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

FASHIONS FROM THE ARMY.

Why the Two Buttons Are Put on Men's Coat Sleeves.

It is not at all surprising that many male and female fashions should have been borrowed from the Army, but it is a little odd that one of the most generally recognized patterns for "gent's sleeves" should have been adopted in imitation of military fashion when it was introduced into the ranks in order to check a disagreeable habit then common among men.

The two buttons which adorn the cuffs of most men's sleeves are as reasonless as anything could well be, but they were placed on soldiers' sleeves to prevent the men using their cuffs in lieu of handkerchiefs, as it was found that the cuffs of uniforms became shabby and soiled long before the rest of the tunic showed signs of wear. Of course, originally the two buttons introduced as obstacles to the nose were sewn on top of the sleeve, instead of at the seam as now worn, and gradually as their use disappeared they worked farther round.

How many men—or women either, for that matter—who wear "spats" are aware that in so doing they are paying a compliment to the Highlanders who so distinguished themselves at Lucknow? Spats were originally worn because the Highland regiments at Lucknow wore them, and so great was the popularity of these regiments on account of their glorious deeds that men, women, and children adopted all sorts of things in the way of dress in imitation of Highland uniforms. Among these things were spats, and, albeit they serve no practical use whatever, they have held the public favor ever since. In very much the same way have puttees become popular. Before our troops for South Africa were supplied with puttees nobody thought of wearing them; but with the war the puttees rushed into fashion, and now-a-days one in every three pairs of leggings one sees is made more or less decidedly after the style of puttees. And the outside pockets, with flap to button, which are common enough for men's "easy" suits, came in with the coming of khaki.

The cutaway form of the morning-coat and also the dress-coat comes from the Army. Somewhere in the reign of George IV. the long coat was introduced into the Army. It was soon found that the sword having to be worn under the coat made marching uncomfortable and ungainly and it became the practice to turn the ends of the skirt of the coat up and fasten them behind the back. The buttons men have at the back of their coats survive from this, and not, as is generally supposed, from the "sword-buttons." In time the long coat was curtailed, but the practice of fastening back the corners of the skirt remained until the dandies of the day were inspired by it and had their coat-skirts cut away till something like the modern morning-coat was obtained. The swallowtail quickly followed, and to this day has remained correct evening dress.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

The largest camellia in existence is at Plintitz Castle, near Dresden, Germany. The tree is 24 feet high, and produces about 50,000 blossoms annually.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"There is but one kind of rock that grows," said the professor. "Can any of you mention it?" "Yes, sir," replied the Irish boy: "the shamrock."

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.
is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

ALWAYS.

Be fair.
Judge not.
Eat regularly.
Be not selfish.
Breathe deeply.
Walk every day.
Make haste slowly.
Dress comfortably.
Shun debt as the plague.
Give what you can afford.
Attend to your own affairs.
Cultivate a charitable attitude.
Beware of making rash promises.
Remember that spite doesn't pay.
Have the courage of your opinions.
Love your neighbor—in moderation.
If you do all this you'll be a comfort to yourself and friends, and a credit to the community.

Flowers are rented in New York, and the same bouquet may serve at a succession of marriages.



"Pinto" Shell Cordovan

Used in H.B.K. Mitts, Gloves and Moccasins—tough as whalebone, flexible, soft, pliable, scorch-proof, wind-proof, boil-proof, crack-proof, tear-proof, rip-proof, cold-proof, almost wear-proof—certainly the greatest leather ever used in mitts and gloves.

Like buckskin it is tanned without oil, unlike buckskin it is not porous, it is wind-proof—will outwear three buckskins.

"Pinto" Mitts and Gloves never crack or harden, never get sodden, are always warm, pliable, soft and comfortable.

Sold at all dealers but never without this brand:—

H.B.K BRAND

HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO.
Montreal Winnipeg Dawson 2

Sarah Bernhardt has committed stage suicide nearly 30,000 times—10,000 by poison, 7,000 by jumping into the Seine, 5,000 by revolver-bullet, and 5,000 by dagger.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant.

There are forty words in the English language which are spelt the same forwards and backwards.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Willis—"I'd hate to be as hard up as Broke seems to be." Miss Wallace—"What leads you to think he is hard up?" "Why, he's been to me ten times this week to get that five dollars I borrowed from him six months ago."

FEATHER DYEING
Cleaning and Curling and Kid Gloves cleaned. Things can be sent by post, 15 per cts. The best place is
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.
MONTREAL

No Breakfast Table complete without
EPPS'S
An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.
COCOA
The Most Nutritious and Economical.

Ayer's

You can hardly find a home without its Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Parents know what it does for children: breaks

Cherry Pectoral

up a cold in a single night, wards off bronchitis, prevents pneumonia. Physicians advise parents to keep it on hand.

"The best cough medicine money can buy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For the coughs of children nothing could possibly be better."
JACOB SHULL, Sarahpa, Ind.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for Throat, Lungs

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

The North Hastings Review.

MADOC, DECEMBER 29, 1904.

Conservative Convention.

On Wednesday next, 4th of January, the Conservatives of North Hastings will meet in convention in Madoc to select a candidate for the election to the Ontario Legislature, to be held on the 25th prox. Among the speakers announced are Andrew Broder, M.P. for Dundas, and A. Miscampbell, ex-M. P. P., for Sault Ste. Marie. The meeting will be held in the Masonic Hall, commencing at 1 o'clock p m.

The Expansion of Our Mines.

The work of the Ontario Bureau of Mines has grown steadily with the general expansion of the province. Even those who are only interested in mining to the extent of liking to know something of Ontario development along these lines learn through the press from time to time of the Bureau. The inspection of working mines, the collection of statistics and other interesting facts regarding them, the examination of mining territory by the Provincial geologists, which yearly grows more extensive and valuable, and the constant application of prospectors and others for information regarding their finds—these are increasing the work to an extent which a few years ago would not have been dreamed of. In the near future this work will undoubtedly be subject to still further increases, for there are indications on every hand that mining in Ontario is about to assume a phase of extraordinary activity.

Wollaston Council.

Town Hall, Dec. 15.

Council met pursuant to adjournment Present.—Albert Wright, Reeve Daniel Henderson, Thos Watt Joseph Smith and J. Martin, Councillors.

Minutes of former meeting, read and confirmed.

Communication received from D. Nicholson re getting boundary road allowance between Lake and Wollaston opposite lot 11, con 1, Wollaston in lieu of land occupied by boundary road across his property.

On motion of Smith and Watt the request was granted until such times as road allowance might be required by the township.

Application made by Mr. R. S. Tivy to have taxes remitted on lots 12, 13, con. 16.

On motion no action was taken in this matter.

On motion the following orders were granted:—H. Wilson, ——, for repairing bridge on Purdy road, $1.75; D. Gunter, repairing culbert, 75c.; A. W. Tivy, balance on salary of 1904 as Treasurer, $20; D. Henderson, services as councillor and mileage, $16.40; T. B. Watt, services as councillor and mileage, $15.10; J. Smith, services as councillor and mileage, $16.70; J. Martin, services as councillor and mileage, $12; B. Batchelor, building culbert, $5.00; Albert Wright, services as reeve and mileage, $14.50; Wright, road inspecting, selecting Jurors and B.O.H., $8.50; Jas. Pettifee, commutation tax on lots 21, 22, 21, 22, con. 21, for years 1902, 1903, $5; Wm. Nicholson, cr. order, $3.54 for taxes on lot 11, con. 1, Rathbun having paid the same.

John Shortt, cr. order, taxes remitted for 1903, $3.57; Dan Maitland, cr. order, taxes remitted 1903, $2.44; N. Gilroy, cr. order, taxes remitted 1903, $4.26; R. Jackson, cr. order, road work 1903, $1.50; F. V. Gunter, supplies for hall, 57c.; J. Gilroy, cr. order, error in Wm. Jenkins taxes for 1903, $2.00; Alex. Wilson, special grant on boundary road between Wollaston and Lake, $5; John Thompson, Wollaston's portion for building a bridge on boundary road between Lake and Wollaston, $10; W. H. Nugent, order for half year's salary as clerk, $30; W. H. Nugent, selecting Jurors, B. O. H. and postage, $0.47; W. H. Nugent, plank for culbert and lock for Town Hall, $3.50.

On motion the Constable Geo. Taylor was instructed to keep people from dumping obstructions on public road, to lay complaint against any one guilty of said offence. The expense in connection therewith to be paid by offending party.

On motion the by-law establishing a road across lots 20, 21, 22, 23, con. 15, Wollaston was given the necessary readings signed, sealed and numbered "7" for year 1904.

On motion the collector's time was extended until next meeting of the council.

On motion the council adjourned "sine die."

Wedding Bells.

MILLER—HARDINGE.

An interesting ceremony took place last night at the residence of Dr. J. R. Hardinge, near Coe Hill, when his eldest daughter, Susan May, (Susie) was united in holy matrimony to Mr. Alex. Miller jr., youngest son of Mr. Alexander Miller, merchant at Eldorado.

The service was conducted by the Rev. Christopher Lord, Incumbent of S. George's, Apsley, and Pastor in charge of the Apsley Church of England mission.

A few of the old settlers residing near had been invited to celebrate the 23rd anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. Hardinge's wedding and were agreeably surprised to find it the occasion of a new wedding.

The young couple passed through the trying ordeal very creditably, responding to the questions in a firm and audible tone, without any appearance of nervousness, and as if they thoroughly understood and meant the obligations they were taking upon themselves.

The beautiful marriage service of the Church of England was well rendered by the Rev. Mr. Lord, who added a few remarks on the solemnity of the ordinance, which appeared to produce a profound impression upon the audience. After the ceremony was over, not only were the usual kisses and congratulations offered to the bride, but the bridegroom was kissed by nearly all the women present. Many tasty and useful presents were received by the young couple.

After the congratulations the party adjourned to partake of refreshments which all appeared to appreciate, and when the "inner man" had been attended to, some of the older married men while wishing the pair a happy married life gave them good advice from their own long experience, as to how to secure its fulfilment. Mrs. Edwin Blackburn related an instructive story as to the advantages of having but one will (and that the wife's) between them. After some pleasant general conversation the party broke up, all expressing themselves as well pleased with the evening's exercises.

BROWN—DICKEY.

A very pretty home wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 21st, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dickey, Shady Lawn, Percy township, Ont., when their daughter, May Maud, was united in marriage to Mr. W. O. L. Brown, of Niagara Falls, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brown, of this village. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Hastings.

The bride was becomingly gowned in white silk trimmed with tulle and medalions, and wore a gold brooch, the gift of the groom, and carried a shower bouquet of Lillies of the Valley. She was attended by Miss Edith Mumby, who wore a white organdie dress over pale blue and carried carnations. The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a gold brooch.

The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Herbert Brown, of this village. Miss Mary waddell, of Hastings, and Miss Edna Brown, sister of the groom, acted as flower girls, and looked very dainty in their white silk dresses. They carried bouquets of carnations.

The house was beautifully decorated with evergreen and holly and the bridal party stood under a bower of evergreen. After the ceremony about seventy guests sat down to a sumptuous wedding dinner. The gifts were both numerous and useful and showed the esteem in which the bride is held by her many friends. The bride's going-away gown was of fawn cloth with picture hat to match.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown spent a few days in Hastings after which they left for Niagara Falls, where they will take up their residence.

MARRIED

SANDERS—KELLAR.—At Mapah in Tudor, by Rev. E. A. Saunderson, on the 4th Dec., John Sanders to Emily M. Kellar.

CLAPP—HAWLEY.—At Madoc, by Rev. E. A. Saunderson, on Dec. 21st, John A. Clapp to Ada M. Hawley.

BROADWORTH—MCLEOD.—At Lindsay, by Rev. Leonard Phelps, on the 21st inst., Fred Broadworth to Miss Lizzie McLeod, both of Madoc.

MARTIN—DOUGHTY.—Dec. 20th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. C. M. Harris, John Martin, of Havelock, to Nina L., daughter of Frederick Doughty, of Marmora township.

Be Quick.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlains's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all druggists.

New Advertisements.

Nothing like Leather

When Well Put Together.

Here is where you will get the best of French stock make in Boots and Repairing, and five and ten per cent. cheaper than elsewhere, at my dwelling on east St. Lawrence street, opposite Mr. C. G. Wilsons's residence.

52 WILLIAM MOORE.

Wanted.

A Teacher to take charge of Jr. Department of West Huntingdon school. Duties to begin Jan. 3rd, 1905. Apply at once to

PETER FARGEY,
Sec.-Treas. of West Huntingdon School Board.

51b

Madoc Township Electric

For Sale.

Formerly known as the Volume residence. Modern brick house, good barn, good well and over an acre of land.

W. J. ATKINS.

Estray.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 6, in the 8th con. of Madoc, about the 1st of December, two Yearling Heifers. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away.

PETER VANKLEEK,
Madoc, Dec. 19th, 1904. 51-3

Estray.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 29, in the 7th con. of Madoc, about the 15th of October, one Sheep. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take it away.

ALBERT NORMAN,
Eldorado, Dec. 19th, 1904. 51-3

READ THIS.

(If you do not I will be sorry.)

On the Third Friday of each month

D. H. ACKERILL
EXPERIENCED VETERINARY

from Belleville, will visit Curry's Hotel Madoc, arriving on the 1.45 train and leaving on the 3.45. I have decided to visit Madoc at the request of many of my old customers in order that they may consult with me near at home.

D. H. ACKERILL, V.S.

P.S.—Dr. Ackerill's medicine for use in the stable and the home are the best and always reliable.

Municipal Election!

To the Municipal Electors of the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

Notice is hereby given that the nominations of Reeve, 4 Councillors and 3 School Trustees, for the Village of Madoc, for 1905, will be held in the

TOWN HALL, MADOC,
—ON—
Monday, December 26th, 1904,
at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon.

The polling, if any, will be held in the following Divisions on Monday January 2nd, 1905:
Polling Sub-division No. 1.—Town Hall, B. O'Hara, Returning Officer.
Polling Sub-division No. 2.—Bowen's Building, W. R. Gray, Deputy Returning Officer.

All nominations must be made in writing, signed by both nominator and seconder,

B O'HARA,
Village Clerk.
Madoc, December 9th, 1904.

Try

W. SAGER & SON

For your Christmas Confectionery, Groceries, Cakes, Buns, &c.

Fresh Bread always on hand, also all kinds of Candies and Nuts.

We also handle a fine line of Black and Green Tea. Try it.

McILROY'S STORE

is the place where you can get your Christmas orders filled with everything you want in

The Grocery Line

He carrys a full stock of the freshest and best goods in town and his prices are always right. There is where to buy your

Lake of the Woods Flour

It will speak for itself.

A car of Salt, both coarse and fine, by the barrel at $1.50.

Fearman's & Co. Sugar-Cured Breakfast Bacon and Hams and all kinds of Fish.

He will pay the highest market price for Butter and Eggs, and Poultry.

JOHN McILROY

How about Painting.

No matter where you live or what you want painted we will gladly attend to it. We go anywhere for business. We will not overcharge and you will be pleased in every way. We keep Oils, Leads and Colors in large quantities and sell to our customers for whom we are doing work at wholesale prices.

The Reason we can do our work more cheaply than some painters is because we buy our lead, oils, etc., in tremendous quantities, securing the very lowest wholesale prices, and we handle nothing but the best in painters' materials.

We have in our employ only the best of workmen and expert mechanics.

WALL PAPERS.

As to wall papers everyone knows we have the best papers made and that our prices are always lower than elsewhere for commoner goods. Our August sale of wall papers at half price is a boom to home-makers.

Our Decorating. Our paper-hanging, etc., is pleasing everybody both in style and low cost.

C. B. Scantlebury,
Decorator, Belleville.
Wall Papers, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, etc., wholesale and retail.
Write for samples and quotations.

House and Lot for Sale.

Containing about half an acre of land; good comfortable brick house, barn, stable and drive-shed, known as the D. W. Wright property, St. Lawrence Street, Madoc. Easy terms, for quick sale. Apply to

WM. MULLETT.
Madoc, Dec. 12, 1904.

Hounds Lost.

On November 17th, the undersigned lost two hounds, male and female, seven months old, grey and white, long tan ears. The male was the larger. A few black spots on them. Last seen at West Branch Black Creek, near boundary line between Tudor and Grimsthorp Townships. Any information leading to their recovery will be gladly received.

THAD GUNTER,
Wooler P.O., Ontario.

Notice.

I again forbid any person of cutting or removing any timber of any kind off of lots 26 and 27 in the 3rd concession of Tudor. No excuses will be taken.

JAMES N. CLARKE.
Dorset, Sept. 27, 1904.

To get Up-to-date Engraving done go to

J. H. IRVING

Watches at Great Reductions

Ladies' Silver Hunting Case Watches, 15 jewelled movements, $8.50.

Ladies' 20 year Filled Case, 16 jewels, $13.00.

Ladies' 25-year Filled Case 16 jewels, $15.00.

Men's 7-jewelled Watches, in Silver Open Faced Cases, Waltham or Elgin $7.50.

7-jewelled Waltham in 20-year cases, $10.50.

Boys' or Girls reliable Watches at $2.75.

Chains on hand equally low priced.

Watch repairing and engraving.

Near the Dominion Bank.

MADOC.

NEW MILLS

The undersigned having purchased a new Gasoline Engine and Grain Grinder is prepared to do all kinds of Grinding at reasonable rates, and customers can pay cash or toll as they choose.

Also all Custom Work in the line of Sash and Doors and all kind of House Furnishing, and will send men to do all necessary work in connection therewith if needed.

Call at Caverley's old Carriage Shop, opposite White's Foundry, and we will endeavor to give satisfaction.

J. W. BENNETT.

FINE NECKWEAR

—FOR—

The Christmas Trade

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Gloves, Underwear, etc.

—CALL AND SEE OUR—

Visor Hood and Muffler,

Keeps the head, ears, face and neck protected from the cold, or can be worn as muffler only, for men, women or children.

FOOTE & ROSS.

Butter and Eggs taken.

A 1 Farm for Sale.

100 acres, known as the Arthur Mullett homestead, lot 14, 1st con. Huntingdon, Hastings county, double frame house, drive-house, stone hog-pen, double barn, good orchard, 3 living wells. Can be had with or without implements, stock, crop, etc. Particulars on the premises. 32

NEW PAINT SHOP.

The undersigned, having fitted up a new Paint Shop, is now prepared to do all kinds of

Painting on Buggies, Carriages, etc.
—IN—
FIRST-CLASS STYLE.

Durable work given. Fifteen years' experience. Charges moderate. Shop next door to his residence.

W. J. REED.
Madoc, Nov. 15, 1904.

ALEX. BELAIR, Merchant Tailor,

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - - MADOC

My stock consists of Canadian, English and Scotch Tweeds and Suitings, Blue and Black Serges, fine Black Venetians, Overcoatings and Pantings, All new Goods.

Your patronage respectfully solicited

Cheesemaker Wanted.

Cheesemaker wanted for The Ridge Cheese Company, Limited, for the season of 1905. Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to January 3rd, 1905. Output last season about 40,000 lbs.

GEO. PATTISON,
President
Coe Hill, Nov. 11th, 1904.

Estray.

Came into the premises of the undersigned, lot 9, con. 7, Huntingdon, on or about Dec. 1st, a spring calf. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take it away.

JOSEPH ROLLINS,
Ivanhoe, Ont.
50 8

DR. PERRY G. GOLDSMITH,

OF BELLEVILLE, will be in

Madoc 2nd Monday each month

at St. Lawrence Hall, for consultation on diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat.

Miss Veda Campbell, A.L.C.M.

TEACHER OF PIANO,

Having taken an Honor Specialist Course at the London Conservatory of Music, is

Prepared to receive a limited number of Pupi

For terms, etc., apply at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Moore.

Removal Notice.

W. C. MIKEL, B. C. L.,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Solicitor the city of Belleville.

Office removed to the City Hall, where he will continue a general practice of Law except as against the corporation of the city of Belleville.

Money to loan at 4, 5, or 6 per cent. according to quality of security.

Telephone No. 195 44

P. WALTER O'FLYNN,

BARRISTER,

MADOC, — ONT.

Corporation and Private Funds for Investment. Collections promptly made.

OFFICE—North St. Lawrence street, next door west of T. L. Nickle's warerooms.

Merchant Tailoring!

ROBT. McGHEE,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

I have just opened my

New Spring Stock of carefully Selected Goods

so that all classes may find satisfaction. Work guaranteed.

R. McGHEE, Merchant Tailor, Wood Block

Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Wrich.

MILNE'S HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT

Buy your 'Xmas Gifts from Milne

WHY ?

because he has the Largest Assortment

Just arrived a Large Assortment of

Ladies' Hkfs.
Ladies' Fancy Collars
New Ribbons
New Blousings
New Kid Gloves

Great Sale this week of

LADIES' BLOUSING

A table of Blousing at Thirty Cents, goods up to $1.25 per yd.

ALEX MILNE.

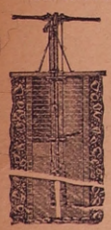
A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN AND INSURANCE AGENCY

Agent for "London, Liverpool & Globe," "Equity," and "Metropolitan" Fire Insurance Companies. Lowest rates in Tariff and Non-tariff Companies, and risks absolutely safe.

Madoc Pump Works

ALL KINDS OF FIRST CLASS



Wood and Iron Pumps, Wind Mills, Grain Grinders, gasoline Engines, Steam Engines and Boilers.

Sole Agents for the Anderson Force Pump, of Aylmer.

Custom Saw and Shingle Mills on the premises.

We have made arrangements with a first-class Shingle Sawyer to handle this department.

CASH PAID FOR SHINGLE BOLTS

HART BROS., Proprietors.

Choice Groceries

—AND—

Provisions,

Crockery

and glassware,

—TRY—

GEO. WRIGHT'S.

TRY OUR Borated Toilet Cream FOR *Chapped Cheeks, Rough Skin, Cracked Lips.*

You will say it is the best preparation you ever used.

Those who have used it ask for it again and will take nothing else.

ALEXANDER Opticias. Druggist. The Corner Drug Store MADOC.

...Start the New Year Right...

We have two very special offers to make in Watches. A watch would make a very pleasing gift. Note the following prices:

In Ladies' Watches we offer a 25-year Gold Filled Case, with a first-class movement at $12.00. Or a Solid Gold Case with a Waltham, Elgin or Regina Movements at $20.00.

For a Boy we offer a fine assortment of Swiss Watches from $3.00 to $9.00. These watches are first-class and would make any boy happy.

A pretty piece of Jewelery always pleases. A Pearl Pendant or Brooch, or a Pearl Crescent is always acceptable. A Gold Locket with Necklace, or a Bracelet, is sure to please.

Sterling Silver Novelties and Silverwaee in abundance. Any piece maker a nice Xmas gift.

You are sure to find what in need of at

Geo. F. Maybee, Agent for Edison & Columbia Phonograph Company

= NOW is the Time =

to doctor up that neglected cold. We have sold over 120 bottles of Horehound and Cherry Cough Syrup since November 1st and it has all given satisfaction. Everything in it is good for coughs and colds and always touches the spot, so everybody says.

BARGAINS in a few 'Xmas goods left over, must be sold, regardless of cost.

HARRY H. JONES, Phm. B.

P.S.—I am again giving away a box of Tooth Paste with every Tooth Brush.

HOME NEWS GOSSIP CHAT

MADOC, DECEMBER 29, 1904.

—Madoc schools re-open on the 3rd of January.

—Madoc township Council goes in this year by acclamation.

Miss W. Wellington, of Arnprior, returned to her home here last week.

—Sunday next ushers in the New Year. Many happy returns of the day.

Miss Blanche Ross, of Brinston, is spending the holidays at her home in town.

—The two cent rate on letters between Canada and Mexico goes into effect on January 1st.

—Falls on the slippery streets and sidewalks were very numerous on Tuesday and wednesday.

—"Your vote and influence is respectfully solicited."—— The reader can supply the name or names of the candidate.

—Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Smith and children, of Hastings, former residents of Madoc, spent Christmas in town with friends.

—Miss Hutchenson, late of the Madoc Model School staff of teachers, has accepted a similar position in the Tweed public school.

—The Bachelor's Assembly on Tuesday evening was a success, and the young gentlemen's guests enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

—Mr. R. John Allen, of Madoc, a recent graduate of Ontario Business College, has gone to take a situation with J. E. Willis, druggist, Whitby.

—Watch-night services will be held in the Methodist Church in Madoc on Saturday evening, commencing at 10.30 p.m. and continuing until after the new year has been ushered in.

—The Ontario government will distribute about $250,000 among the county councils as the province's share of the cost in the building of good roads this year. A million dollar fund was originally set aside for the purpose. Of this Hastings gets a large portion.

—A decided stranger to drop into town this week was Mr. John Aylesworth, son of C. E. Aylesworth, Esq., who Left Madoc ten years ago and has not been back since. An old member of No. 4 Co., 49th Regt., he left to join the North-west Mounted Police force in '85, just after the Riel rebellion, and that he has enjoyed that free life with those gallant "Riders of the Plains," is evident by the fact that he has been a constant member of the force for nearly 20 years. He was one of the contingent from that body of Canadian soldiers to volunteer for service in South Africa, and spent 14 months chasing the elusive Boers in the Transvaal. Needless to say, Policeman Aylesworth finds many changes amongst his old Madoc comrades and around his native home.

Madoc Township Election.

The Council by Acclamation.—Only a Contest for the Reeveship.

The nominations for Madoc township Council were held at Eldorado on Monday before a good turn-out of ratepayers. A number of nominations were made, but eventually all retired except Messrs. Chris. Wright and C. W. Reid, who will go to the polls in a contest for the Reeveship, and Messrs. John D. Nickle, James Fox, Simeon Empey and Wm. McMechan, who were declared elected Councillors by acclamation.

All the Councillors are new men this year, although Mr. McMechan has served the township in that capacity some years ago. Both the candidates for the Reeveship were members of the past year's Council.

[NOTE.—Just before going to press the Clerk, Mr. W. T. Allen, writes to THE REVIEW to say that Mr. Reid had declined to be a candidate for the Reeveship, and that consequently the whole Council goes in by acclamation.]

Death of Mrs. Wiggins.

Mrs. William Wiggins, an old and most highly respected resident of Elzevir, near Queensboro, died on Monday, 26th inst., aged 68 years. The funeral took place yesterday. A more extended notice will be given later.

Fatal Fall.

On Monday afternoon last, Roy, a son of Mr. Charles Thompson, of Madoc township, accidentally fell from a loft in the barn while assisting in feeding the cattle, and so severely injured himself that he died a few hours afterwards. He was about 8 years of age.

Divisional Court.

Before the Hon. Mr. Justice Fitzgerald and Falconbridge, Stewart vs. Stewart, an appeal against the judgment of the Chancellor at Belleville. Appeal dismissed with costs this 23rd inst. E. G. Porter for appeal, Blackstock and A. A. McDonald, Madoc, for respondent, Mrs. Stewart of Madoc.

Children's Generosity.

Before closing for the 'Xmas holidays, the pupils of the various divisions of the Madoc Model School made their annual contribution in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto. The collections were as follows:

Div. 1	Miss St. Charles' room	$2.35
" 2	Miss Wilson's "	1.06
" 3	Miss Hutchinson's "	3.00
" 4	Miss Goode's "	3.56
" 5	Miss Breakell's "	4.38
" 6	Mr. Tice's "	3.55
Total		$18.50

Election of Officers.

The following officers of R. B. Preceptory, No. 167, Queensboro, were elected for the ensuing year:—

W. P.—Wm. McMechan.
D. P.—Geo. Keene.
Chap.—Isaac Moore.
Reg.—Chas. Thompson.
Treas.—F. J. Thompson.
Sec.-Treas.—Jno. Burns, J. A. Moore.
Censors—A. Rousehorn, W. J. Rollins.
Sd'd Bearer—D. McKenzie, T. Sager.
Purs.—A. Howe.
Com.—H. Delyea, Joe Montgomery, Thos. Moore, Jno. Groves, Geo. Sandford, Jas. Burns, Fred Rollins.

—The C. O. R. are placing a new coach and baggage car on the Bancroft train.

—Miss McCaffrey, teacher, of Gananoque, spent the holidays at her home in Madoc.

—Mr. and Mrs. Alf. Connor, of Peterboro, are spending the holidays with Madoc friends.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Cross, of Elizabethville, spent a few days with Madoc friends this week.

A BARGAIN—First-class Farmers' Cook Stove, price $30.00, at G. A. Rollins'.

Miss Lyla Hailstone arrived home last week after a three months' visit with friends in Newburgh, N.Y., New York city, and Niagara Falls.

COOPER.

(REVIEW Correspondent.)

DEAR SIR,—Having seen no correspondence from Cooper for some time I thought I would give you a little news.

Christmas passed off very quietly, it being on Sunday.

The Orangemen held their annual Oyster Supper on Monday night.

The Methodist Church held their Christmas tree on wednesday night. The children and young ladies of the congregation taking part in the programme, all taking their parts splendidly.

Quite a number attended the tea and concert at Fox's on Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reynolds spent 'Xmas the guests of Mr. R. R. Hannah.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Rollins spent Xmas in Madoc, guests of Mr. P. Vankleek.

Mr. J. Blair, barrister, Montreal, and Mrs. C. Thompson, spent 'Xmas with their mother, Mrs. James Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Sherwin and family, of Crookston, spent 'Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. A. Dougan.

Mr. L. Scott and son, Roy, New Liskard, are visiting Mrs. A. Dougan.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cassidy intend holding a reception on Friday night in honor of the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Cassidy, whose wedding took place on wednesday, at the bride's father.

Mr. Bailey lost a horse on Saturday, it slipped and fell on the ice.

Concerts and tea meetings are all the rage at present.

Madoc Model School.

Honor Roll For the Months of November and December.

DIVISION I.

No. enrolled for November, 41.
Average attendance, 33.
No. enrolled for December, 36.
Average attendance, 30.

PROMOTIONS TO JR. II CLASS, Johnny Naylor, Fred Tice, Carl Huff, Jackie Bargman, Ross Sarles, Essie Simpson, Beth Rollins, Alice Barnum, Carrie Burkett, Gracie Burkett.

CLASS I.—Beryl Allport, Harold Fair, Fred Caverly, Eddie Brown, Lena Conley, Dayid Johnson, Maudie Young.

CLASS II.—Tena Guffin, Marguerite McIlroy, Sadie Asclstine, Blanche Taylor, Lorne Bassett, Johnny Blakely, Lulu Broadworth, Kenneth Connor, Mabel Kating, Roy Upton.

CLASS III.—Sammie Danford, Mary Burkett.

M. ST. CHARLES.

DIVISION II.

No enrolled for November, 49.
Average attendance, 41.
No. enrolled for December, 44.
Average attendance, 37.

SR. CLASS.—Harold Muldrew, Colin Chambers, Annie Bailey, Bertha Johnson, Elmo Allport, Leslie Nickle.

INT. CLASS.—Marion Moore, Janet Comerford, Harry McBain, willis Bailey, Earl Tumelty, Gordan Church.

JR. CLASS.—Laura McGhee, Harold Dougan, Harvey Daws, Emma wellington, willie Elliott, Milie Smith.

M. I. WILSON.

DIVISION III.

No. enrolled for November, 53.
Average attendance, 48.
No. enrolled for December, 53.
Average attendance, 45.

SR. II.—Eddie Mouncey, Ford Tumelty, Hattie Caverly, Marion wright, Lizzie Stewart, Kathleen Caverly.

JR. II.—Lennie Smith, Ida Holland, Tursie Hawley, Aileen O'Hara, Ada Hill, Cleland Sarles.

S. H. HUTCHINSON.

DIVISION V.

No. enrolled for November, 41.
Average attendance, 37.
No. enrolled for December, 40.
Average attendance, 35.

JR. III.—Ruthie Bristol, willie Mackintosh, Agnes Muldrew, Clara Thompson, Eddie Burns, Annie Bassett.

SR. III.—Daisy St. Charles, Christina Sager, Lillie Dale, Edward Bassett, Iona Gardner, May Farrell.

I. M. BREAKELL.

DIVISION VI.

No. enrolled for November, 41.
Average attendance, 40.
No. enrolled for December, 42.
Average attendance, 37.

SR. CLASS.—Mary Bristol, Agnes Mackintosh, Lottie Brooks, Hedley wright, Hattie ward, Kathleen McCoy.

JR. CLASS.—Mary Dafoe, Maggie Barton, Myrtle Cayerly and Kenneth (equal), Rendal Brown, Helen Bristol, willie Johnson.

MARY DUNCAN.



Success has Crowned Our Christmas Trade.

Our business this year has exceeded anything since we came to Madoc.

We have pleasure in thanking the hundreds of customers who visited our store during the past few weeks, making our Christmas trade the largest on record. We have still some lines of Holiday Goods on hand that we cannot afford to keep over until another year. These goods our friends and customers can have during the coming week at almost any price.

Wishing you all a happy New Year,

ALEX. MACGREGOR.

THE TRAITOR

The hills were growing dark, and the forests of the Valley of Auvagne merged into the greater purple shadows behind them, when a man came running heavily from the pass that led from Liesse. Scarcely looking right or left, he kept on till he reached the fringe of the little wood of St. Anne, and passing into the first shade of the larch trees he threw himself face downward panting upon the ground.

He was a big-limbed, powerful man of forty, made for feats of strength rather than for fleetness of foot. A short, rough beard hid, one felt instinctively, a stern, strong chin, but under their roof of bushy brows the brown eyes wore a puzzled look, as though they gazed upon strange things that the dense brain behind failed utterly to understand.

Presently his breathing grew easier. He rolled over and stared up through the trees. Two hours past sunset! He had come those twelve miles quickly, but the hours' absence from Auvagne was too long just now. Some of the Hussars who rode in would have been quartered on his farm four hours ago—and the master away! He leapt to his feet, brushed the white dust from his trousers, and wiped his heated face and neck with his blue blouse sleeve. A few paces deeper into the wood a large hollow, leaf-covered, was formed between two great roots, and from this he drew a pair of sabots and a cap. Into one of the former he thrust for safety a torn, grimy paper, and putting the shoes on made his way through the trees to the village that lay beyond.

As he drew near he heard movement and voices—the cries and noises of men feeding and grooming horses, and now and then the clank of arms and the staccato tones of an officer giving an order.

One or two looked up from their work as he passed and a sergeant eyed him closely, but he crossed the farmyard unchallenged. He was merely a peasant-farmer of Auvagne, and not even the sharpest-eyed Hussar could see the Prussian passport in the toe of his wooden shoe.

By the doorway he stood for a moment and watched. Whoever was quartered on his farm, Pierre Fouquier thought sourly, would get bad fare to-night. The third regiment in the village in ten days, the cattle driven, and the fields and orchards wrecked. War is ruin to a farmer, unless he can turn it to account. One must do something to live.

He strode into the kitchen, and the white boards of the table were laid with plates and mugs and scanty, coarse food. It gave him a twinge of conscious, for the French peasant is hospitable and a guest is sacred. But he flung his cap on a chair and swore sullenly. "They come like locusts and take the bread and meat from our mouths. They must take what else comes, too."

"— died like brave soldiers. So Marshal Bazaine falls back on Metz, you see, my mother and cousin, here; and the Prussians are—" A voice from the inner room rose clearly through a lull in the noises of the yard and fell again to an indistinct murmur.

Fouquier's heart leapt at the sound and then sank like the voice.

It was his brother Eugene, drawn in the conscription of '83, of whom they had heard nothing since the war began. That he should be here of all places on this night!

The voice murmured on, for within the room Eugene sat between his mother and cousin, Mariette, explaining the course of the war as he knew it. Even his enthusiasm could not claim great deeds for the many Army Corps that France had so confidently massed upon the Prussian frontier, and though he suppressed the many rumors of disaster to MacMahon and Bazaine, yet his cousin saw, beneath his optimism, glimpses of as ominous history when it should come to be told in its entirety.

But the mother was content in having her son—one to be proud of; not so tall or sinewy as his brother her elder, yet well set up, trained to a gallant carriage, with a tongue loosened by his intercourse with men. His news was lost in the personality of the teller; great men were moving through the story, but the greatest was her son, who only told of them.

This was the group Pierre saw when he at length pushed open the door, and as he entered there was a rush to him.

"Pierre, my brother!"

"Pierre, my son, Eugene has come home."

But Mariette stood by the table and looked troubled.

The farmer sat down heavily on a chair. "But why are you here, Eugene?" he asked.

"We are on the march to join General Ladmirault at Diedenhofen," replied his brother.

"Why ask, since he is here?" cried the mother. "Ah! if he could only stay for ever!"

Eugene threw his arm round her and kissed her. "Would you have me desert then, mother?" he laughed.

"Ah, no, I could not wish that, Gene; but oh! what if you never came back to me!"

"Nonsense, aunt," Mariette cried, coming to her; "you are giving way because you've seen your boy. Now sit down and talk and laugh while Pierre has his meal. He's hungry—but I'm afraid there isn't much for you, cousin," she added, turning to him with a little grimace.

She bustled everyone into place and set Mere Fouquier to cut bread and meat, while the farmer, who said no word, drew a plate to himself and ate.

The soldiers had trooped into the long kitchen, and presently the women went out to see if anything was needed. Then at last Pierre spoke, slowly and hesitatingly.

"This is a dangerous place, Eugene," he said.

The young man looked up and laughed.

"I thought you were never going to speak, Pierre. Why, you've not said you are glad to see me yet. You always were silent, but now——!"

His brother smiled uneasily.

"It's this," he said, almost apologetically, nodding to the door. "One can welcome one's own, but the soldiers—they leave little behind them for the mother and cousin. Our own soldiers too; while the Prussians pay with gold. One makes thin soup of patriotism."

"The Prussians! They have not—"

"But one hears," rejoined the elder hastily—"but one hears. They pay for all services, it is said. It is different from our soldiers, and it is hard on us, Eugene. One has to turn to other things than farming to feed those two now."

The Hussar looked grave. Secure of rations, however scanty, in camp and barracks, he had not thought of the fight for existence in his own home.

"It is dangerous here," Pierre repeated, returning to his first thought.

"But they seem well cared for, brother; and as there is something for my comrades, my mother and cousin cannot have starved."

"Starved! No. I see to that," Pierre cried, fiercely.

"Yes, you see to it, whilst I—— You are a good son, and will make a good husband to Mariette." The young man's tone grew deeper, and the light carelessness gave place to a depth of feeling he seldom showed. "No wonder they love you, and that our mother speaks of you almost with reverence. You have the hardest part, to stay here and battle with poverty for their sakes. I once fancied Mariette would love me once fancied Mariette would love me as I—— But you are stronger and better than your wild brother. Yes, you will see to them, and Heaven will see they never lose you."

"Umph! one cannot tell what will come down the stream. But one cannot talk about it and smile, or love France or the army over much."

And they were both silent. The elder spoke first, like a child reiterating a lesson.

"It is a dangerous place for soldiers, this."

"How do you mean, Pierre?"

"The hills and passes. It would be easy for the Prussians to surprise the village. I do not know but it seems, almost, this place is between the hills—like a trap."

"Leave that to our colonel; he knows. We fought in Algiers."

"Still, it might be if they came from—Liesse, say—from the pass and down by the river from the east—it seems you would be caught between two fires." He leaned forward, looking into his brother's eyes as if eager to impress him with a sense of danger of which he dared not speak openly. "It only needs a regiment of Uhlans over that hill and a dark night such as we shall get."

Eugene laughed indulgently. "But is there a regiment of Uhlans over that hill?" he asked, carelessly.

Pierre opened his mouth to speak hastily and then checked himself. His clenched fist ground upon the table and his breath met. And then his mother and cousin returned.

"Pierre has been trying to frighten me, mother," laughed Eugene, turning in his chair as they entered, "by showing me how Auvagne is situated if there were a regiment of Prussians at Liesse."

"Prussians! Good heavens!" cried Mere Fouquier, with startled eyes.

"It was nothing," the elder muttered. "I know the place," he added lamely, marking long ruts in the table with his thumbnail, "and a word from one who knows it as I do is not amiss. But he knows——"

A bugle-call interrupted him and the Hussar caught up his sword. "I shall return in a little while, mother," he said, kissing her as she accompanied him to the door.

Mariette laid her hand upon Pierre's shoulder. "Are there Prussians there?" she whispered.

He started. If he said "Yes," the next question would be, "How do you know?" and he could give no reason for being in Liesse that day and keeping the news secret. So he made a pretence to laugh.

"Not that I know," he answered; "though there may be, since Eugene says they've entered France. But I know nothing. How should I—I, who never go beyond our fields and river?"

"How should you?" she echoed. "But you made me suspect. I think how terrible if it should happen that in his own home, when duty brings him back for a few hours to his mother and—and all of us—— Oh! I know it is foolish, but you made me think of it, and——"

Her incoherent speech was broken by choking sobs. The emotions and fatigue of the day had unnerved her, and she was white and trembling.

Her lover sprang to his feet. "Calm yourself, my dear; Eugene is safe. Would I not give my life for him—for all of you? Be brave, go quickly and compose yourself, and don't think such foolish things."

But with a very clouded brow he passed his mother as she returned, and made his way to the stillness of the little wood.

When he returned the soldiers were already stretched in their blankets in the out-houses and sheds, and the place had grown silent.

Eugene, alone in the little room, rose and stretched himself.

"We march at daybreak," he remarked, as his brother entered. "If I get no rest I shall fall asleep in the saddle."

Pierre looked away and said, stammeringly, "There is something I must show you before you go, Gene."

He took down the candle from the high mantel-shelf and, crossing, opened a small oaken door on the opposite side of the room.

"Goodness! What is in the cellars then? It seems there is some mystery. But don't keep me from my sleep long; I'm too tired to be curious."

And emitting a huge yawn Eugene followed the farmer down the flight of stone steps.

The candle was scarcely needed. Both men knew the cellars well. They ran beneath the big kitchen, their arched brick roofs supporting the stone flags above. They were three in number, with the remains of doors still hanging on the narrow openings between them. The mustiness and damp of disuse pervaded the place, and lumber of all sorts was lying about in disorder.

Pierre led the way to the innermost and smallest cellar, and putting the candlestick upon a pile of timber faced his brother awkwardly.

Eugene broke the silence. "Well; and now for the great secret."

Pierre wetted his dry lips and tried to speak. It was harder than he had thought. Had his brother worn a peasant blouse—but the Hussar uniform! It was the soldier stood before him; one of the regiment he had betrayed.

But Eugene divined nothing of his feelings; only looked in wonder. "Come," he cried, impatiently, "you said you had something to show me."

Then the farmer stopped and, taking off his sabot, drew from it a torn and grimy paper. He thrust it almost defiantly into the soldier's hand and turned away.

It seemed an hour as he waited for some word—some sign. For the first time he felt the shame of treachery. And the silence was unbroken. Suddenly Eugene strode forward and laid his hand heavily upon Pierre's shoulder, holding out the paper to him.

"What is this?" he cried, hoarsely, his face white in the faint glimmer. "What is your name doing on a Prussian passport?"

The plunge had been made. Pierre Fouquier drew a deep breath and looked his brother in the face.

"It means," he said, slowly, "that our mother and Mariette did not want for food."

Eugene stood for a moment dazed, and when he spoke it was as one doubting his senses.

"You—fed them—with Prussian gold? You—the son of our honest mother!"

"Yes, I! What would you have? You are a soldier and think of France and duty to the Emperor. I also have a duty. I told you to-night what you could not see. And when the pedlar came through the village and offered me money to carry news to the Prussians—well, as I said to you, one had to turn to other things to live."

"A traitor! A spy!"

"The name matters nothing. I care nothing for French or Prussians. I make no wars. I feed my own, and if France comes in my way France is my enemy. I suppose a soldier and a peasant cannot understand each other; it is not right they should. But you are a son, Eugene, also."

"With a spy for a brother. For generations our fathers have been true men; there has been no taint in our blood till now."

"Then since you reproach me—what would you have done?"

"Done? Choked the life out of the scoundrel who would tempt me to sell France."

"And our mother and Mariette? What would you have done for them?"

The rage died from the soldier's face and he stood dumb. At last he realized it. He stood in his brother's place. He saw his loved ones growing pale and thin—drooping day by day. What could he have done? And he turned away sick at heart.

Presently: "They—they do not know?" he asked.

"No," answered Pierre, "and they must never know. It would break our mother's heart; it would be worse than death——"

Eugene's face was pitifully white and drawn. "Brother, why have you told me this?" he raid, sadly.

"Because there is more to come. The pedlar bought me, and so when they called me to-day I went across the hill to Liesse to earn my wages. But I went too soon; before I knew you were among the men I had betrayed."

A cry rang through the cellars. The two men turned as through the archway a girl stumbled, with dilated eyes and ghastly face, her arms outstretched in horror before her.

"Mariette!"

Both sprang to her, but she struck the elder fiercely. "Cain!" she cried, and staggering to Eugene burst into sobs.

He caught her in his arms, and felt the slender body shake and quiver against him and the frightened heart beat wildly. Tighter he held her, as if to compel the throbbing to cease. Pierre was forgotten, and all the dangers that threatened. He clasped in his embrace the woman he loved, and she clung to him as to a lover.

For a moment only—till recollection of the peril came to her, and with a supreme effort she controlled herself.

"Is it true? Is it true?" she implored.

Pierre, with despairing eyes, looked at them in each other's arms. "It is true," he said hoarsely.

"Prussians at Liesse; my comrades in a trap! When is the attack?" cried Eugene.

"An hour before daybreak."

"Then there is time," and he sprang to the archway. But his brother was before him.

"No, not that. Hear me, Eugene, I have thought of it all. That is why I brought you here. You must stay here——"

"Here!"

"Do with me as you like after, but listen. Nothing can stay the Uhlans now. I dare not have your blood upon my head. You must remain here in safety till all is over."

The soldier gazed at him in bewilderment, scarce comprehending.

"For our mother's sake! Will you tell her her son is a traitor?"

"But my comrades—my duty! You would make me a traitor, too!"

"It is she—or the soldiers, who are nothing to me."

Mariette, against the wall in the shadows, breathed quicker as Eugene hesitated. His whole attitude reflected the mental struggle he was enduring. The result—what would it be?

The answer came quickly. He leapt forward and grappled with Pierre, straining every nerve to swing him from his path. A fury of despair and rage was upon him. How dare his brother so entrap him between filial love and soldierly duty— set him to find a way out of the dilemma in which treachery had placed him? But his course was plain. His comrades must not be massacred if he could save them.

But Pierre standing like an oak, scarcely moved beneath the wild onslaught, and slowly the strong peasant arms tightened—irresistible as Fate—and forced the soldier back.

Mariette seized him by the wrist, in a vain endeavor to release the hold.

"Pierre! Pierre! he is your brother," she cried, bitterly. "Would you kill him before the Prussians come?"

The farmer loosened his grip and Eugene staggered back.

"He is right; you know he is right," she said.

Before he could answer they heard a clatter of spurs on the stone steps and saw the gleam of a lantern piercing the darkness at the entrance to the cellars—a gleam that crossed and quivered on a drawn sabre.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentry.

"Pierre Fouquier, farmer, of Auvagne. Take me to your colonel. I have news for him—of the Prussians."

* * * * * * *

The Uhlans rode silently through the pass and down by the river to the east. At each place, when half their force gained open ground, the French Hussars swept upon them and rolled up the squadrons into a disordered tangle of men and horses.

Pierre Fouquier was the first to fall with a bullet in his brain. But the colonel kept terms even with a traitor, for the farmer was buried in a patriot's grave.

NEW WAY TO GET CASH.

Illinois Minister's Plans for Securing Contributions.

The Rev. Fred D. Stone, minister of the Methodist Episcopal church at Oregon, Ill., has an original method of collecting enough money from his congregation to pay all of the expenses of the church.

Just before the beginning of each conference year he has prepared in the printing office a large calendar on the card of which is printed a picture of his church, the hours of the different Sunday services, and a calendar for the new year. At one side of the calendar is a block of fifty-two small envelopes, the envelopes being "blocked" so that one at a time may be torn off. Each envelope bears a date and a blank line on which to write a name.

These calendars are then distributed to each contributing member of the church, and each calendar is supposed to be hung in a room where visitors may see it. It is also expected that the member will tear off an envelope bearing the date on which he attends church, that he will inclose a sum of money in it, and leave it at the church. Above the calendar is the "motto." It reads as follows: "A contribution from every member with religious regularity."

The man who has one of these calendars hanging in his home cannot conceal the delinquency by not seeing the envelopes, and he is thus reminded that he must keep taking off the envelopes as he continues to turn the leaves of the calendar. When the minister calls around to see his members, he casts a glance over on the wall to see that the right use is being made of his design, and up to this time it has not failed to work to the advantage of the church.

PUMPING THE CAPTAIN.

The captain was an eccentric of the first water, and numbered among his peculiarities the fact that he never gave the desired answer to a direct question.

One morning four of his friends who were aware of this trait in his character observed the captain going to market, and after some bantering entered into a bet as to the practicability of learning from him the price he paid for his purchase. They accordingly settled the preliminaries, and stationing themselves at different points along the street which he had to pass on his way home, awaited his coming.

Very soon the bluff old salt made his appearance with several pigeons dangling from his hand. As he approached, the first questioner accosted him with:—

"Good morning, captain. What did you give for your pigeons?"

"Money!" responded the captain, bluntly, as he continued his journey.

The second gentleman a little farther on addressed him. "How go pigeons this morning, captain?" he asked.

"They don't go at all—I carry 'em!" was the unsatisfactory reply.

Shortly after that the captain met the third questioner, who, having asked the time of day, casually inquired, "How much are pigeons a dozen, captain?"

"Didn't get a dozen—only bought half-a-dozen!" said the old gentleman, still plodding on his way.

Finally, the fourth and last of the conspirators attacked the wary old mariner by observing, in the blandest tones, "A fine lot of pigeons you have there, captain! What did you get them for?"

"To eat!" was the pertinent and emphatic rejoinder.

The captain reached home without further molestation.

"Hi—I haven't heard you play your violin since you got married. You used to make it talk!" "Humph! It hasn't had a chance to say anything since I got married."

About the ....House

SELECTED RECIPES.

Fruit Wafers.—Mix a cup each of cleaned raisins, figs, dates and nuts and force twice through a meat chopper. Add a few drops of vanilla or lemon juice, then knead until well blended on a board dredged with confectioner's sugar. Roll to one-fourth inch in thickness. Cut into rounds with the top of a salt shaker or into three-quarter-inch blocks with a knife. Roll in granulated sugar and pack in tin boxes between sheets of paraffine paper. Nice for Christmas.

Cake Snowballs.—Make any good cup cake, bake it in small, round, smooth patty-pans. Choose those that after baking have risen so as to be nearly round; ice one-half, let dry, then ice the other; pile on a large platter and put sprigs of red-berried holly between.

Chicken Salad.—Cut the meat from a cold boiled chicken into dice. Measure, and allow half as much celery, cut in small bits, as you have chicken. Mix and moisten with one part vinegar and three parts salad oil, and season with salt and pepper. Prepare a mayonnaise dressing as follows: Into a chilled soup-plate break the yolk of one egg. On this squeeze six or eight drops of lemon juice, and with a silver fork stir with a rotary motion. Begin at once to put in the salad oil, first a few drops at a time, then adding it in larger quantities as the mixture thickens. Season with salt and a pinch of Cayenne. Put in a cup of the oil, then thin with enough vinegar or lemon juice to suit the taste. Line a salad-bowl with crisp lettuce-leaves, put in the salad, and cover thinly with the thick mayonnaise. Garnish with pieces of hard-boiled egg and with stoned and halved olives.

Fried Bologna Sausage.—This is much improved by being dipped first in cracket crumbs. All the slices are to be cooked in "deep fat" and then lifted out. Next put them into a shallow frying-pan and scramble up beaten eggs with them.

Kidney Omelet.—Chopp cold cooked kidney very fine, make an omelet mixture with three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of milk, salt and pepper to season, put one teaspoonful of butter in a frying pan; when it is melted turn in the mixture, cook slowly until a crust is formed on the bottom; in the meantime, sprinkle over the omelet the chopped kidney and chopped parsely; fold the omelet in half, lift it to a hot platter and serve at once.

Sour Cream Nut Cake.—Two eggs one cup granulated sugar, half a cup rich sour cream, two cups of flour, measure before sifting, half teaspoonful soda, one level teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt. Beat the eggs till whites and yolks are well blended, add sugar; dissolve soda in cream, stirring it then into the eggs and sugar; sift into the mixture the flour, baking powder and salt, and beat well. Bake in three-layer cake tins. Filling—One cup pecan or walnut meats.

Banana Sandwiches.—Among fruit sandwiches, bannana takes the lead, and to this a slight variety can be given by spreading each lengthwise slice of fruit with whipped cream rather sparingly. Upon this sprinkle shredded cocoanut, pressing the latter well down with a silver knife. Boston brown-bread thus treated will be excellent.

Apple and Orange Jelly.—Use an equal number of apples and oranges Wash the apples, slice and core them; put them over the fire in the preserving kettle with enough cold water to cover them and simmer them until they are reduced to a pulp. Pour the apple pulp into a jelly bag, to strain out the juice. Measure the juice, and to each pint of apple juice add one of boiled orange juice and a pound of sugar, and boil them together, removing the scum that rises, until a little, cooled upon a saucer, forms a jelly. Then take the kettle off the stove, let the jelly partly cool and pour it into glasses. When cold seal it up like any other preserve.

WHEN EGGS ARE SCARCE.

In making squash and pumpkin pies without eggs, use less milk in proportion to the amount of stewed pumpkin or squash, sweeten and flavor the same as when eggs are used.

Doughnuts—One cup buttermilk or good sour milk, 1 level teaspoon soda, half cup sugar, flavor with nutmeg or lemon or half of each. Some prefer ginger or cinnamon. Use flour to make as soft as can be easily handled. Cut out and fry in deep fat.

Raisin Cake—One cup sweet milk, half cup butter, or other shortening, 2 cups flour, 1½ cups raisins cut in halves, 1 level teaspoon soda, half teaspoon each salt, cloves and cinnamon.

Cream Cookies—One cup cream, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon soda, a pinch salt, flavor with nutmeg or lemon. The amount of soda should be varied according to the sourness of the cream. Flour to make as soft as can be handled easily. Roll thin and bake carefully.

Spiced Cookies—One-half cup each sugar and molasses, 1 heaping teaspoon soda dissolved in 1 cup hot water, 2-3 cup shortening, one teaspoon each ginger, cinnamon and cloves. Flour as for cream cookies.

Ginger Snaps—Two teaspoons soda, two tablespoons boiling water, five tablespoons melted lard, salt and ginger to taste. Put in a cup and fill with molasses. Add another cup molasses and flour to mix stiff. Roll thin. All cookies need careful attention in baking, some persons liking them soft and others brown and crisp.

Baked Indian Pudding—In a 2-qt. pudding dish heat one qt. milk to the boiling point. Stir in carefully three tablespoons sifted meal, half teaspoon salt, half cup molasses, one teaspoon cinnamon, half cup raisins. When partly baked add another quart of milk. Bake 3 or 4 hours We use creamery milk after it comes from the separator.

HELPS IN THE KITCHEN.

The stove will not need to be polished so often if it is carefully rubbed after each meal with newspaper softened between the hands; and when it is necessary to polish it, the polish will last longer if the blacking is mixed with turpentine or strong coffee instead of water.

The following is a reliable recipe for making baking powder at home: Mix well together six ounces of tartaric acid, eight ounces best baking soda and one quart of best flour; then sift five or six times through a fine sieve and keep in a can closely covered.

A teaspoonful of baking powder in mashed potatoes is a wonderful aid in making them fluffy and light, and when making flour batter cakes the baking powder should never be stirred in until just before frying, as it will make the batter much lighter.

To clean coffee and teapots fill them with cold water; add to this some baking soda and boil until the stain is removed, then rinse out with clear hot water, and place in the sunshine. Soda dampened and rubbed on with a flannel cloth is excellent for keeping the outside of a tin coffee pot and other tinware bright and clean.

The best dressing for burns and scalds is baking soda made into a paste with vaseline, or any soft, unsalted grease; and if put on soon enough will prevent blistering.

When washing with hot suds fails to remove the stains from enamled saucepans, a piece of cut lemon dipped in salt and rubbed over the the stain will generally prove effectual.

If the tables, biscuit board and rolling pin are scrubbed at least once a week with a strong, hot pearline suds they may be kept white and clean, and in order to keep them in this condition have the places most used around the table covered with mats, or keep small boards to set the pans and kettles on. These can easily be kept out of sight when they are not in use.

To prepare a new iron kettle for use, fill it with potato parings and water and let them boil for two hours, then wash in hot soap suds, wipe the inside of the kettle perfectly dry and rub it with a little lard. A good way to keep the lamp burners bright is to boil them with potato parings and then wash in hot suds.

CAPTURED BY CANNIBALS.

British Sailors had Narrow Escape in New Guinea.

Captain Reid, who commanded the Liverpool ship, Aigburth, wrecked off New Guinea, where a number of the crew were seized by cannibals, has arrived in Liverpool.

Captain Reid said that the Aigburth was on a voyage from Newfoundland to Java, when she struck on an unknown reef, and shortly afterwards the crew were compelled to take to the boats. The boat in which he and others were reached Frederick William Land after five days. Two other boats also reached there on other days. The fourth boat, however, had not turned up when he left.

When they landed the natives were very wild, and assumed a threatening demeanour towards the crew. They came down to the beach in large numbers, looked at himself and crew touching them and feeling their arms and limbs to find out what sort of condition they were in. The situation was terrible while it lasted, but all the men kept very cool. The rest of the story, told in Captain Reid's own words, runs:

"I fortunately had with me a gun, and some caps, powder, and shot. I kept eyeing them intently, watching every movement. Then I kept putting something into the gun from time to time, manipulatfng it in such a manner that the savages soon came to the conclusion that I meant serious business. When they saw what was going on they began to sneak gradually away from us, and eventually they entirely went. We were ultimately taken off by the steamer Guthrie, and landed at Sydney, coming home by the Afric.

"The savages were in a fearful condition, socially and morally. They were absolutely naked, the only ornament they possessed being a bone stuck through their nostrils, giving them a most appalling appearance to a stranger. I think that the appetite of these cannibals for fresh meat was stimulated by the absence of all flesh, either of beast or fowl, which scarcely appear to have any existence at all in the country."

RATHER FAMILIAR.

Mrs. Norton came home from a call one day in such a disturbed condition that it was evident that tears were not far in the background. She lost no time in beginning her explanation.

"John," she said to her husband, "I am so mortified I don't know what to do."

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Mr. Norton.

"I have just been calling on Mrs. Peverill. You know her husband, Major Peverill?"

"Yes."

"Well, I just learnt to-day, to my horror, that 'Major' isn't his title at all 'Major' is his first name."

"Why, certainly. I've always known that. What is there so mortifying that, pray?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Norton, with a groan; "only that I've been calling him 'Major' every time I've met him for the last few weeks.

He—"All great men smoke big cigars." She—"I don't you're so great."

Dorothy Hunter's Caller.

It was early morning of the Saturday before New Year's day and Dorothy Hunter was washing the breakfast dishes at the sink in the farmhouse kitchen, when her mother came hurriedly in from the sitting-room, with a flushed, anxious face.

"Oh, Dorothy, dear," she said, "do you think you could stay alone and take care of baby all day and, and maybe all night? Deacon Parsons just stopped to tell us that Aunt Kate has fallen and broken her arm, and she wants us to come over as quickly as possible."

"Why, yes, of course I can," Dorothy replied promptly. "You hurry right along and get ready; I'll heat the soapstone and help you get started, and after you're gone I'll finish the work."

"I hate to leave you, daughter. It will be a lonely day for you, and, though we shall try to come, of course, it may be just possible that we cannot get home to-night; it is nine miles to Dunbar, you know, and I'm afraid there is a storm coming on. You are sure you are not afraid, Dorothy?"

"Afraid? Why of course not. You forget that I was 14 last month, and what in the world should I be afraid of, anyway?" and Dorothy laughed at the thought.

A few moments later she stood at the window with two-year-old Nellie, the baby of the family, in her arms, and watched her father and mother drive away down the snow-drifted road. She smiled brightly as long as they remained in sight, but when a turn in the road hid the sleigh she felt just a bit lonely after all, and it was not surprising that she did. There were no other houses within sight, their nearest neighbor lived a mile away, and, standing as it did upon a seldom-traveled road, the Hunter homestead was a dreary place.

However, Dorothy did not spend much time meditating. She paused just long enough at the window to note the few, big, slow falling flakes, advance messengers of the coming storm, and then went about the belated household tasks. So much was there to do that not until the old clock upon the mantel twanged the hour of three, did Dorothy pause to contemplate than the short rest which she took while eating her simple dinner; then, with Nellie in her arms she sank gratefully into the old-fashioned rocker by the sitting-room window, and as she cuddled baby was surprised to see how fast and furious the storm had grown. The snow was falling so heavily that she could not even see the barnyard fence, and she remembered with a sigh of relief that her father had said the chores were all done, so that the stock would need no further attention until morning if he should not return that night.

As she sat and hummed a drowsy little tune to the baby, Dorothy thought she heard the gate latch click, and a moment later some one knocked loudly at the door. She hastily laid Nellie in her crib and went to open it, and there, to her surprise, stood a great, bearded, rough-looking stranger. A tramp! thought the girl in dismay that was not lessened by the man's request, made in a hoarse voice, to be allowed to come in and get warm before going farther in the storm. Dorothy had been taught that hospitality is a most gracious virtue, so she assented to the stranger's plea, and drew a chair for him close to the roaring fire.

"Isn't this the Hunter farm?" inquired the unwelcome guest, after a moment or two, as he spread out his brown hands to the grateful blaze.

"Yes, sir.- That is my father's name," replied Dorothy quietly, resuming her seat by the window.

"Where is he? The folks haven't all gone away and left you alone, have they?"

For a moment Dorothy hesitated, and then she told him the story of her aunt's misfortune and how her parents had gone to render her whatever assistance they could. For a long time then the silence was unbroken, and Dorothy began to think it high time that her guest was taking his departure, when he suddenly said: "You couldn't make up your mind to let me stop for the night, could you, sis? I've come a long ways to-day and am tired enough. I'd be right glad if you could let me stay."

"O, no, I couldn't do it! I am sure father and mother would not wish me to. You must go on, and don't you think it is time you started? It is getting dark, you see," and Dorothy half rose from her chair in her eagerness to urge the departure of this man, of whom she was growing more than half afraid.

"Well, I suppose it is time to start if I've got to go," and the stranger rose wearily and buttoned his worn coat tight up to his chin, to keep out the freezing blast of the storm. "How far is it to Dutton?" he added, turning again to Dorothy.

"Two miles. It's a good ways to walk when you are so tired. I do wish father and mother were home so you could stay here," and then she asked softly as though she were almost ashamed: "Have you any money to pay for your lodging when you get to Dutton?"

"It's a shame to have to tell it Miss but—" the stranger began, and then he coughed and stammered, in embarrassment, and the sympathetic girl hastened to his relief.

"Oh, yes, I know!" in a pitying tone. "You must have had bad luck," and then she went to a drawer in the bureau and took out a shabby, little pocketbook in which were two coins, a silver dime and a half dollar.

"Here, take this," she said, laying the larger piece i and. "I have more and shall not need it; it will pay for a bed and breakfast for you, poor man."

The stranger took the money and a moment later was swallowed up in the storm, and Dorothy was left again alone. At nine o'clock that night when she had long since given them up and gone to bed, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter reached home, tired and chilled from their long drive. Dorothy thought it might frighten her mother to be told of her visitor, and so decided to say nothing about him for that night at least, and contented herself with telling that she and the baby had been very comfortable.

The next Monday night, which was New Year's eve, as Dorothy came in rosy and smiling from her mile and a half walk from school, she was astonished to find her tramp visitor in the sitting-room, with baby Nellie perched comfortably upon his knee.

"What does it mean?" she asked, turning from the stranger's laughing face to her mother.

"It means," replied the deep voice that Dorothy remembered so well, "that I am your Uncle Harry, just back from the Klondike with a pocket filled with gold, and willing and anxious to divide with the generous little girl who would give almost her only cent to a poor, miserable tramp."

And then he told how he had hastened straight to his sister's home, upon his arrival from the far north, and finding her away, and being obliged to go to a town 20 miles distant, upon a business matter, had decided to keep the secret until his return.

"And I'll always be glad that I did," he said, holding out his hand to Dorothy, "because, by this means I found out what a dear, kind-hearted little girl I have for a niece."

Dorothy has grown very well acquainted with Uncle Harry since that stormy Saturday, and many delightful things have come to her through his kindness; and she wonders now how she could ever have thought his voice rough and harsh, or ever have taken her splendid, big-hearted uncle for a tramp.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

The Future Through a Reflection of Our Own Soul.

"Happy New Year," "Happy New Year!" rings from merry voices and chiming bells everywhere, startling the echoes in response, "Happy New Year!" Whoever knew of a note of gladness, says the Union Signal, that did not go reverberating through all space, and repeating itself on the harp strings of every human life it touched?

"But who knows it will be a happy new year?" asks the would-be-wise, quizzically. "Who expects it?" crows the cynic. "Who hopes for it?": sneers the man whom life has defeated. "It cannot be happy," say the sorrowful, and the world is full of the sorrowful. "It will not be happy," say the soured and embittered, and the world is full of the disappointed. "It could not be happy, with all the misery and poverty in it," says the pessimist. "It shall not be happy," says the enthusiast, "until it is rid of its sin and selfishness." "Happiness," says the philosopher, "is not the object of life, but usefulness."

"Such a happy new year!" says the young mother, clasping her winsome, dimpled darling to her heart; and "It shall be a happy new year," says the Christian optimist, standing with bared head in the halo of light that comes streaming down the vistas of the future, seeing far into the circles,

"When light shall spread and man be liker man.
Through all the seasons of the golden year."

Would you be a cynic or a philosopher? The sorrowing and disappointed who are without hope, or the sorrowing who feels that "tears are for the night, and joy cometh in the morning?" Would you be a pessimist, seeing only the mists, or an optimist looking beyond the narrowed horizon of to-day? Would you see fate in the world, blind, inexorable and hard, or God in the world working out the destiny of human souls? The new year is a new outlook. You look at it through the reflection of your own soul. If you have made it broad and deep, and shining in the light of God's face, it will shine on. If it is troubled and turbid, it will only give a flash here and there on its surface.

* * * * * *

We know that sorrow and disappointment must come. The travail of pain is the birth of righteousness always. We know that temptation will assail virtue, that we must struggle with intemperance to the bitter end; we know that the strong will oppress the weak as long as they can and dare, but we know also that the process of education is, if slow, absolutely sure, and that in great crises, public opinion sometimes turns with the force of a whirlwind and sweeps away every barrier. The most potent forces of the universe are the silent ones; the voice of God is the still small voice; truth is universal, and we are teaching men and women, and better yet, children to see it.

We know not how the better time is coming, nor when, but we know why, and so we echo "Happy New Year!" and look forward joyously to the day when

All men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land
And like a line of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year.
And feeling sure
That unto him who works and feels he works
The same grand year is ever at the doors."

"Haven't we met before?" "Well, your kiss seems familiar, but I can't remember your name!"

NEW YEAR RESOLVES

Some facetious individual has defined New Year's day as "a time when men make good resolutions in the confidence of breaking them as soon as possible." But he has much to learn to his own profit who sneers at good resolutions because some men break them. To resolve to do right does not mean necessarily that one will keep the promise, but such purpose, whether outwardly expressed or inwardly understood is proof that the individual is conscious of abiding sin of some sort.

It is the self-righteous individual who is in danger. Good resolutions are born of repentance; and repentance when genuine is a cardinal virtue. The self-righteous fellow does not resolve to do better because his vanity tells him there is nothing wrong in his makeup. He may go along committing blunders every day and doing no end of mischief. Such a fellow is beyond redemption. Like Ephraim he is joined to his idols and should be left alone.

Doubtless there are many thoughtless and some insincere good resolves made on New Year's day. Nevertheless it is a good thing that many men do begin the new year with resolves to strive after what is higher and better. It is a marked and glorified improvement upon the custom once so general but now, thank God, absolete, of men going from house to house paying calls and guzzling wine or stronger drink until before the round was completed they were hopelessly drunken.

It is a great deal better for a man to resolve a hundred times and fail in each resolve than to go along contented with his lot of sin and shame. There is hope for a man just as long as there abides in him desire for what is better. It is well to enter into argument with one's self only after due deliberation, but a broken pledge to do right is far better than no pledge at all.

There is nothing strange in association of good resolvts with the dawn of a new year. On the contrary, the occasion is one that suggests just such a general practice. The old year has ended. Its memories suggest "sins committed while conscience slept," practices that degraded the moral man, follies that brought shame and vices that weakened body and brain. But memory is not all. Body and mind tell the sensible man that such practices end in physical wreck and moral decay.

The year is new and clean. The sun, just risen, looks upon it for the first time. Men of business close up their pages for the year ended and begin new and fresh ones for the new year that has dawned. They figure out accurately their losses and their gains in the old year, subtracting one from the other.

As the merchant begins his year anew, why may not the moral nature of a man be renewed if the memories of the past year and the physical shortcomings of the present suggest the need of a striving after what is higher and better?

That the practice has been abused is no argument against its use. That some men have made good resolutions only to break them is not evidence that reform is impossible. Striving after what is right is God-like. One may raise his standard so high as not to be able to attain it, but there is virtue in every attempt to make better one's life. Indeed one may find at the closing of a long life that he has tried but to fail, and yet his efforts to do right will be counted to him for righteousness.

The objection is, if it can be called an objection, that men are too much influenced by special occasions for special efforts. There is no more virtue in New Year's Day than there is in All Fool's Day. It would seem foolishness to wait for any such time or season for a starting period in right living. The present is the time for action, and one day is as good as another in the sight of God, as well as of men.

But the man who has put off the day of resolves to be good until the dawn of the new year will strengthen himself and work righteousness by starting out clean with the year. He will only hurt himself by devoting too much time to resolving. What he most needs is to avoid the pitfalls and snares which formerly overcame him. He has need to change resolves into action. It is his duty to retrospect in order to know himself. Each conquest of self is added strength for future victories.

Happy indeed is that New Year's for the man who, having resolved in its dawn to do right, finds at its gloaming that he has been true to his promises.

TRAINED TORTOISES.

Japanese and Korean showmen, in addition to their skill as jugglers and acrobats, display a truly marvellous skill in teaching animals certain tricks. They not only exhibit educated bears, spaniels, monkeys, and goats, but also trained birds and, what is the most astonishing of all, trick fish. One of the most curious examples of patient training is an exhibit by an old Korean boatman of a dozen dried tortoises. Directed by his songs and a small metal drum, they march in line, execute various evolutions, and conclude by climbing upon a low table, the larger ones forming of their own accord a bridge for the smaller, to which the feat would otherwise be impossible. When they have all mounted they dispose themselves in three or four piles, like so many plates.

The difference between a man and a woman is that the man doesn't see the back of his head in a mirror more than twice a year, and sometimes not so often as that.

DIPLOMATIC PROFESSION

WHAT IT COSTS TO BECOME AN AMBASSADOR.

No Calling Where Money Is Such an Absolute Essential to Success.

The post of Ambassador is the highest prize that diplomacy has to offer, to which position is attached a salary that varies from $27,500 per annum to $45,000 per annum, according to the capital to which the Ambassador may be sent, says Pearson's Weekly.

For instance, the Ambassador at Madrid receives $27,000 per annum, which is the lowest salary paid to any Ambassador; whilst our representative at Paris is in receipt of $45,000 per annum, the best paid post in the diplomatic service.

Before, however, the diplomatist has worked his way up through the various grades of the profession to the supreme rank, he will have expended many thousands of dollars, and, viewed from a purely business standpoint, it is difficult if the salary he will receive is an adequate return for the time, labor, and capital he has spent.

The diplomatist starts in his profession by becoming an attache in the service of the Foreign Office.

He remains for three months in the Foreign Office in London, and is then sent for a couple of years to one of the chief Embassies in Europe, such as St. Petersburg, or Berlin.

During these two years, the attache, who must be, by the way, between nineteen and twenty-five years of age, does not receive any pay. He is merely a probationer, and is supposed to be learning his profession, although he has had to pass a very severe examination, held by the Civil Service Commissioners, before becoming an attache.

HIS LIVING EXPENSES

for these two years will cost him, at least, at the rate of $4,000 a year, for the attach occupies a position of much social dignity, which he has fittingly to maintain.

At the end of two years, the aspiring Ambassador becomes what is known as third secretary of the Legation or Embassy, and then receives a salary of $750 per annum.

Four years are spent in this grade of the service, during which period the secretary is, for living expenses alone, at least $3,250 every year out of pocket.

But in addition to this expenditure he must pay numerous subscriptions to clubs, both at home and abroad, and also subscribe to various public amusements going on in the capital where he is stationed, so that he will be spending at the rate of $4,000 per annum over and above his paltry salary of $750 during his four years as third secretary.

At the end of that period he gets further promotion to the grade of second secretary, at a salary of $2,000 per annum.

So far, he has spent $24,000, has put in six years of hard work, and has reached the age of, at least, twenty-five. This is supposing he has entered the diplomatic service at the lowest possible age of nineteen, but as a matter of fact, he is probably much nearer thirty than twenty-five when he gets into the second grade.

In this grade, under the most fortunate circumstances, he will have to remain for ten years, and will find himself during that lengthy period compelled to spend $2,000 a year more than he earns, amounting to a total outlay of $20,000.

As a rule, a man remains in the rank of second secretary

FOR QUITE FIFTEEN YEARS,

so that he may safely look to having to find at least $30,000 to balance his expenses during his services in that grade of diplomacy.

He has now invested a total capital of just about $55,000 in his profession, and has put in over twenty years' service, so that his next step of promotion as first secretary to a Legation, with a salary of 3,500 per annum, does not appear to be very lucrative return for the time and money he has spent.

In this position he will have to remain for about another ten years, and if he is sent to an important Legation or Embassy, his salary will be probably raised to $4,000, or even $5,000 a year.

With great economy he may then manage to live on his pay, but in most cases his first five years as secretary of a Legation will cost him about $10,000 a year.

Finally he may be made an Ambassador when he is fifty-five, and will then be in fairly comfortable circumstances.

It must, however, be borne in mind that there are only eight Ambassadors in our diplomatic service, so that of necessity very few diplomatists can ever hope to reach that position, especially as from time to time men are made Ambassadors who are taken from outside the regular ranks of diplomacy to fill the important position.

The diplomatic service has, however, peculiar attractions. In it a man meets on an equality the most distinguished men and women of the day, and comes into direct contact with the wire-pullers of European politics, and feels that he is taking a part, if a small one, in events that make history.

—She (after breaking the wish-bone)—"What did you wish?" He—"I wished that you would let me kiss you. What did you wish?" She—"I wished that what you wished should come true."

"Oh, George!" complained the young wife, "it was nearly midnight before you got home last night." "Well, well!" exclaimed her husband, "you women are so inconsistent. Before we were married you didn't care how late I got home."

OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Ever the year has grown, till now his days
Backward extend in long and stately line—
As when, far shadowed by the low sun's rays,
Lies traced the spire of some majestic pine.
Countless the hours that deck his storied past;
Few are the hours awaiting him,
Thus we behold him take his leave at last,
Wayworn and old and hoar.

White float his locks; they stream 'mid bush and tree,
While down his path he shambles from our sight.
And through the wood, and o'er the gusty lea
He onward moves, till lost within the night.
And lo, we from out our window seat
Vainly would stay him as apace he goes,
There is the young year cradled at our feet,
Wrapped in its swaddling clothes!

NEW YEAR WORDS TO GIRLS.

You are sitting quiet, quietly watching the old year as it fades away and the new one as it comes in. You think of all the joys and the sorrows that have come to you during 1904, and of your hopes and ambitions for 1905. You believe just as you did a year ago: That you will make a great resolve that the year shall be better and your life nobler and more unselfish than it was last year. Now, don't do this. Don't make the big resolve. Think, hope, and pray what you want to, but, in its place, make a lot of little resolves, each one of which will, in time, tend to make you reach the goal you desire to.

Resolve to think a little less about yourself, and a little more of the comforts of others.

Resolve to be less quick of speech and more certain in action than you have been.

Resolve not to let the wicked little demon of envy enter your heart and make you bitter and fault-finding.

Resolve to consider those of your own household. The inclination on the part of too many of us is to reserve our virtues and our graces for those outside, and this is all wrong.

My dear girls, you had better blush unseen, as good daughters and good sisters, than gain all the fame imaginable as bright talkers and great beauties, without any homely talent.

I like that word "homely." I use it, perhaps, in a different sense from the one you give it. It means belonging to the home; and, as the home is the place where love and charity should abide, so the talents that belong to it are best worth possessing.

God bless every one of you, and give you some day a home of your own. It may come in the new year. It may be in the years that are far off; but, if it never comes, remember that the talent of making a home may be yours; and even though you can only exercise it in a single room, you must not bury it, and count it of no value.

ART OF CHOP STICKS.

Japanese Dinners Are Served in London Society.

Japan's latest victory is the capture of London society. During the present winter no function can lay claim to be really smart unless it is embellished with things Japanese.

Japanese guests are essential. Smart young bachelors from the far east say, with a slow Oriental smile of gratification, that they are in such continual request that they have hardly one evening a month to spare for their clubs.

Hostesses do not undertake the giving of a Japanese dinner lightly. Often many hours have to be spent with the smart young bachelors, discussing the latest dishes, and studying Japanese table etiquet. Each guest sits at a separate "ozen" or table. The following is a typical menu:

Simonono.
Sashimi.
Yakizakana.
Umani.
Sunomono.
Kuchitori.
Mushimono or Chawanmushi.
Shiru.
Kanomona.
Shawan.
Ocha.

Appended is a brief explanation of the dishes:

Simnono—Soup, made from fish, meat and vegetables; served in covered china bowl.

Sashimi—Fish cut in pieces of about an inch square, and served with vegetables and Jap sauce.

Yakizakana—Roast fish served on porcelain plate.

Umani—Chopped chicken or beef, with vegetables, served in small bowl.

Sunomono—Salad consisting of small pieces of pickled fish and minced vegetables, served in small dish.

Kuchitori—Chief dish, consisting of poultry, kintou (nuts, cooked potatoes, and sugar), and kamaboko (specially prepared rice.)

Mushimono—Mixture of chicken, eggs and vegetables, cooked with soup. (These are placed fresh into a bowl and cooked by steam).

Shiru—Soup made from peas and wheat, served in lacquered bowl, when simnono is finished.

Kanomona—Pickled vegetables.

Chawan—Boiled rice.

Ocha—Tea served during and after dinner.

Each guest is provided with paper servicttes, and a pair of chopsticks. There are no spoons, but the little bowls are very handy to drink from.

Those who have had the Japanese dinner are loud in its praise. It is said to be light, easily digested and yet satisfying. Society is already becoming expert with the chopsticks.

NEW YEAR NUGGETS

The Wassail Bowl on New Year's Eve is of Saxon origin.

Good Parisians would think it almost a crime to leave Paris at the New Year.

French families always make a special point of being reunited at the New Year.

The Romans always make it a practice to appear in new clothing on New Year's Day.

The peasants of Italy hail the New Year by beating wildly on tins, pans and shovels.

The custom of making gifts at New Year is supposed to have originated with the ancient Romans.

On New Year's Eve Chinese merchants pull down their old advertising posters and put up new ones.

Coreans are only allowed to fight on New Year's Day and during the first moon or month of the year.

In Greece, the father of a family, however poor, must give his wife and each child a New Year present of money.

Fires must not be allowed to go out on New Year's Day in the North of England, or the luck of the year will be bad.

In Persia, on New Year's Eve, huge bonfires are kindled, and the more active persons present leap over or through the flames.

Scotsmen regard the taking of money on New Year's Day as a very risky proceeding, even though it be in payment of a debt.

In Germany, if millet and herrings only be eaten on New Year's Day, it is believed that money will be plentiful all through the year.

In Japan, at the New Year, business generally is suspended, both private and public. The jinriksha coolie is the only man who works.

During the New Year festivities, Persian ladies (usually kept out of sight) are permitted to walk through the streets and public gardens.

On New Year's Eve the Chinese discharge quantities of squibs, crackers, and other noisy fireworks, the object being to frighten way evil spirits.

On the first of January, the French President receives some three or four thousand personages and exchanges salutations with each one of them.

In parts of Europe, food and drink are put on a bench outside the house on New Year's Eve. This is to keep goblins from coming inside.

At the New Year, French parents bestow dowries on their children, brothers do the same on their sisters, and husbands make settlements on their wives.

Unless the first person who comes into the house after the advent of the New Year be black-haired, Scotsmen believe that bad luck will follow them during the year.

Chinese children and servants on New Year's Day have all to put on their best clothes and appear before the master and mistress of the house to congratulate them on the New Year.

On New Year's Day in Venice the upper classes are besieged for tips by paupers, servants and, in fact, every one of the lower classes to whom they have spoken throughout the year.

Middle-class Italians co-operate in a dinner on New Year's Day. Each person brings a dish sufficient for the number expected to be present, a meal of great variety being then enjoyed.

In the Middle Ages, gloves, oranges stuck with cloves, pins, ribbons, and among the wealthy, purses filled with new coins, pieces of plate, and bales of silk or velvet, were common New Year gifts.

In the Isle of Man, the person who first sweeps the floor on New Year's morning must brush the dust from the door to the hearth, instead of the other way, as customary. By sweeping towards the door, the luck of the year would be swept out.

Tipping becomes very expensive to Greek gentlemen of high rank at the New Year. They are expected then to visit all their friends, to all the servants of whom a piece of money must be given. This is repeated at every house they visit.

At the New Year, the Japanese make presents to their friends, mostly in the shape of food. Boxes of eggs are in favor, also a kind of sponge cake. No offence is given if the recipient passes on to his friends some of the gifts sent to him.

In honor of the New Year, Japanese dwellings are swept, purified, and decorated, imaginary evil spirits being ejected by the force of handfuls of beans, which are showered through open doors. A rope of straw is afterwards fastened round the dwellings to ward off the approach of evil.

At Seoul, in Corea, the men celebrate the advent of the New Year by a battle with stones. The combatants start some distance from each other, hurling stones all the time. When they reach close quarters, knives and clubs are freely used. The clang of the city bell tells when the fight must cease.

Treasure-hunting has become the principle occupation of the islanders of Martinique. They dig day and night among the ruins caused by the eruptions of Mount Pelee for gold and other valuables.

Ox tail soup, now regarded as a national English dish, was first made by the very poor Huguenot refugees from France after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, because ox tails they had no market value.

Willie Boreum—"Pa, what's the difference between news and gossip?" Mr. Boreum—"Well, my son, whenever your mother tells anything to anyone it's news; but when anyone tells her anything it's gossip."

BRAVE ELEVATOR BOYS

THEY HAVE SAVED LIVES OF MANY PEOPLE.

Seventeen-year-old Boy Rescued Over Seventy People From Death.

When Mr. Carnegie's rewards for heroism are distributed it is probable that not a few will find their way to the brave boys who run the lifts in public offices and other buildings, for many dwellers in modern sky-scrapers owe their lives to the promptness and fearlessness of the lads who earn their livings in the elevator service.

Only last June, for instance, Joe Dollman, a seventeen-year-old boy, rescued over seventy people from a burning buil[illegible]g at No. 457 and Broome street, New York, having [illegible] to make no fewer than ten [illegible] before accomplishing his heroic [illegible] Dollman, it appears, was [illegible] the regular elevator boy, but as [illegible] soon as the fire was discovered, and all escape for those in the top storeys seemed to be cut off, he jumped into the elevator and ran the [illegible]r to the top floor, where he found [illegible] panic-stricken crowd of typewriter girls and clerks.

When he made his tenth and last trip the flames were licking the elevator cage and it was touch-and-go whether the ropes would hold out for the final journey. He reached the ground in safety, however, and then coolly strode out of the burning building, but before he could vanish he was caught and given a hearty cheer, with the promise of a substantial reward for his heroic services later on.

A PARTICULARLY BRAVE

act is credited to an elevator boy named Johnnie Day, also of New York, who last spring succeeded in rescuing six people who were cut off from all escape in a big building in Manhattan. While the firemen were endeavoring to reach the imprisoned men and women by means of the fire-escape Johnnie Day jumped into his elevator and, despite the warning of the police, insisted on running it to the sixth floor in order to bring them down.

When they reached the landing the elevator was hidden with the smoke, but the boy knew his way and dived into the lift, followed by those he had come to save. When they were all in, the boy, probably from force of habit, slammed the gate and all reached the ground in safety. A few minutes later the elevator shaft took fire and the building collapsed. For this brave act young Day was rewarded with warm praise from the Chief of Police and by a medal, together with a substantial sum of money collected from those who were tenents in the building.

A remarkable instance of cool heroism on the part of a boy named Henri Grene was reported a year or so ago from Paris. Grene ran the lift in an apartment house near the Rue de Rivoli, and one night, about 2 a. m., the porter discovered the building to be on fire. He immediately rang an alarm and proceeded to arouse the inmates, who fled to safety "with no thought of what they should put on." The fire had started on the sixth floor and burned so furiously that the escape of all on the seventh and top floor was entirely cut off. The

TERROR-STRICKEN PEOPLE

were frantically calling from the windows for assistance, but there was some delay in setting up the fire-escapes, and the heat and smoke increased to alarming extent.

There were eight persons, but the lift would not accommodate more than five, and the boy, perfectly cool but fearful lest the cage should prove unable to the bottom and his human cargo be killed, begged three of the men to await his return. These, to their infinite credit, immediately stood aside and allowed the cage to descend without them.

As soon as he had landed his passengers Grene proceeded on his second journey of rescue, but had only reached the third floor when a tremendous crash annouced the fact that the burnt flooring had given way, doubtless carrying with it the three men who were relying upon the return of the elevator boy for their safety.

When he reached the top floor he found them clinging to the gate of the elevator, singed and almost suffocated with smoke, but still possessed of sufficient strength and courage to allow the boy to slide the floor open and drag them in. On reaching the ground one of the men was found to be unconscious, but he quickly recovered in the open air, and young Grene had the satisfaction of knowing that of the eight he went to save not one was lost. It would be difficult to recall an instance in which greater coolness and audacity was shown by a lad in face of almost certain death.

Not long ago an elevator boy attached to a private apartment house in Chicago risked his life in a successful endeavor to save the life of a canary, which had been forgotten on the seventh floor by its owner, an old lady who was greatly

ATTACHED TO THE BIRD.

The boy, whose name was Thompson, had brought down everyone, when the old lady remembered her pet and beggged him to return for it. The lad jumped into the elevator, reached the seventh floor, which was enveloped in blinding smoke, raced from room to room in search of the canary, which he finally found in the old lady's bedroom singing away as though unconscious that its little life was threatened, sped back to the elevator, jumped in once more, and descended to the ground in safety. Then he went in search of the old lady, whom he discovered sitting disconsolately in the garden with surrounded the house, hitherto using herself for having left her to die.

When the [illegible] ran up to her with the familiar cage in his hand the old lady nearly fainted, and in her gratitude took the rescuer in her arms and rapturously kissed him, greatly to his embarrassment. However, she afterwards supplemented the embrace with a substantial present, and, though she had lost all her furniture and effects, she was probably the happiest old lady in Chicago on the night that she was burned out of her home.

CURIOUS DEMONSTRATIONS.

Celebrating a Fall of Rain by a Parade and Church Service.

Not long ago a protracted drought in the Wichita district of Kansas, threatened the inhabitants with enormous loss. Prayers were offered up in various places of worship for a fall of rain, and black clouds were yearned for instead of bright ones.

Before the threatened ruin had been wrought the black clouds came, and the much-needed rain fell in torrents over an area of something like 100 miles. The people went frantic with joy, and in a very few minutes a brass band was parading through the streets, followed by a great crowd singing hymns of thanksgiving and cheering themselves hoarse. Even the factories closed in order that their employes might have the opportunity of standing in the rain until it soaked through and subsequently nearly 1,000 persons attended a special service in the pro-cathedral.

Of the very opposite character was a demonstration reported from Tacoma, in the State of Washington, which is a centre of the salmon-fishing industry, in which Chinamen largely engage. Concerned about the bad prospects of the season, the Celestials held a religious service in the hope of propitiating their "Joss" or god, and thus ensuring a period of prosperity. But after a fortnight's praying there was no improvement in the outlook, and angry with themselves for having lost so much time, and still angrier with their "Joss" for his callous disregard of their fervent supplications, they tied a rope around him and dragged him from his exalted position in the temple through the streets, where they finally

SMASHED HIM TO ATOMS.

There was a very remarkable feature in a demonstration held by the village clubs and friendly societies of a Gloucestershire district for the benefit of the Stroud Hospital. At Eastington, a village six miles east of the city of Gloucester, England, there resides a Roman noble, Count de Ligri, who claims to be a lineal descendant of the ill-starred House of Stuart, and who was the leading figure in the demonstration.

He was preceded by two standard-bearers, one bearing the blue and white battle-flag of his house and the other the Royal Standard of Scotland. Next came a page-in-waiting and a sword-bearer, and by way of bodyguard the Count himself had a stalwart halberdier on either side of him. The sword and halberds used were stated to have been in the family for no less a period than five hundred years.

Quite unique in its character was the demonstration of the students of the Aberystwith College on the occasion of one of their number being sent away for a couple of terms for the heinous crime of holding converse with a lady student. After presenting him at a formal meeting with a marble timepiece and silver-plated inkstand, they formed up in funeral order to accompany him to the railway station.

Dressed in deep mourning and wearing their black gowns in the form of cowls, the procession moved off, the leading file carrying open books and all joining in singing the Dead March, together with well-known Welsh funeral hymns. The whole proceedings were characterized by the greatest solemnity, which much impressed the hundreds of spectators who accompanied the procession to the railway station, where the departing student had a "send-off" of thunderous cheers.

GOT THE JOB.

He called at the house and asked if she had any carpets to beat, adding that he had been in the business over twenty years.

"How much to beat the parlor carpet?" she asked.

"One dollar and a quarter."

"Why, that's awful! There was a man here yesterday who offered to do the job for a dollar."

"Exactly, madam, but how was he prepared?"

"To had a stick in his hand,"

"I presume so. He intended to take the carpet out on to the piece of land yonder, didn't he?"

"Yes; our yard is too small, you know."

"Exactly. Your carpet is badly worn. It has numerous holes in it. He would make a great show in getting it out there and back again. Out on the ground he would show off its shabbiness to everyone who asked whom the carpet belonged to. Is that the way to do a job of this sort?"

"How do you do it?"

"I take the carpet out through the back. I wheel it home. I beat it in a yard surrounded by a high wall, and while I am returning it, all nicely rolled up and covered with cloth, if anyone asks me what I have I reply that it is a splendid pile for No. 24, Blank Street. If no one asks me any questions I call at the houses on either side of you and ask if they have order a new Axminster They watch me find some one come in here. Madame, in the language of the Greek, do you twig?"

He was given the job.

ABSTAINERS ON RAILWAYS.

"All employes who are not total abstainers will be discharged at the earliest possible moment," is the announcement of the general superintendent of the railway system of Germany. "No moderate drinkers will be retained in any position of trust. Temperance men with clear brain and steady hands are the only ones who will be retained and who should apply for positions."

SOME CURIOUS STRIKES

TRIFLES WHICH HAVE STOPPED INDUSTRY.

Dispute Over An Egg at Havana Prevented the Loading of Steamers.

A few years ago a big cotton strike was brought about through the summary dismissal of a loom-hand. One employe, who was a favorite in the factory, was discharged by the foreman at a days notice, and when she asked for a reason for being sent away was informed that it was not her place to ask for reasons, the fact that she was discharged being sufficient. The news of the unjust dismissal ran through the factory like wildfire. Employes, men and women, met to discuss the affair, and subsequently the foreman was served with notice that unless the loom-hand was reinstated or some adequate reason given for her dismissal a general strike would result. No reply to this very reasonable letter of remonstrance was received, and two days later every man and women in the factory walked out.

A hurried meeting of the directors of the concern was called, the facts of the case were gone into, the foreman, being unable to give any explanation regarding his dismissal of the employe or state why he had not replied to the letter of remonstrance, was dismissed, the discharged loom-hand was reinstated, and everyone, returned to work. It was computed at the time that the action of the foreman, trifling in itself, cost the firm several thousand dollars.

One of the most curious strikes on record occurred last July, when the Custom-house employes at Havana "walked out" through a

DISPUTE OVER AN EGG.

It appears that at Havana there has been a custom in vogue for many years, especially under the Spanish regime, for employes to open packages consigned to Cuban buyers and help themselves to a levy of the contents. The Cuban Government is very rightly endeavoring to break up this petty thieving, and on July 10th last an employe, being caught in the act of stealing an egg, was discharged.

The injustice of this action was appreciated by every man who had a taste for gin cocktails, with the result that they struck in a body, and the steamship companies were put to great inconvenience. For several weeks the firms doing business with Havana were unable to clear their goods loaded or unloaded, in spite of the fact that they offered $2.50 a day and $4.25 a night to anyone who would do the work. Subsequently the man was allowed to resume duty, when the rest of the employes returned to work and the strike was declared at an end.

The cancelling of the annual outing was the cause of 300 silk weavers in Lyons going out on strike a few years ago. It had been the custom of the firm ever since its foundation, half a century before, to give all the employes one day's holiday in the country every year. The men and women were taken in carriages to any place within reasonable distance that they might choose and there given a good time

AT THE FIRM'S EXPENSE.

Seven years ago, however, owing to an unusually bad season, the head of the firm declared that it would be impossible to give the usual holiday, and therefore it would not take place. The news came as a blow to every employe, for each looked forward to the beanfeast from the commencement of the year. Much discontent was expressed, secret meetings were called, and a few days before the date fixed for the outing the partners in the firm were astonished to find notices placarded in various parts of the building stating that if the holiday did not take place a general strike would result.

No notice was taken of the announcement with the exception that the papers were torn down and it was hoped that the matter would blow over. But when the day of the cancelled holiday arrived not a single employe turned up at the factory.

Owing to special orders, which had to be executed by a certain time, the firm was placed in a very awkward position, and so, swallowing their pride, the directors called a hurried meeting, and the workpeople were notified that if they would return without delay the holiday would take place as usual, though at a somewhat later date.

DIP OF THE HORIZON.

How Far Can Objects be Seen Over Water?

The question is often raised, How far can certain objects be seen at sea from the deck of a steamship? Several elements are involved in this problem. The clearness of the air, which varies enormously; differences in natural keenness of vision and in experience in looking for faintly revealed things, the power of one's marine glass, and other matters need to be considered. Most of all, it is necessary to deal with the curvature of the earth. This, of course, is not variable, but the effect is, because the greater the distance the greater the dip below the horizon.

Three or four formulae for computing the latter are given in books on navigation. Some of them are harder to remember and to use than others, but they all give substantially the same results. Perhaps the easiest to employ is this, which occurs in the article on geography is the "Encyclopedia Brittanica": The distance of the horizon in miles is four-thirds the square root of the height in feet. According to this rule, the top of a pole or tower 200 feet high (if sufficiently wide) would be visible at sea level sixteen or seventeen miles away, but would completely disappear between eighteen and nineteen. If you were examined from the deck of a ship—say ten or fifteen feet above the water—the distance would be two or three miles greater.

One might imagine that the problem just given would be identical with the following: If an observer were raised 100 feet above sea level, how far could he see the top of a pole 100 feet high? The answer is not the same. If there were no hindrance to good seeing except the curvature of the earth, one could in this second instance cover a range of about twenty-five miles. A man in a rowboat could see the top of a 100-foot pole nearly thirteen miles off in one direction and the top of another in the opposite a little less than thirteen miles off. But the dip increases rapidly after the first few miles. To enable one to see its top thirty miles away it would be necessary to have a pole over 500 feet high.

The smoke emitted by the funnels of a steamship trails behind her at an elevation of 100 feet or more above the sea. If the air were perfectly clear and a lookout had good eyesight he would probably detect it ten miles or more away. The hull of the steamer would not come into view until it was very much nearer. The funnels for nearly their whole length would be visible at five miles, but the hull could not be made out (at sea level) until the distance had been still further reduced. On most big steamships there is a place called the crow's nest, in the foremast forty or fifty feet above the deck. At that elevation a man could see six or eight miles further than at sea level, provided that the atmospheric conditions are favorable.

A PLEASANT REBUFF.

"I never was rebuffed in so pleasant a way as on my last journey," said Jolliots, the commercial traveller, lately. "I was just about to enter an office when I saw a staircase with a sign, 'This way for commercial travellers.'

"I supposed the stairs led to the counting-house, so I went up and found myself in a long hall, with walls on which were painted boards directing the way.

"I passed through the hall, and came to a staircase leading down as another board pointed. I descended, and, opening the door at the lower step, found I was in the street again."

A GOOSE HIMSELF.

An Irishman taking home a goose for his Sunday dinner, went into an inn for slight refreshment. Laying down the goose, he was proceeding to satisfy his thirst when a seedy-looking individual, seizing the goose, made off. Pat at once started after him, and ere running far, had his man by the neck.

"What did yez take the bird for?" queried the irate Irishman.

"Sure," said the seedy-looking man, "I took it for a lark."

"Did yez?" returned Pat. "Be-gorra, ye'd make a bad judge at a bird show."

AN UNNECESSARY CAUTION.

There was once a gentleman who had had the misfortune to lose his nose. "My dear," said the lady of the house which he was about to visit to her little daughter, "I want you to be very particular and make no remarks about Mr. Jenkins' nose." The young lady promised. Later, in full drawing room, it was noticed that she looked surprised, and even bewildered, and those who knew her best waited hopefully for some remark which would, so to speak, make the home bright and lively. At last it came. "Mamma," she said in a clear, resonant voice, "why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. Jenkins' nose? He hasn't got any."

COULD DO HER PART.

"Bridget," said the mistress, reprovingly, "this is absolutely the worst pie I ever tried to eat. You told me you could bake as good pies as any cook in the city."

The new kitchen girl placed her arms akimbo and faced her mistress defiantly.

"So I can, mim," she said. "So I can. But all the leddies I ever wurruked for mixed the pies thimsilves before I baked 'em, mim!"

EASILY MANAGED.

Judkins—"I learn through your agent that you have bought the properties on either side of your residence and got them dirt cheap. How did you manage it?"

Foxley—"Easily enough. My wife is an elocutionist, my daughter plays the piano, George plays a cornet, I play the violin, Bob plays a banjo, Charley rattles the bones, and little Johnny has a drum."

WANTED TO HUNT, TOO.

A burglar who had entered a poor minister's house at midnight was disturbed by the awakening of the occupant of the room he was in. Drawing his revolver he said:

"If you stir, you are a dead man. I'm hunting for money."

"Let me get up and strike a light," said the minister, "and I'll hunt with you."

REASON IN IT.

Gentleman—"Why isn't the bill of fare made out in English, waiter? I can't understand this French, and I'm sure very few of your customers can."

Waiter (confidentially)—"The fact is, sir, we don't want 'em to understand, or they wouldn't order a good many things—by pointing at 'em you know—that they do order."

"Jimmy," said the teacher, after reading the youngster's note from his father" excusing Jimmy's absence from school the day before, "it seems to me your father's writing is very much like yours." "Yes," replied Jimmy, unabashed; "father ain't had no education, and I'm learnin' him."

MEN LO[illegible]E FEATHERS

GREAT FORTUNES SPENT IN CLOTHES AND JEWELS.

Gentlemen of the Olden Days Were Very Expensive Dressers.

How comparative everything is, after all! Those of us who have followed the daily sales of a certain young nobleman's wardrobe, with its eighty-three dressing gowns of pink moire, heliotrope, and other gay silks, and so on through a dazzling and almost endless array of fine feathers—a wardrobe large and sumptuous enough to have equipped a score of eighteenth-century beaux—might be pardoned for thinking that surely no man, since the days of Solomon, had ever had such gorgeous and costly raiment.

But we need go back no farther than to the days of the first Duke of Buckingham to find even such sartorial wonders put completely into the shade. Here is a description of George Villiers, who is said to have spent over five million dollars on personal jewellery alone:—

"It was common with him at an ordinary dancing to have his clothes trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hatbands, cockades, and earrings; to be yoked with great and manifold ropes and knots of pearls; in short, to be mancled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels. At his going over to Paris in 1625 he had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems could contribute, one of which was a white uncut velvet set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at $400,000, besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds, as well as his sword and spurs." And yet this king of dandies ended his days in a wretched country inn, and in a state of

ABSOLUTE DESTITUTION.

The gaily-arrayed Duke of Buckingham had a not unworthy rival in the Lord Villiers of whom Mrs. Thrale tells us that he appeared at the Court of St. James's in 1773 "in a coat of pale purple velvet, turned up with lemon-color, embroidered all over with SS-es of pearls as big as peas, and in all the spaces little medallions in beaten gold in various figures. Cupid and the like."

And in the same year we read of an honorable member making an appearance at Westminster thus gloriously attired. He had a silk coat of variegated colors, a pink-silk waistcoat breeches richly embroidered in silver, white silk stockings with pink clocks, and large buckles of silver on shoes of pink satin. Add to this a gaily-colored stock covered with exquisite lace, nnd hair dressed high and held in position with quite a forest of pearl-headed pins, and we have a picture of sumptuous attire which even Solomon might have envied.

King William IV., plain sailor as he effected to be, had an eye to pictorial effect in his own person. Here are a few items from an inventory of his wardrobe: "All the coats he had ever had for fifty years; 500 ships; canes without number, every sort of uniform, the costumes of all the orders in Europe, white kid trousers lined with white satin, ruffs of Mechlin lace, mantles of crimson, purple, and green velvet, and plastered with gold."

But William, King though he was, was a man of sober raiment compared with some of his subjects; for while he was airing his velvets was not young Disraeli walking in Hyde Park in this

ORIENTAL SPLENDOR:

A sflate-colored coat lined with satin purple trousers with a gold band down the outer seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of the fingers, and white gloves with diamond rings outside them.

Every age, there can be no doubt, has had its human peacocks who love to flaunt their rainbow-feathers for the envy of their more sober fellows. Here, for instance, is a picture of a young nobleman of the time of the first George. He wore a coat richly embroidered, a laced waistcoat with gold-worked buttonholes, and black velvet breeches. His shirt-bosom and wrists were smothered in fine Mechlin lace, his gold-clocked stockings rolled up over the knees, and his feet were enclosed in red-heeled shoes with brilliant buckles. His long-queued wig was heavily perfumed and powdered, his delicate hands were white gloved; he wore a sword with gold-tasselled knot, and hilt adorned with rich filigree work, and in one hand he poised a gold enamelled snuff-box.

And if we go as far back as the fourteenth century, we find King John of France, when a captive in England, spending his time in ordering and wearing the most gorgeous costumes money could purchase or vanity suggest. One set of which he ordered for Easter was of marbled-violet velvet, trimmed with miniver; and another of rosy scarlet, lined with blue taffeta. For a single robe no fewer than 2,550 skins were used, 1,400 of miniver and 1,150 of "gris," at a cost in our money of at least $2,500. Indeed, so exacting were the King's sartorial requirements that he kept a large tailoring establishment constantly employed in executing his orders.—London Tit-Bits.

BATTLES AND RAINFALL.

The United States War and Navy departments are close observers of rainfall at the front, and among other points which attract their particular attention is that of the weather conditions accompanying the operations of the two forces. Official records show that almost every important action since gun, cannon and mortar have become factors in warfare was accompanied or followed by thunderstorms or heavy rainfalls. In fact, the continuous discharge of firearms and heavy ordnance is said to be the direct cause of this natural phenomenon.

MOTOR CARS AS BANKS

STRANGE WAYS IN WHICH THEY ARE USED.

M. Menier's "Wagon-salon"—Motor Car Makes Collections in Church.

Motors are now being used as encouragers of thrift. At the Department of the Nord in France, a specially-designed car has been fitted up as a motor-bank. The staff of this consists of two clerks from the local savings bank, and a cashier, says Pearson's Weekly.

The utility of the car consists in that it is able to travel about the country, making calls at villages on pre-arranged days. Thus it is enabled to receive such sums as the farmers or the peasantry of the neighborhood may wish to deposit. The motor-car savings bank is greatly appreciated.

The great chocolate king, M. Menier, has ordered a new forty-horse power motor-car, which he desires to be the finest car in the world, so far as regards luxury. The huge "wagon-salon" which has been made for him will contain two beds. These beds can be raised to the ceiling when not in use.

Besides these the car contains four arm-chairs, a dining table, the necessary toilet set, together with a complete heating apparatus. In addition to the door at the end, entrance can also be made by means of two side doors. Of course, the carriage is

LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.

They even have motor-cars in churches nowadays. In fact, the Rev. Dink Rumple, a very well-known preacher in Philadelphia, has doubled his congregation by means of a motor-car. More than this, he has trebled his collections.

He has had a very tiny 2½ horse-power car built. It looks more like a perambulator than any other vehicle, and on it Mr. Rumple travels up and down the aisles making the collection.

Blowing the motor horn all the while, he runs up the aisles on his car, thrusting the bag on the end of a long stick into the pews as he passes. As Mr. Rumple says: "Even an automobile can be so employed that it will do good." Hence it is that the motor-car has been used by sensational preachers.

The latest novelty, however, consists of a railway without stations. This novel light railway was opened by the Earl of Radnor on the 9th of June ago. The line starts at Hartington, on the Duke of Devonshire's estate, and after passing through very charming scenery, ends at Waterhouses, in the midst of wild moorland country. There the railway is connected with a new branch of the North Staffordshire Railroad.

THE ROLLING-STOCK

consists of modified motor-cars, and except at the termini, there are no stations. Picnic parties and tourists are to be taken up and set down at any place on the route by notifying the conductor. This railway without stations is one of the most curious lines which has been made.

The motor-car has a life-preserver is about the latest use of the conqueror. Not long ago a lady and gentleman were driving about in Paris in a light car drawn by an exceedingly frisky cob. For some reason the horse took it into his head to bolt.

Despite all efforts of the driver to stop his mad career, it dashed along the Trouville Road at full speed. Baron Henri de Rothschild happened to see the runaway as he drove his motor-car along the street, he at once set out in pursuit.

Seeing his chance, the cool-headed Baron advanced the sparking, and flew past the trap. Getting some hundred yards ahead, he manoeuvred so as to bring his car to a standstill across the street. This rapid manoeuvre almost paralysed the horse with astonishment; it stopped, trembling from head to foot, and the lady and gentleman were safe.

The motor-car makes an excellent egg-boiler, and the present writer has boiled many eggs in the country lanes by its use. The water in the cylinder jackets soon attains the boiling point when the car is not in motion.

THE FIRST AID MOTOR,

recently tried by the War Office, beats all the other automobiles, however, so far as novel effects are considered.

It ploughs furrows, hauls guns, provides a field ambulance, in addition to making boiling water and ice for troops in the field. It travels magnificently over rough ground and ditches, and is a first-rate reaping machine.

The car is coveted with armor plates, and will seat two surgeons and a driver, while there is accommodation for several sets of stretchers. It can manufacture ice at the rate of about 300lb. of ice in four hours.

Moreover, it rapidly boils and cools the water at the disposal of the marching column; this means that it is a splendid water distiller. It solves the problem of how to use the water from contaminated pools.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND VIOLIN-MAKERS.

The only place in the world where violin-making may be said to constitute the staple industry is Markneukirchen, in Saxony, with its numerous surrounding villages. There are altogether about 15,000 people in this district engaged exclusively in the manufacture of violins. The inhabitants, from the small boy and girl to the wrinkled, grey-headed veteran and the aged grandmother, are employed throughout the year in making some part or other of this instrument.

It is easier for a woman to mix the ingredients of a cake than it is for her husband not to mix the instructions she gives him.

[illegible] our more yards of material than any other city on earth.

[illegible] kowhai, which showers the lake and banks with a shawl of golden petals

[illegible] expensive next year. The past twelve months have been bad for the crops in Bulgaria.

"Do you care for fairy stories, Angeline?" "No, Bertice, no. You've been engaged six times."

The first time a young man falls in love he wonders what struck him.

ROMANCE OF A PEERAGE

A CORNISH CLAIMS ROYAL DESCENT.

And Asserts His Right to a Scottish Title—His Claim Opposed.

The Mayor of Listwithiel, in Cornwall, England, Alderman Robert Barclay-Allardice, is asserting a right to be recognized as of Royal descent, and heir to one of the oldest and greatest peerages of Scotland. In other words, he claims to be the nineteenth descendant of Prince David Earl of Strathern, the eldest son by the second marriage of Robert II., King of Scotland, and to be heir to the ancient and now dormant Graham earldoms of Strathern, Menteith and Airth. In all probability, this romantic peerage claim will come before the House of Lords next session.

There are many picturesque and historic episodes in the long history of these once-famous titles—that of Menteith dates back to 1427, and that of Strathern to 1371. The last-named earldom was created in the reign of King Robert II., who married in 1355 Lady Euphemia, the daughter of the Earl of Ross. One of the sons was Prince David, who was made Earl Palatine of Strathern.

According to the popular belief through several centuries, an absolute right to crown the King was vested in the descendants of that prince, whose brother, by the way, was Earl of Athol.

The title of Stathern was taken away by King James I. of Scotland, and that of Menteith substituted, but the seventh Earl, who was Justice-General and a great Court favorite, reassumed the original title, and unwisely boasted that his "Stuart blood" was "the reddest in Scotland."

This roused the jealousy of Charles I., who promptly deprived him of his patent, but conferred on him, as some recompense, the new style of Earl of Airth. This nobleman was afterwards called Earl of Airth and Menteith.

But gradually the earls lost power and wealth. The last holder of the titles died in 1694, and the earldoms have ever since been a bone of contention between various branches of the family.

THE "BEGGAR EARL."

There was a remarkable development in the eighteenth century, when a great-grandson of one of the two sisters left by the last legitimate earl assumed the title afresh, and voted in the elections of Scottish representative peers from 1744 to 1761. He was called the "Beggar Earl," for he was reduced to living on alms, and he died on the roadside a homeless vagrant.

The "Beggar Earl's" sister married an exciseman, and her daughter, though a very poor woman, insisted on being addressed as "Lady Mary Logie."

The family of the present claimant have several times tried to get a decision in their favor without success, and presumably some new evidence will be now forthcoming.

Alderman Barclay-Allardice, who is sixty -three years old, bases his claim on descent from a sister of the last lawful earl. This last reached Sir John Allardice, of Allardice, and died in 1730. Her great-grandson, James Allardice, of Allardice, died in 1765, leaving an only child, Sarah Anne, his dole heir.

She married Robert Barclay, of Ury, and the son of this marriage, Robert Barclay Allardice, of Ury, unsuccessfully claimed the Earldoms of Strathern, Menteith and Airth. He died in 1854.

The next link in the chain is Margaret, only daughter and heir of Captain Barclay Allardice. She married in 1840 Samuel Ritchie, and was considered to possess a well-founded claim to being the ten representative of one of the princes of Royal blood of Scotland.

Robert Barclay Allardice died in 1893, and through the death of his daughter, Alderman R. Barclay Allardice is now, he asserts, representative of dormant titles, and is pursuing his claim to be reinstated into the family honors with every hope of success.

The claimant was born at Hamilton on May 19, 1841. In 1883 he assumed by Royal license the surname of Barclay-Allardice in lieu of his patronymic.

A RIVAL CLAIMANT APPEARS.

It is not out of any love for titles that Mr. Cunninghame-Graham has decided to contest the claim of Mr. Barclay-Allardice, Mayor of Lostwithiel to the Earldom of Monteith and Airth.

The reason, according to Mrs. Graham, is that her husband, though caring nothing for the title as such, declines to allow it to go where he holds there is no right.

Mr. Robert Bontine Cunninghame-Graham was an Independent member of the House of Commons from 1886 to 1892, sitting for North Lanarkshire, and is well known as a staunch champion of labor and friend of the working classes. He has led an adventurous life, cattle farming in Mexico, and venturing, disguised as a sheik, through parts of Morocco where danger stood at every turn. For a time he was imprisoned in one of the castles of the wild tribesmen, with His life forfeit, but he escaped by a miraculous intervention on the part of friends at Tangier.

While in Mexico he met the lady who is now his wife, Gabriela, daughter of Don Francisco Jose de la Balmondiere. She is of the same adventurous disposition as her husband, and frequently travels for whole weeks in Spain with no attendant but a maid and a muleteer, sleeping frequently in the open air without guard.

"I should like my husband to claim his title and take his seat among the Scottish peers," she remarked. "He does not want the title, and I don't know that it would be much value to me, for when I am abroad I should prefer to be Mrs. Graham. But it is a right, and should not be taken from him."

It is nothing more than a coincidence, though others may make more of it, that Mr. Cunninghame-Graham has just repossessed himself of one of the family estates at Ardath, in Dumbartonshire, where, in future, he will make his British home.

AN EARLIER LAWSUIT.

This is not the first time that the Grahams of Gartmore have contested with the Barclay-Allardices the right to this earldom. Early in the last century the Barclay-Allardices set up a claim to the title, and the matter occupied the attention of the House of Lords for a considerable period. On that occasion the Grahams of Gartmore fought the matter out, and the claim was disallowed.

The ground on which the Barclay-Allardices base their claim to the title is the allegation that the older sister of the last Earl of Menteith carried it with her. This gives rise to a controversy that could hardly be possible under our present system of public registration. The other claims that it was this elder sister who married into the Barclay-Allardice family, and the other that it was the younger. All that is established beyond dispute at present is that one sister married Sir William Graham of Gartmore, and the second a Barclay-Allardice.

But Mrs. Graham points out that this matter is not of supreme importance, as, whatever may be the ultimate decision as to the matrimonial alliances of the two families, if any decision is ever arrived at, Mr. Cunninghame-Graham claims through hereditary male descent, and is undoubtedly the heir.

Formerly the titles included the Earldom of Strathern, and it may be that Mr. Cunninghame-Graham inherits from the earlier holder of that title that "rebellious spirit defying the law" when he believes it wrong, which brought him into the fight for free speech and the displeasure of the authorities.

"Treason."

This forbear dared to say that his blood was redder than the King's and for that serious verbal treason, and certain alleged disloyalties of more emphatic character, he was declared to have forfeited the Earldom of Strathern, which now belongs to the Duke of Connaught.

The last Earl of Menteith, unfortunate like his forerunners in incurring the displeasure of the Crown, without legal formalities was forbidden to use the title of Menteith, and ordered to use only that of Earl of Airth. Perhaps the Royal displeasure may be accounted for by the fact that the then Earl of Menteith was so unwise as to lend his Majesty several thousand pounds, and to express surprise that it was not repaid.

The title and estates next came into possession of Sir John Graham, who died insane, and was succeeded by a sister, of whom there are no descendants living. But before her line became extinct the family appears to have become more and more impoverished, one of them being known as the "Beggar Earl," who died in a ditch at Bonhail, and was buried by charitable folk.

This branch of the family gave up its rights to the title and estates about 1760, when the survivors were two maiden ladies, to whom Robert Graham Receiver of Jamaica, Rector of Glasgow, and a member of the Reformed Parliament of Charles James Fox, made an allowance, receiving resignations of all that remained to them of interest in the title.

William Graham, the son of Sir Robert, was a very different character from his father, caring little for the honor of his family, and of no great personal rectitude. He set to work to squander the wealth he had inherited, ruined Gartmore and any who should succeed to it, and finally startled the whole civilized world, and left the country. Mr. Cunninghame-Graham is the eldest son of the late William Cunninghame-Graham-Bontine and of the late Mrs. Bontine, who was a sister of the present Baron Elphinstone, and was raised to the dignity of a baron's daughter in 1861.

Another claimant to the Mentieth and Airth Earldom is John Graham who once had a little place near Gartmore, and was known as the Earl of Menteith. He is now in Canada.

SOME WISE OLD SAYINGS.

A blithe heart makes a blooming face.

Avarice generally miscalculates, and as generally deceives.

A burden which one chooses is not felt.

A man had better be poisoned in his blood than in his principles.

A careless watch invites a vigilant foe.

A clean glove often hides a dirty hand.

Against fortune, oppose courage; against passion, reason.

A clear conscience fears no accusation.

A man who breaks his word bids others be false to him.

A contented mind is a continual feast.

Adversity willingly undergone is the greatest virtue.

A cracked bell is never sound.

Adversity successfully overcome is the highest glory.

A drowning man will catch at a straw.

Affairs must suffer when recreation is preferred to business.

A faithful friend is a strong defence.

MANCHESTER FOREMOST.

Once Norfolk held the proud position of being the greatest of cloth-making counties, but it has long since turned its attention to other manufactures, and to-day Manchester turns out more yards of material than any other city on earth.

STRANGE NEW ZEALAND

NATURE HAS BEEN LAVISH WITH SCENIC GIFTS.

There Are Snow-clad Volcanoes, and Lakes Lie on Mountain Tops.

To no country in the world has nature been so prodigal of scenic gifts as to the island of New Zealand, where man has done so much to enhance the enjoyment of prodigal natural bounties, writes a correspondent in Auckland.

The south island boasts of a magnificent range, which includes the largest glacier outside the Arctic regions; fjords more wonderful than those of Norway, the unrivalled Otera and Buller gorges, the highest waterfall in the world and ice cold lakes. The north island prides itself on the largest geyser in the universe, marvellous boiling springs, hot lakes and extinct and active volcanoes, all in the Taupo zone, which gives its name to still another wonder, Lake Taupo, the island's inland sea.

Taupo Moana it is called by the Maoris, who have their principal strongholds close to its picturesque borders, and there are few localities so rich in general attractions as this lake, which is at an altitude of thirteen thousand feet above the sea level. It is twenty-five miles long by sixteen and one-half wide, and when a northwester blows across its depths of ninety fathoms the surface assumes the aspect of

AN ANGRY SEA.

Taupo lies on the north shore of the lake, and for its chief attraction has an old Maori redoubt, situated on a high bank of the Waikato River and rich in memories of stirring events. Close by one frequently sees a Maori canoe paddled across the river, which here emerges from the clear lake and shapes its course in a rapid rush through rugged gorges and broad plains to the sea. The Waikato serves as a dividing line between the European settlement of Taupo town and the native village of Tapuae-Haruru on the heights, which in the war period of 1865-71 was fortified.

Looking across the lake toward the south the traveller can see at the back of Rotoaira the snowclad volcanoes of Tougariro, Ngauruhoe and Raupehu. These peaks are invested with a drapery of ice and snow, and from their summits is a constant issue of sulphurous steam and smoke in clouds and spires. Until recently these mountains were held sacred by the Maoris, and on the altars of their snow capped craters and glacial recesses they offered homage to their deified ancestors.

REGION FULL OF INTEREST.

The whole place teems with interest—history and mythological traditions of the tribal heroes. Every hill and glade, even the trees and flowers have mystic associations with demigods, elfs and demons, for the folklore of the Maoris is the richest in the world.

Half way across Taupo Moana is the forest-clad island of Motutaiko, which in the past was the fortified stronghold of a mighty race, but which for many generations has been used as a tribal burying place.

On the northern shore, within a short distance of the township, is the extinct volcano of the Tauhara, rising into the air 3,600 feet, and now heavily wooded.

Clearly defined above all formations is a terrace which encircles the lake a hundred feet above its present level, showing that in olden times the waters of Taupo were that much higher than at the present day. The western shores of the lake are famed for the rhyolitic cliffs of Karangahape, which rise in a perpendicular precipice a thousand odd feet above sixty fathoms of water. There still exist many evidences that these cliffs used as a last refuge by natives fleeing from their enemies.

REGION OF CAVE DWELLERS.

Caves abound in Karangahape and all at one time or other served as living places for the Taupo natives, who were cave dwellers at the native Versailles, the court of Taupo twenty years ago the old warrior Hitiri Te Paerata said:—

"I was born in a cave at Kawakawa. At Waihaha there is a cave called Oruawaikaha belonging to two tribes. The chief and his father are buried there. At Karangahape point is a cave which was used as a pa, (fortress) and called Omumutu."

There are other interesting records of the same character, showing that these caves served as birth and death places and fortified abodes of the Maoris, who distinguished them by names, as they do houses and even trees.

Close to Karangahape cliffs is a native settlement, which numbers among its residents the old Chief Hitiri. Hitiri is a warrior of proud ancestry, the hero of many valiant battles. In 1864 he led the hopeless defense of Orakau pa, which fell to an overwhelming British force under General Cameron. Hitiri's father and other relatives were killed, but he and his sister, who was wounded escaped.

These sole survivors of the fight still entertain travellers with accounts of how they held the fort against tremendous odds, and finally succeeded in breaking through the line of military in their escape.

An abiding charm of Taupo Lake is the diversity of its shores. Waterfalls, valleys, rapids, boiling springs and icy fountains lend variety to the western line, which is enhanced by fine stretches of primeval bush, in many places sloping down to the water.

In summer time the stately branches of the Christmas tree wave their gorgeous crimson above the clear blue waters of the lake. Along the eastern shore is a feast of flowers, all peculiar to the place. Groves of native evergreens are festooned with delicate lianas and in season beautified with the floss of the wild clematis. Then there is the yellow kowhai, which showers the lake and banks with a shawl of golden petals and which won the notice of Rudyard Kipling in a poem that recorded his visit to New Zealand.

ONCE A VOLCANO.

According to geographical data the lake of Taupo was once an immense volcano. A final touch of variety is lent to its remarkable surroundings by the stretches of pumice deposit which at intervals coat many miles of the country. This gray ejecta obtrudes its melancholy dullness on sylvan grove and forbidding cliff land alike, but seems to form an appropriate background for the picturesque Maori villages, where the dignified native pursues his mystic way in the heart of the thermal district, two hundred miles from the busy city of Auckland.

BLANKETS OF SNOW.

Man Who Prefers to Sleep in a Plowed Furrow.

Except for a few short intervals, William Nuttall of Accrington, England, has slept in the open fields for twenty-eight years, summer and winter alike, enduring heat or cold careless of frost or fog, and impervious to rain or snow.

He is a man of low mental capacity, and, according to the police, is, like Major Bagstock, "tough and devlish sly," at the same time possessing all the remarkable oropensities for sleep which are attributed to Mr. Wardle's fat page.

Hundreds of people have met him walking along the roads while asleep and at a certain corner in Accrington he props himself against a wall and spends several hours each day in slumber.

In January, while standing in the dock at Accrington police court, he leaned on the rails and dozed off, too drowsy to pay attention to the story of his habits which was told to the bench.

"Why don't you work?" asked one of the magistrates. The question had to be brought to his notice more immediately by a policeman bawling out the words in his ear.

Nuttall half opened his eyes and lisped out, "It canna be done," and forthwith dropped into a profound slumber, delightfully oblivious that the magistrates were sending him to Preston jail.

"Do you see that heap in a field over yonder!" asked a farmer who lives in one of the wildest and bleakest regions in the district, and who was addressing the chief constable of Accrington, whom he met in the early hours of a March morning. "That's 'Piggy' Nuttall. He has slept in that furrow for three weeks.'

The earth was frost-bound, everything was covered with a white hoar rime, and dew drops glistened on the blades of grass in the rising sun.

Amid these conditions Nuttall slept. He was curled up like a hare, and when roused got up, shook himself, rubbed his hands and walked off.

Two nights afterwards he was found in the same spot, and in order to protect him from himself he was sent to prison for two months. He has been convicted a dozen times for this offence, and his only objection to prison is that jails are draughty.

SLIGHT BULLET WOUNDS.

Even Important Organs Pierced Does Not Mean Death.

Dr. Hohlbeck, a Russian doctor following his profession at the seat of war in the Far East, sends to the St. Petersburg "Medical Weekly" an interesting account of the effect of the small calibre bullet.

The Japanese, he says, make frequent use of the so-called Maxim guns, whose calibre is almost the same as that of the infantry rifle, viz., six millimetres (about a quarter of an inch).

The wounds caused by these bullets heal better than those made by the Lee-Metford or Mauser rifle, and often pass through important organs without apparently any deleterious effect.

Bullets have, for example, traversed men's necks, without leaving a sign of a wound on the windpipe or gullet. When a bullet penetrates the fleshy part of the body it leaves only a tiny slit in the skin, which is often found only with great difficulty.

The number of bone fractures is strikingly small, though, perhaps, owing to the small calibre and the great penetrating force of the Japanese bullets, many more holes have been made in bones than we imagine.

Skull wounds are the worst, wounds in the chest and lungs are comparatively easy to deal with, but lack of time, room, water, and other necessaries render it impossible to open the abdomen to attend to the wounds there.

Much time is saved in the field hospital owing to the wounds being so clean. It frequently happens that the inlet and the outlet of the bullet are merely covered with medicated gauze which is fixed in position with strips of sticking plaster, and that is all the bandaging required.

A LAND OF BEGGARS.

To be a mendicant in India is to be a member of an officially recognized profession, for in a volume of statistics relating to our Indian Empire from 1893-1894 to 1902-1903, it is stated that the number of non-religious mendicants is 2,433,115, of whom 1,572,479 are males. Another curious item in this remarkable volume, which reduces the country, its people, its trade, and everything connected with it to tables and figures, is that in 1902, 23,168 criminals were sentenced to be whipped. Over 22,000 persons are annually killed by wild animals and snakes, the larger portion being the victims of the snakes. Under this head there were 23,166 deaths in 1903.

Attar-of-roses scent will be more expensive next year. The past twelve months have been bad for the crops in Bulgaria.

PORT ARTHUR'S HERO

GENERAL UNEQUALED BEHIND HIS EARTHWORKS.

He Is Solid, Taciturn, Devoid of Humor, and an Unbending Martinet.

It is the bad luck of the Russians that during the three great military crisis which they have had to face during the last half-century they have had to rely on men of foreign name and foreign blood to pull them through with credit. It was Todtleben, a man of German origin, who held the southern Port Arthur, Sebastopol, against four nations for a year of unparalleled horror. It was the same German, Todtleben, who ringed round Plevna with an irrefragable circle of stone and steel, after even the human shirking of Skobeleff, had failed to break in; and it is a man of the same race, the "German" Stoessel, who has held Port Arthur throughout the awful agony of all these months. Yet Anatolli Mikhailovitch Stoessel, though the bearer of a German name, has probably assimilated more of the Slav as it is possible for a German to do. His family traditions are inseparably bound up with Russia and Russia's army. His grandfather, General Ivan Stoessel, fought against Napoleon and governed Czarskoe Selo; his father, Mikhail Stoessel, joined the Ptholosk Church and served in the Emperor's Uhlan of Guards; and he himself, born fifty years ago, served not without distinction in the Russo-Turkish War. Yet as late as 1900 Stoessel was known only as commander of a Siberian Rifle Regiment; and his chance did not come until the Boxer rising, when he was the first commander to enter Tien-Tsin, and rose to the rank of major-general for dash displayed in the attack on

THE CHINESE CAPITAL.

Stoessel is essentially an engineer. "Stoessel is a bad soldier," said his commander, Kouropatkin. "Put him with equal forces against a Gouko or a Skobeleff, and you'll find him tricked and cut to pieces in twenty-four hours. But stick him behind one of his own earthworks, where there's no question of manoeuvring, and all the forces of earth and hell will not prevail against him." So when the war broke out, and the Czar's counselors tried to appoint the clever soldier Linevitch to command Port Arthur, Kouropatkin stood firm that Stoessel was the man, and gained his point. Since then Stoessel's career is a matter of history. It confirms what the best Russian authorities anticipated—that he was a stern fighter and a first-rate engineer, but an indifferent general in the field. The comparative ease with which the Japanese took Nanshan and the outlying forts at Port Arthur, the desperate resistance they met with when they came to face the German general behind the main defences of the town prove that Kouropatkin was right.

Stoessel lacks most of the ordinary physical and mental attributes of the successful soldier. Podgy, unelegant, with sleep eyes, and trimbearded, somewhat commonplace face —he is the antithesis of the dashing and somewhat vain Muscovite warrior. In St. Petersburg it used to be said that Stoessel rose rapidly through his solemn manners and his dingy uniform" and there was probably some truth in the sneer, for "Anatolli Mikhailovitch" had the style and manner of the Swiss military soldier and the vivacious and immaculate Russian staff could not help suspecting depth beneath the studious officer's undazzling exterior. Those who dislike Stoessel—and there are many—declare that he has no feelings. Certainly he never shows any. Stolid, taciturn, and absolutely devoid of humor, Stoessel is

A TYPICAL TEUTON,

totally out of touch with the somewhat hysterical sentimentality of his adopted nation. His discipline is as tough as his fortifications and as sharp as his bayonets. "The man is remorseless," wrote a Russian officer, shortly after the Japanese landing at Pitsewo, who had seen a nineteen-year-old soldier shot and cast into dishonored grave for a breach of duty in which there were more stupidity than neglect. "Carry out the sentence. It saves lives in the end," is Stoessel's grim retort to any court-martial that sends in the recommendation of mercy. And the drunkard, the sleeping sentry, the culprit in some trivial act of insubordination, is flogged, or shot, or even hanged without mercy, because, with his Teutonic arithmetic and cold-blooded reasoning, Port Arthur's defender has worked it out that shooting one man for a breach of duty may some way indirectly "save the lives of a whole battalion in the day of battle. That such a man could be "popular" in the usual sense of that misused word is not to be expected. Popularity among a populace is won by "panem et circenses," and not with the ship and the scaffold. Before the fighting Stoessel's officers dreaded his rigid justice, which spared nobody, and his men, having no experience of his prowess as a fighter, and knowing only that by origin he belonged to the hated "Niemtsi" (Germans), regarded him without enthusiasm. Things have changed since then. The few messages that have come through from the beleaguered fortress speaks almost the gushingly of the adoration which the garrison feel for their commander. Both have come to know one another on the field of battle, and the Russians have realized once more that it is an "alien" who has again kept their flag from dishonor in face of the most tremendous tragedy in their history.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE LIES

THE FOLLY OF KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

Devices Some People Adopt So That Strangers May Think Them Wealthy.

The mad struggle to appear as prosperous as their wealthier neighbors is waged as fiercely by sober, common-sense business men as it is by the shallowest and most foolish young men and women.

Where will this insane mania to appear what we are not, to get wealth at any cost, or to make people believe we are rich when we are poor, or in moderate circumstances, carry us, if it is not checked? In too many instances, as the daily papers testify, it leads to bankruptcy and disgrace. How many of the defalcations, the embezzlements, and the petty stealings of cashiers, of bookkeepers, of treasurers, or of people in various other positions of trust, are due to this terrible craze to make a showy appearance!

CLOTHES AND WAGES.

All classes are becoming infected by it. From the millionaire to the clerk and the factory girl, the overmastering idea seems to be to make as much display as possible. You cannot tell by the dress or appearance of many young wage-earners anything about their real incomes or their homes. Many of the poorer among them will go even to showy and costly garments outside, without reference to cleanliness or decency in the clothing that is not seen.

I know of young men who live in attics, in the midst of poverty of surroundings, and deny themselves all but the bare necessaries of life in order that they may appear two or three evenings a week in dress suits in some fashionable club.

Young women who work for small salaries in department stores will go without proper food for months in order that they may be able to purchase cheap imitations of an elaborate garment they have seen on a wealthy woman in some public place.

It is pitiable to think of the devices that people resort to in order to live a lie, and to foist themselves upon the public for what they are not. There seems to be no limit to the depths of silliness, meanness, falsity, and dishonor to which the straining for appearances will not lead.

It is deplorable to think how many naturally noble young men and young women have their downfall to the foolish idea that, unless they live in a certain style, they will be looked down upon, and will not be able to get on in the world.

FOOLISH IDEAS.

Dressing or living beyond one's means is nothing less than absolute dishonesty. If you are trying to do what you cannot afford to do you are living a lie. If you are wearing clothes that you cannot afford, they are perpetual witnesses against you. They are labelled all over with falsehood.

If your jewellery, your carriages, your furs, and your costly gowns tell me that you are rich, when you live in a poverty-stricken home, and when your mother is obliged to make all sorts of sacrifices to enable you to make this false display, you lie just as surely as you would if you should try to decive me by your words. You cannot afford to wear lies on your body, or eat lies at expensive cafes, any more than you can afford to tell lies with your tongue.

A THOUSAED LIES.

There is only one possible result upon character of falsehoods, whether acted or told, and that is perpetual deterioration and demoralisation. No one can act a lie or live a lie without being dishonest.

When a man sacrifices his honesty, he loses the mainspring of his character, and he cannot be perfectly honest when he is lying by frequenting costly restaurants or hotels, by wearing expensive clothing, or by extravagant living in any of its varied expressions, when he cannot afford it.

There are a thousand ways of lying, but all lead to the same end. It does not matter whether you wear lies, tell lies, act lies, or live lies, your character is ruined all the same.

There is no more demoralising influence in modern life than the unnatural straining to seem other than we are.—London Answers.

CARRIED OFF BRIDEGROOM.

He Was Going to Marry a Servant Girl, But Didn't.

St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, England, is in a state of excitement owing to the sensational termination of a romantic love affair.

It seems that a London gentleman, whose brother is stated to be a member of Parliament, came to St. Margaret's recently and resided in apartments. There he fell in love with the servant and arranged to marry her. This came to the knowledge of the gentleman's brother, who expressed the intention of trying to prevent the marriage. Thereupon the engaged pair agreed to be married by special license, which they secured at Canterbury.

The wedding was arranged for half-past two. Shortly before that hour the clergyman sent a message to the bridegroom that he would like to see him at the vicarage to examine the special license.

On arrival at the vicarage the bridegroom found there his brother and another gentleman, stated to be a solicitor. Eventually the party came out of the vicarage, and the bridegroom was persuaded to enter a carriage which was awaiting outside. The party were then driven off. The bride and a friend came up just in time, and there was a painful scene.

The first time a young man falls in love he wonders what struck him.

Ho—"I'm going to kiss you when I go." She—"What time is it now?"

"Do you care for fairy stories, Angelina?" "No, Bertie, no. I've been engaged six times."

West Huntingdon, Dec. 25, 1904.

To the Editor of THE REVIEW,—

DEAR SIR,—My attention having been drawing to an article in different papers in circulation in the community asking for information, I beg space in your valuable paper to answer some of the important questions asked by my friend, "Ratepayer."

It is a fact that I was dismissed as Treasurer on the 3rd of October last without any information as to the reason why. This is one of the many questions I would like to have the Reeve, Mr. Wallace, or any other members of the present Council to answer to the satisfaction of myself and others. It would seem to the public as well as myself that I had done some desperate act as the Council called a special meeting to dismiss me before anything worse came on.

What it is I would like to know. During my twenty-two years of service as Treasurer I tendered my resignation to the Council at two different times but it was not accepted as my accounts were found to be correct by the Provincial Auditor as well as their own at any time they were looked into. Now, Mr. Ratepayer, from the time that I got notice of my dismissal I for my own curiosity took the trouble to watch the minutes of the said Council and it has indeed been an amusing thing to note how they handled their affairs. Their first act was to appoint Auditors, one of them Mr. Collins, whose appointment was altogether illegal as he had served the township as Assessor for the present year. They did not know that I need not have let him audit my accounts if I had been disposed to hinder him, but I was perfectly willing to let their most competent men do the work as I had nothing to fear.

The Council further authorized the Auditors to procure from me all books, money and papers belonging to the township without as much as releasing my bonds, or handing over my salary. This I firmly refused to do but kept all books, papers and money in my possession as long as I was held responsible by the Council for them, which I claim I had a perfect right to do, but when the Reeve came to my office and handed over the necessary papers and his authority (thereby releasing me from further responsibility) for taking the books away, I handed him the books, together with the last cent brought out as a balance in my hands by the Auditors. I might say just here, that the Reeve, Mr. Wallace, thought he conferred a great favor on me by giving me my cheque for $80.00 instead of $60.00 as he supposed it should be at the time of my dismissal, but this I am prepared to prove was only one more of his mistakes as my year's work always ended on October 1st.

In conclusion I must say that the only reason I can give for my dismissal is regarding the opening of a bank account for schools which never was before. They simply wanted me to use the bank for the payment of schools last year. This I consented to do in order to get them out of trouble. They lost money in this transaction of business by the payment of interest to the bank and instead of taking warning they wanted me to do the same thing this year. They did not offer me any remuneration for my extra services, though they were very careful not to forget themselves in this respect.

To my mind the secret of the whole proceeding was to have a new Treasurer in the person of G. R. Post, leaving room for Mr. Wallace to be Reeve another term.

Thanking you for space in your valuable paper, I am,

Yours respectfully,
JAMES GAY.

Best Remedy For Constipation.

"The finest remedy for constipation I ever used is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says Mr. Eli Butler, of Frankville, N. Y. "They act gently and without any unpleasant effect, and leave the bowels in a perfectly natural condition." Sold by all druggists.

S. WEST, V.S.,

Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto.

Office and Residence—St. Lawrence Street, Madoc.

Treats all diseases of domesticated animals. All calls promptly attended to, day or night.

Shorthorns and Cotswolds For Sae.

Six Shorthorn Heifers due to farrow in February and four early Bull Calves, also a number of early Ram Lambs weighing about 140 pounds, for Sale cheap to quick buyers.

F. A. COMERFORD,
Eldorado.

Buy Your

C-O-A-L

Do Your Weighing

—AT—

CAVERLY'S.

If you want COAL TO BURN buy

PLYMOUTH COAL.

Plymouth Egg for Furnace.
Plymouth Stove for Heating.
Plymouth Chestnut for Cooking.

I have also a large supply of Pittsburg Select Lump Soft Coal.

These Coals are guaranteed. Any fault found with any of them will receive attention without cost to the purchaser.

CHAS. CAVERLY.

Business for Sale

L'Amable Station, Ontario.

Owing to failing health I have decided to sell my boarding-house, together with the out-buildings, consisting of two stables and shed, and about twenty acres of land suitable for pasture and garden, well watered. The house is new and convenient for the business. A good paying business is done, with prospects of increasing. No incumbrance. Possession given immediately. Address,

CHAS. McGUIRE,
31 L'Amable Station P.O., Ont.

..... BATHS.....

why not have a bath with every accommodation when it is within your reach?

EACH 25c., OR SIX FOR $1.00.

Special attention paid to

SHAVING AND HAIR-CUTTING

AT

VANDERVOORT'S BARBER SHOP,
Next Wilson's Drug Store.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

Perhaps you like your gray hair; then keep it. Perhaps not; then remember—Hall's Hair Renewer always restores color to gray hair. Stops falling hair, also.

GO TO

Thompson & Dafoe,

—FOR—

Furnaces,
Ranges,
Stoves,
Tinware,
Graniteware,
Horse Blankets,

Washing Machines, Maple Leaf, Greyhound, Monarch, Runner CROSS CUT SAWS, Disston Files, Axes, Axe Handles, Butcher Knives, etc.

Just received a large shipment of

OLD NUERNBERG WARE,

and SILVER WARE, suitable for Christmas Presents. Don't fail to see them.

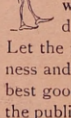
THOMPSON & DAFOE.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY HAT SALE

During the Holiday Season we will offer Stylish, Ready-to-wear Hats at half price. All Prices from 50c to $2.

B. O'HARA.

MR. BUSINESS MAN.



TOTAL up your profits for the month. Are they as large as you like, or do you wish to double them? If you do, then you should advertise. Let the public know you are in business and you will get business. The best goods in the world will not sell if the public do not know their merits. A chat with the public through the columns of our local paper will put you in touch with the people who wil buy your goods, and your money will not remain tied up indefinitely.

...New...

Barber Shop

W. SCRUTTON

has opened a new Barber Shop in the

St. Lawrence Hall Block.

and invites the patronage of his friends and the public.

First class work guaranteed.

SHOP,—One door south of main hotel entrance.

W. SCRUTTON.

JACOB HUFF,
Licensed Auctioneer
for the County of Hastings,
MADOC, — — ONT.

A WOMAN KNOWS



We take pride in making garments which in material, fit and workmanship, trimming and style, will have the cordial approval of the most critical lady who has an interest in your appearance.

R. E. COLLING.

JAS. WHYTOCK

BUTCHER,

DEALER IN

Groceries and .....Provisions.

MADOC, — ONTARIO.

Madoc, June 30, 1903. 27-3m

☞ McIlroy will sell you all kinds of Fish. Just received a shipment of Fresh Water Herrings, Salmon Trout, White Fish and Ciscoes, at rock bottom price. Also a full line of Fresh Groceries. Lake of the Woods Flour a specialty.

WANTED

MEN AND WOMEN in this county and adjoining territories, to represent and advertise an old established house of solid financial standing. Salary to men $21 weekly, to women $12 to $18 weekly with Expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address, Blew Bros. & Co., Dept. A., Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 41-6

Boarders Wanted.

A few boarders can be accommodated. Terms reasonable.

Plain sewing taken in.

MRS. LENA CRAWFORD.
Madoc, Oct. 24th, 1904.

Valuable Farm for Sale

A valuable farm containing 215 acres is offered for sale. There are two complete sets of buildings, two barns, one dwelling of brick and one frame, a hop house, drive house and stable for fourteen cows. Three orchards of some two hundred trees and small fruit and good spring water, twenty acres of wood, ninety acres cultivated land, outside fencing is cedar, church on the place, school house thirty rods away, is two and a half miles from the cheese factory and less than three miles from Shannonville station. The purchaser can leave $3000 on mortgage at 5 per cent, the balance to be paid in cash. A good title can be given free from all encumbrances and possession given this fall. This valuable farm is in the township of Tyendinaga and well suited for farming purposes. For further particulars apply to

THOS. EMMONS,
Shannonville.
or his Solicitor.
F. E. O'FLYNN,
Post Office Drawer 1051, Belleville.

QUESTION
—AND—
ANSWER.

Where can I get a good Suit of Clothes? At the Big 4.

Are they well made? Yes, they are.

What can I get a good Suit for? He has Men's from $3.70 to $12.00.

Has he Black Suits, Long and Short Coats? Yes sir, and good ones too.

Where can I get a good Hat? At the Big 4.

What price will I have to pay? He sells Christie's Fedoras for $1. They keep the shape and color and wear just as well as a $2 Hat.

What else does he sell? Oh, everything. Top Shirts, Overalls, Odd Pants, Sox, Boys' Clothes, Rubber Coats, and Dry Goods, all very cheap and good.

Who keeps the Big 4? Why

THOS. McNAMARA.

CHOICE LOTS FOR SALE.....

On reasonable terms, and when required, assistance given to erect residences on conditions that will be within the reach of small capitalists

The undersigned has made arrangements for the above named purpose, and anyone wishing to purchase lots on easy terms or avail themseves of the conditions of building, can get full information by application to the undersigned or to A. F WOOD, Esq.

Prices of Lots range from $75 up, according to location. Building and lots can be arranged for from $400 to $2,000.

F. E. SEYMOUR.

TRY MORRICE & SON

—FOR—

Men's Fine Boots,

Ladies' Fine Boots

Children's School Boots,

Men's Working Boots.

Trunks, Valises, Shoe Polish.

Boots and Shoes made to order.

An assortment of Home-made Work always on hand. Mending done promptly.

MORRICE & SON.